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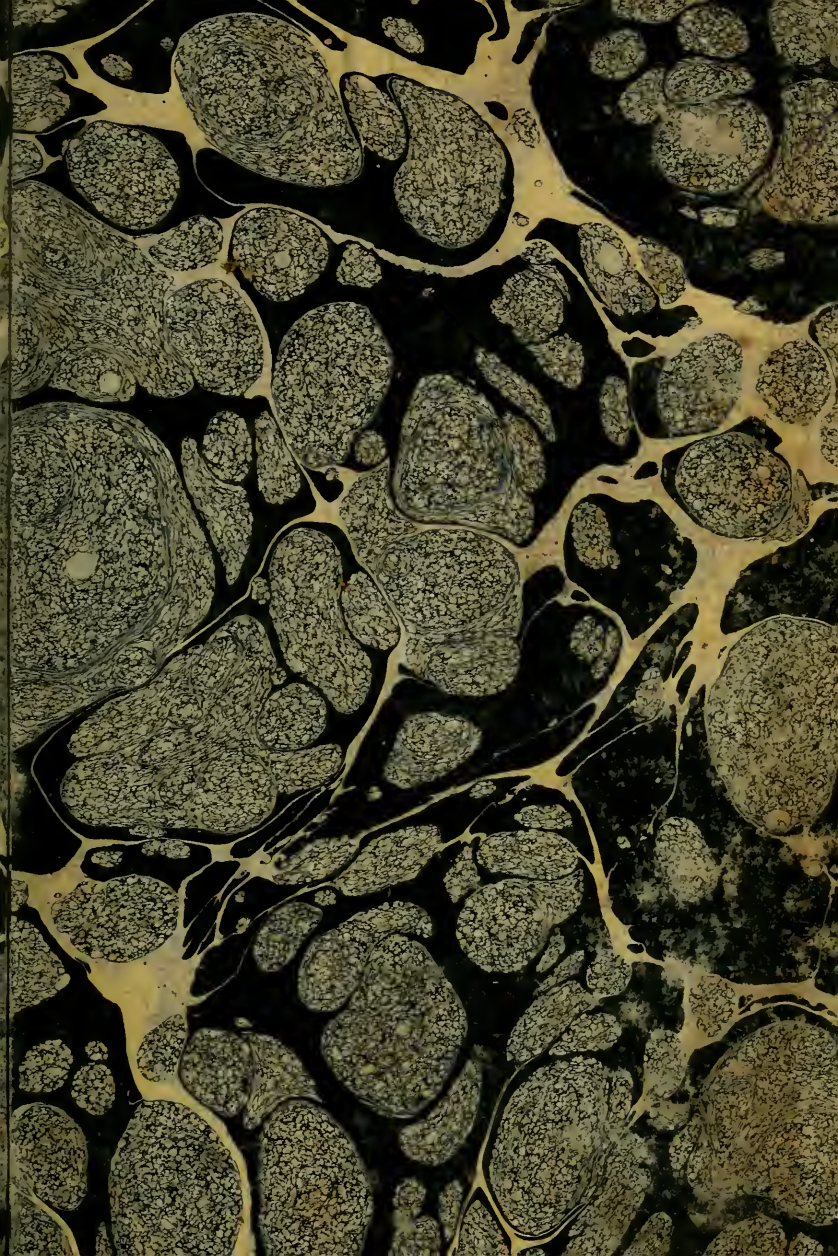

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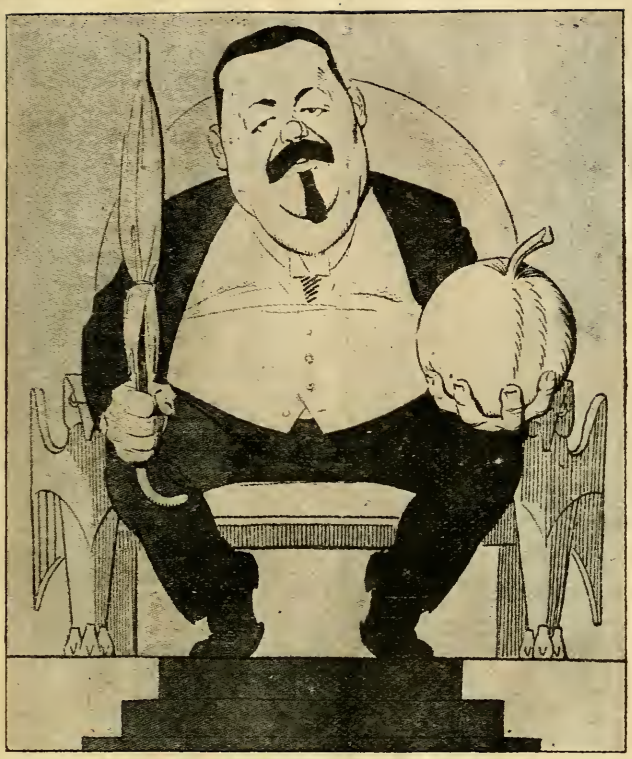

FREDERICK THE GROSS.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

From The Literary Digest -
December 1919.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

OF

FREDERICK THE GREAT,

KING OF PRUSSIA,

AND OF

HIS FAMILY, HIS COURT, HIS MINISTERS, HIS ACADEMIES, AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS.

COLLECTED DURING A FAMILIAR INTERCOURSE OF TWENTY YEARS WITH THAT PRINCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

DIEUDONNÉ THIEBAULT,

PROFESSOR OF BELLES LETTRES IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF BERLIN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. BRONSON, AT THE OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES' GAZETTE.

1806.

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PREFACE.

THERE is no age with which we are so well acquainted as that of Louis XIV. for none has been so abundant in memoirs, and these in an extraordinary degree minute. We may truly affirm that the Memoirs of Count d'Estrade, of M. de St. Simon, of Cardinal Retz, of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, &c.; I will also add the Letters of Madame de Sevigné; in a word, all the productions which furnish us with anecdotes and details respecting this interesting period, are the most curious and valuable of the writings of that era. Whoever has read them with attention, is no less, perhaps he is more familiarly acquainted with the scenes of those times, than with what passes daily around him. He is at once transported to the presence of Louis XIV. and the persons who either served him, or were rendered remarkable by their conduct under his reign. All the personages are within his view; he follows them every where;

observes them, hears them, judges them; he finds out their secret purposes. Nothing escapes his investigation, nor can he easily be either deceived or misled. But is it possible to make us thus acquainted with the infinite number of persons of whom it may be necessary to treat in the historick page? Should we derive any advantage from taking so near a view of the tempers, characters, and conduct of such persons?

To this I answer: Memoirs and minute details respecting men who have no just claim deeply to interest us, would form such a collection as every one would be frightened at, and no one could be prevailed on to read to the end. What indeed should we gain by reading them? Besides there will always be a sufficient number of such persons, naturally connected with the luminaries who are the objects of our attention. For it is of importance to observe, that the portrait of the greatest man would be imperfect, mute, or vapid, and in a certain degree insignificant, were it to stand alone the object of our observation; nor can it be denied that to relate of such a man no more than mere personal anecdotes, would be to present the world with his profile only, or a resemblance but half brought out upon the canvass. How can we attain to a certain knowledge of

his character, if we are unacquainted with the persons with whom he chose to be surrounded, with those who enjoyed his confidence and favour, or who have been injured by his errours or injustice; if we are ignorant of how he treated individuals who did him service, or how he revenged himself upon those from whom he had received offence? It is not worth while to examine, in this place, whether or not the persons who surrounded him were justly entitled to be so distinguished, as they are placed in that situation not on their own account, but for the purpose of eliciting the principal personage of the scene.

I have always been particularly struck with the force of the above considerations. The more I reflected on them, the more I became convinced of their truth. The result of these ideas to myself is, that I have considered memoirs as a species of writing extremely interesting, instructive, and necessary, when the persons they delineate are men of genius. Having laid down this as a certain principle, it is natural that I should have been earnestly desirous of bequeathing to posterity minute and complete memoirs of Frederick the Great. I saw with regret that no one was employed in this interesting enterprise; and rather than it should remain unattempted, I more than five and twenty years ago resolved to

undertake it myself. The idea never afterwards abandoned me, nor was it scarcely ever out of my thoughts. I devoted to it the leisure time of every day, and successively composed, augmented, and preserved my notes, till at length I produced the work that now appears before the publick.

The first law which I prescribed to myself on entering upon this work, and from which I have never deviated even in thought, was to write with the strictest fidelity respecting the facts it should contain. I solemnly declare, no single word appears in it that has not my entire belief.

Some readers will perhaps oppose to this assertion, the particular conversations which I have put into the mouths of the greater part of the persons who figure in my scene, such as Frederick, Maria-Theresa, &c. As to this I can affirm that I have not only ascribed to my speakers no thoughts which were not really their own; but I can further take upon me to declare, that the very turn and way of presenting the thought is genuine and not of my own invention. Nay more, I have not attributed to them a single striking phrase that did not come from their lips exactly as it is related. Of this I am absolutely certain, both from the strong impression made upon me by words which it was so necessary

to preserve, and from the solicitude with which I treasured them in my memory, when they were addressed to me in person, or were repeated to me by others who heard them. Had the words been even written down as they were spoken, I can answer that they would exactly correspond with my account of them. I particularly studied all the forms of expression that had become familiar, or were natural to Frederick; nor can I give the reader an adequate idea of the attention paid to the words which he addressed to me, because he cannot enter into the feeling of the importance which I attached to making him such answers only as were proper.

I have collected, with equal care, what was said by this monarch to other persons. Twenty different acquaintances, at least, related to me the scene that took place between Frederick and Voltaire, on the subject of Doctor Akakia for example, and all agreed in their recital. As to the dialogues between Maria-Theresa, and the Savoyard who was her furniture rubber, I obtained the whole from the lips of Trenck himself, in Paris, in the year 1789, whom I did not fail again and again to interrogate on a subject so full of interest.

I shall not enter into further details to prove the strict veracity which I have observed throughout the

whole of the following work. The facts which I have above referred to are sufficient to establish my assertion, since the same plan and exactitude pervade the whole.

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ORIGINAL ANECDOTES,

&c. &c.

PART I.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

FREDERICK IN HIS ORDINARY CONVERSATION.

ON my arrival at Berlin, on the 16th of March 1765, my first concern was to write to M. le Catt, reader or secretary of orders to the king, requesting him to inquire and communicate to me the commands of his majesty, both in respect to what related to myself personally, and to a packet with which I had been charged for him by M. d'Alembert, who had signified his desire that I should deliver it in person to the king. On the next day I received an order to be at Potzdam the day after by three o'clock in the afternoon at latest. I accordingly arrived on the day, and before the hour prescribed, at M. le Catt's, whom I found still at table.

I was the more curious to take a near view of Frederick, and to judge for myself of his character, as I

had hitherto held an uncertain opinion respecting him. All Europe was unanimous in considering him as a man of great military talents and genius; but nothing could be more discordant than the existing opinions in regard to his character, his social, political, and moral qualities. By some he was considered a wise man and a great king, and no less a distinguished scholar and an amiable philosopher; by others he was represented as a tyrant, a man vain in the extreme of his acquirements, a true and skilful Machiavelian. At one time, virtues almost supernatural were ascribed to Frederick; at another the most odious vices or the most atrocious actions.

If it be considered that, thus floating between ideas so opposite, I had no sufficient reason for adopting either of these opinions, it will be easily conceived that I did not approach Sans Souci without the most eager solicitude and curiosity, and that I was no less attentive to the smallest circumstances afforded by the occasion, than reserved and circumspect in what I had to say.

When M. le Catt had finished his dinner, we got into a carriage and proceeded to Sans Souci, which is situated on an eminence at the distance of half a league from Potzdam, a view of which it commands. Occupied, as I must necessarily be, with the object of my journey, I inquired of my conductor if there were any particular form to be observed by the persons admitted to the king's presence? "Only one," replied he, "that of kissing the flap of his coat."—

This is singular," said I; "pray of what materials is his coat made?"—Of cloth."—"It is then the same as mine, which assuredly, though of nearer kindred to me, I never thought of kissing."—"It is rather the waistcoat than the coat that is kissed."—"And by what title has the waistcoat this preeminence?"—"It is a custom of the north, to which he himself attaches but little importance, particularly with foreigners and Frenchmen; indeed, this form is in general no further observed than by a mere bending of the body towards the waistcoat."—"In my opinion, Sir, even this semblance of the form too nearly approaches a lie, and my intercourse with so great a man shall not begin in a manner like this. I will do the best in my power to manifest my profound respect, but I neither have nor ever shall have the courage to adopt a custom which I cannot but regard as a juggle of the most puerile, ridiculous, and disgraceful nature. I shall therefore kiss neither his coat nor his waistcoat: I shall make him, if he leave me time, like the man in Moliere's comedy, my three bows. This is all I can promise, and I hope he will be satisfied."

We arrived just as the secretaries of the cabinet had entered for the purpose of signing letters, a business that could not be over in less than half an hour. That we might lose no time, my guide conducted me to the apartment of my Lord Marshal, a respectable old man, the intimate friend of the king, and whose establishment in the palace was very near his majesty.

This nobleman received me as great men, if they have understanding and respect themselves, never fail to receive strangers; that is, with dignity, politeness, and simplicity. "You see me," said he, "in the apartment of a great man, that which belonged to M. d'Alembert. Tell him, when you write to him, that it was in his own apartment, by his own fire-side, I inquired of you after his health, and requested you to present him with my compliments." Some details respecting my journey, and various literary matters, made up the conversation during the half hour; at the end of which we received notice that the secretaries had departed. We accordingly quitted my Lord Marshal, and proceeded to the king's apartment.

The day began to decline; M. le Catt made me go before him, and kept two or three paces behind me: the king was standing, and appeared to have been walking about the room. On seeing me he approached, saying: "Good evening, Sir, I am very glad to see you, and to make acquaintance with you." From this moment his questions succeeded each other so uninterruptedly that our conversation became extremely rapid; nor did it alter in this particular during the whole time of his detaining me, which was nearly two hours. He obtained from me, however, but one of my bows, the small space he left between us, and my eagerness to answer him, having put the other two entirely out of the question. It was with difficulty that I found an opportunity to deliver M. d'Alembert's packet. I had been

frequently warned that he required direct, frank, short, and ready answers: from me he certainly received most frequently half phrases, and occasionally only one or two words. He began with asking me how I spelled my name; in what part of France I was born; if my parents were alive; what was my father's profession; if I had any brothers or sisters; how old I was; what had been my pursuits in life; where I had lived; if I were married; to what family my wife belonged; what had been my principal studies; if I had printed any of my productions; in what state of health I had left d'Olivet and d'Alembert; and what route I had taken in my way to Berlin? On my replying to this last question, that I had passed through Stutgard, Nuremburg, and Dresden, he appeared surprised at the considerable circuit I had made. When I had explained to him that my reason for taking this road was to avoid others still more difficult, particularly in winter, and that it was a M. Barré, a merchant at Berlin, who, having been at Paris, had traced my route; he asked me how my wife and I had been able to make ourselves understood in a country where certainly no French was spoken. "I bought a German grammar at Strasburg," said I, "at the end of which there is a tolerably copious vocabulary, adapted for the use foreigners. When I wanted any thing, I had recourse to my vocabulary, and if I found myself unable to pronounce the name of the article I stood in need of, I pointed to it in the book, and thus procured it. At Nurem-

burg I met with a captain of your army, who was returning from Savoy, his native country; he was acquainted with the two languages, and, as we pursued the rest of the journey together, he served as our interpreter. "What was the name of this captain?"—"*Favrat.*" We then entered into conversation respecting this officer and his brother, and it appeared to me a favourable opportunity of obliging my travelling companion by repeating what he had related to me of his military operations in some of the places through which he had passed, and particularly his entrance as a prisoner into the city of Dresden, covered with six wounds, almost naked and in the depth of winter. But, notwithstanding all my endeavours to relate these circumstances in a natural manner, and as if actuated by no particular motive, I soon discovered that I was on dangerous ground, and therefore abandoned so imprudent a subject as soon as I could. In fact, the king suddenly became serious and thoughtful, began to look around him, and appeared occupied with other thoughts. When I had dropped this delicate subject entirely, he resumed the conversation, spoke of Saxony, and asked me if the disasters occasioned by war in that country, and particularly at Dresden, had been repaired? When I had answered this last question, he passed to other ideas, saying, "So, Sir, you are not acquainted with the German language?"—"No, Sire, but by means of the plan I intend to follow, I hope soon to be master of it."—"I advise you, Sir, on the contrary, by

no means to learn it ; you are fortunate in being ignorant of it. Should you acquire the power of speaking that language, you would soon contract the habit of uttering the same germanisms as we do : nor without the most constant attention will you, as it is, be able to resist the contagion of those that fall from our lips in speaking French. It accordingly follows, that in proportion as you contract our manner of speaking you will imperfectly fulfil the duties that are the object of your embassy to this country. How would it then be possible for you to preserve the pure taste and exquisite relish of the beauties, the subtile refinement, the character and genius of your language, and the chef d'œuvres of your literature, in becoming daily more familiar with usages entirely different, and often opposite to your own ? Therefore, in your quality of a gallant man, earnest to accomplish well your vocation, I require you to give me your word of honour that you will not learn our language." I could not refuse to give him this promise, which I afterwards adhered to with no less fidelity than regret.

This conversation naturally introduced the subject of my future functions, in respect to which he spoke with great conciseness, referring me for the details, to the instructions he had drawn up and delivered to General de Buddenbrock. He observed that this general was charged with the superintendence of the domestick economy and discipline of his new school ; and added, that the conduct of the studies, and the choice of such objects of knowledge as might suit the

pupils, he left entirely to the professors, persuaded we should, one and all, assiduously apply ourselves to seize the spirit of his plan, and to assist his views. He then named my colleagues, and made a sort of historical eulogium on each of them.

I imagined this subject was to terminate our interview, and that I should be immediately dismissed. I was mistaken; he returned by a happy transition to that of the French language, and inquired who, in my opinion, were the living authors that wrote the French language with the greatest correctness? I named d'Olivet, d'Alembert, Buffon, J. J. Rousseau..... Here he interrupted me, exclaiming, "Oh! for this last, he is a madman."—"Sire, that is no reason why he should not write correctly."

The king soon after put an end to the interview, expressing himself much satisfied with having seen me, and after assuring me that he placed great reliance on my zeal. He then wished me a good evening, and a pleasant journey, and detained M. le Catt, saying, "Catt, I wish to speak with you." Le Catt, however, came to me in a few minutes in an adjoining apartment, and informed me that his majesty was so well satisfied with me, that he had directed him to write to both M. d'Alembert and M. d'Olivet, to thank them for their choice of me, and also to prepare another letter to be sent to the academy of Berlin, commanding that I should be there received into its class of belles-lettres, with a pension of two hundred rix dollars.

Conversing with M. le Catt, respecting the interview I had with the king, I expressed my surprise at the earnestness with which he had said of J. J. Rousseau, *Oh! he is a madman.* "This earnestness," replied my conductor, "is connected with a recent anecdote which I will relate to you. Some months ago my Lord Marshal, the friend of J. J. Rousseau, appearing much distressed at the persecutions the philosopher of Geneva experiences even in Switzerland and Neufchatel, of which this nobleman is governour, the king said to him, *Well, Sir, write to your friend that, if he will come to my states, I will ensure him a safe asylum, and a pension of two thousand livres. We will give him a comfortable house at Panckow, contiguous to the gardens of Schonhausen. The house shall have a garden and a field attached to it, that he may be able to keep a cow and poultry, and cultivate his own vegetables. There he may live without inquietude and free from necessities: his solitude may be complete, and he may wander at pleasure in the groves of Schonhausen, where the queen inhabits only during a few of the summer months.*

My Lord Marshal, delighted with this plan, lost not a moment in writing the proposed letter, which, when finished, he brought to the king previous to its departure. The king took up a pen and added these words: ..... *Come, dear Rousseau, I offer you a house, a pension, and liberty.* A short time produced an answer conceived in the following terms: ..... *Your majesty offers me an asylum, and promises me li-*

berty. But you have a sword, and you are a king: you offer a pension to me who never did you a service, but have you bestowed one on each of the brave men who have lost either a leg or an arm in doing you service? ..... You may easily imagine that ever after, when the name of Rousseau came in the king's way, he did not fail to add to it the epithet you have heard, and with which, at the time, this negotiation was concluded."

According to appearances, I had reason to believe the king, as M. le Catt had assured me, was satisfied with my character, and that he expected to derive pleasure from an occasional intercourse with me, unless, which perhaps is still more probable, he was merely pursuing his accustomed habit of making himself accessible to strangers till he had become fully acquainted with their characters, reserving to himself the power either of continuing or discontinuing this honour toward them, as his taste or interest might require. However this may be, it is at least true that he never arrived at Berlin for several years without sending a messenger, to say that *the king expected me at such an hour;* and the hour mentioned was almost always after four, when the signing of letters was over, or at seven, after the conclusion of his concert. I do not now speak of the occasions when he had scarcely more than a single word to say to me; for when this was the case, he sent for me either before his dinner or at three o'clock, just as he rose from table. When he appointed the hour of four, he sel-

dom kept me more than an hour or two at most, his concert beginning punctually at six; but when the interview was to take place at seven, it generally lasted till ten, his time of going to bed. In the early part of my residence at Berlin, I was summoned in this manner for seven or eight days successively; by degrees less frequently; a neglect which, in the course of this work, will appear sufficiently intelligible to the reader. I was not, however, at any period, completely without such interruptions; for during my residence in his dominions, no year passed in which I had not several interviews with the king. I ought also to remark, that in the early part of our acquaintance, I was seldom sent for alone, but for the most part had for my companion either M. le Catt, the Marquis d'Argens, or Colonel Quintus Icilius, that is Guichard: on two occasions also I met there my colleague Toussaint, or Panage, author of Les Mœurs; but the latter did not long maintain his footing; for he lost the king's favour both by using too great familiarity with him, and contradicting him in too direct and unceremonious a manner; faults that proceeded from the notion he had contracted at Paris of the importance of the philosophick character.

Frederick liked to seem to forget he was a king in such interviews as these; but then it was with the secret clause that others should not forget that circumstance. Besides this, Toussaint had another fault; he was fond of boasting that he had had a conference with the king; that the king had said such and such

things to him; that he himself had made such and such a reply or observation, &c. At the same time this sovereign, being both cautious and suspicious in his temper, never failed to set spies on the conduct and demeanour of such strangers as were newly admitted to his society; and if the accounts he received of them gave him reason to believe a man vain, frivolous, imprudent, or addicted to intrigue, he immediately got rid of him.

If I was more fortunate than Toussaint, it was principally because I earlier understood the character of Frederick, and never lost sight of the rules I had in consequence laid down for my conduct. My plan consisted, first, in listening to him with the greatest attention, without betraying any eagerness to speak, unless he himself desired it. This deference appeared to me to be but reasonable, not only because he was a king, and under his own roof, and I was bound to obey his commands, but also because he was a great man, and that the conduct I prescribed to myself in this respect was no less due to decency than to duty. Secondly, in not lending myself to his humour in his fits of gaiety, during which he was at times extremely affronting, and never failed to degrade those who had any share in them. I preferred to amuse him less, or even to make him tired of me, and to receive from him no more summonses, to being the butt of his royal gybes, which were the more cruel, as he dealt them out without delicacy, and it was scarcely possible to reply to them. Thirdly, never to speak of the con-

versations I had with him, and even, as far as it was possible, to conceal that I had been summoned. How often has it happened to me to evade, by different excuses, the suspicion of being come from the castle, when I have joined a party of friends at supper, at an hour unreasonably late! I agreed with my wife that we would never deny these marks of favour when by some other means they were already known, but that we would never be the first to proclaim them. Fourthly, never to meddle with any kind of state affair; a resolution the more easy for me to adopt and adhere to, as I was by nature much less susceptible of ambition than desirous of passing my life in tranquillity. Fifthly, in fine, never to present myself before the king but in a plain and simple dress. This last precaution suited admirably with the principles of Frederick. He exacted, that the heads of the principal mercantile houses, his ministers of state, and especially his financiers, should display a certain luxury. The last, in particular, would have been ill received if, on occasions of being summoned, they had not presented themselves in new coats, made of the richest materials his manufactures afforded; while, on the other hand, he showed the most sovereign contempt for men in other walks, and more particularly for literary men, if they betrayed the least predilection for what he considered as mere parade. Such as these, without any other reason, were sure of seeing themselves inscribed in the class of frivolous coxcombs, and even that of rogues and pickpockets. In

a word, he liked to see every man imbued with a genuine spirit of his calling.

I will cite as an instance, a coat of the finest scarlet broad cloth, trimmed with a broad gold lace, that Toussaint got made for himself about a year after his arrival, and which in the eyes of the court and the whole city was an indelible blot in his demeanour. To this first fault he added a second of a different kind, but which caused a no less fatal impression concerning him in the minds of those acquainted with the circumstance. I allude to the steps he took, when fifty years of age, to be made a free mason, in the hope of being afterwards admitted to the lodges occasionally held by Prince Henry; and what made the matter still worse, Prince Henry was not disposed to receive him.

One thing that served to convince me that my plan was a good one was, that I observed that M. le Catt, who always maintained a tone of reserve and respect in the presence of the king, was generally treated by him with kindness, while the Marquis d'Argens and Colonel Quintus Icilius, who joined readily in his jokes, were frequently the objects of his ridicule. I will relate only three anecdotes which at the time confirmed me strongly in the opinion I had formed.

One evening the king, who was extremely ill of the gout in his bowels, sent for Guichard and myself. We found the monarch lying on a bed of hemp, his boots on his legs, a white handkerchief tied round his head, and over this his hat; he had on his great coat also, which served him for a covering. On our en-

tering, he told each to take a chair and sit down by his bed side, which we accordingly did. "I sent for you both together," continued he, "because I am in too much pain, and too feeble, to take a direct part in the conversation, or even to follow you in silence; indeed my weakness is so great, that about an hour since, in an attempt to change my linen, I fainted in the arms of my attendant, who placed me as you see on this bed. My head is so confused that I scarcely know where I am: speak on any subject you please, and in what manner you please; I will listen to you as well as I am able, and this, at least at intervals, will help to divert my attention." ....

For all this neither Quintus nor myself said any thing; each waited for the other to begin a conversation. I, on my part, was at a loss what subject to fix on that might suit the situation of a sick king; besides, I could not help thinking that the trifling effort necessary could not be of equal difficulty to my companion, and that, considering his familiarity with the places and things around us, and the flexibility of mind which in quality of courtier he must be necessarily possessed of, he persisted in refusing his assistance on this occasion, rather from ill-will toward me than for any other motive. It may be, however, that Quintus at this juncture felt the same sterility of mind as I did, or, curious to see to what remedy I should have recourse, he perhaps hoped to surprise me at some ill-timed attempt which would afford him an opportunity for malignant triumph. In the mean

time, the king grew impatient, incessantly repeating, "Why do you not converse? Say what you like, but pray converse." . . . . This scene could not last long; I soon perceived that it was both imprudent and dangerous: I therefore decided on yielding a victory to the courtier which might cost him dear; accordingly I began with observing, awkwardly enough, that he had himself been recently indisposed, but that he now appeared in good health. "He," cried Frederick, "he ill! Do you not perceive that he has the voice of Stentor, the arms of Hercules, and the shoulders of Atlas? Depend upon it he will bury the present generation to a man." I know not whether the king had penetrated the motive of his colonel's silence and chose to punish him, but he for some time continued to beset him unmercifully, so that my unfortunate companion had still more reason to dread my speaking as we left the king, than he had to desire it during our stay in his apartment.

The king, though in acute bodily pain, at least at intervals, was the only person who talked, which he continued doing till past nine o'clock, when he dismissed us; he was however compelled to interrupt himself and yield to his sufferings almost every quarter of an hour: on these occasions he called for his attendants, and took a spoonful of some potion; after which he generally inquired of us where he had left off, and resumed his argument. In this manner did he present to us the spectacle of a king almost expiring, a prey to pains so violent as sometimes to

extort from him the most piercing cries, and force him to bend his body double during their continuance; yet no sooner did they seem to intermit than he returned to a new and methodical survey of the ideas with which a vast and complicated subject had furnished him.

I have mentioned one of the occasions on which the king had mortified Colonel Guichard in my presence. This second adventure was of a much more humiliating nature than the first, and the more demanded my attention, as, independently of the impression it must necessarily make on me, it also brought upon me the hatred of this learned man, who had not sufficient strength of mind to pardon me for having been the witness of the overwhelming mortifications he had received. I know not for what reason it was that Frederick had resolved on these humiliations, but this it was evident was his object; nor should we, as I believe, have been summoned together, but with a view of aggravating by my presence the punishment he intended.

In the course of this interview the king had broached a novel question, by expressing his surprise that the author of Nature had not bestowed on us the faculty of foreseeing with certainty the moment of our death. This knowledge, if we could have acquired it, he conceived could not have failed to produce advantageous effects. "The necessity of forming determinations, and the example of wise and courageous men," said he, "would have inspired even the weak-

est with a laudable resignation: besides, is there a being who, perceiving the end of his existence near, would not, by the performance of some meritorious actions, endeavour to deserve benedictions? Mankind," he affirmed, "would the more readily devote themselves to such a design, as at such a time the passions become silent, and truth exercises her empire with additional force. How many prejudices would then disappear? How many veils would then fall from before our eyes? Would a father of a family then fail to adopt the necessary measures for maintaining concord in the bosoms of his children? Would he not give them such advice as should preserve them from the snares or chicanery of their enemies?"....He concluded these inquiries by desiring us to declare by what arguments God could be justified in having thus abandoned us to complete ignorance on a point so essential.....

On this occasion the colonel undertook to answer. He agreed, that if it were possible for men in general to raise themselves to the principles of true virtue, it would be difficult to differ in opinion from his majesty: but he on his part believed that men were seldom influenced by any but motives of personal interest; not their just, reasonable, and substantial interests, but the interests to which passion, errour, and the most pernicious opinions rendered them slaves; at least, too few, he said, was the number of those persons who were exceptions to the general rule. In this state of things, he who should know that the end of his

existence must take place in a year, or in six months, would ordinarily do no more for society; he would cease to build; he would cease to plant; he would form no more projects; he would enter upon no further enterprise; he would pass the remnant of his days either in despondency or enjoyment. How great therefore the loss to society in a thousand different ways!—Here the thunder burst as suddenly as unexpectedly. "This manner of thinking," said the king, "is suited to a base and groveling soul like yours; but learn, if learn you can, that persons possessed of noble elevated souls, of souls alive to the charms of virtue, disdain to reason on such vile and wretched maxims! Learn, Sir, that the upright man acts virtuously to the full extent of his power, and that he does so for the sake of virtue itself, without considering on whom the benefit shall fall. But you are incapable of understanding these matters; they are not suited to such feelings as yours!"

This terrible apostrophe produced in me as severe pain as in the person who was the object of it, and I was the more alarmed as the colonel had not uttered a syllable of which I did not, from the bottom of my soul, approve; and that I had never conceived or witnessed any thing so cruel: but what proved to me that the king had predetermined to mortify the colonel in my presence, and no less to what a supreme degree this extraordinary man possessed the art of commanding himself, and exercised the most absolute empire over his affections, was the calm, free, and natural

manner in which, after a short interval of silence, he conversed with me on philosophical subjects for more than a quarter of an hour, to all appearance without the smallest emotion. Was his object in this to apprise Quintus that he should take no further notice of what had passed, or to resume by this means his former composure previous to finding himself alone? I am inclined to suspect rather the first of these motives than the second. Whichever be the true one, he dismissed us some time after with an air of composure, but with some reserve of manner.

On leaving the apartment, and finding myself alone with the colonel, I felt no less embarrassed what to say to him than I had been before confounded by what I heard said to him. He was as silent as myself; and we reached the bottom of the staircase, where we were to bid each other a good evening, without either having pronounced a single word. Such was the scene which brought upon me the decided hatred of Colonel Quintus Icilius to the day of his death, though in no other respect had he the smallest reason to reproach me.

The anecdote respecting the Marquis d'Argens is less distressing; it was at first no more than a joke; but a joke revived and persisted in soon assumes the form of contempt, and is rendered additionally so when dispensed without restraint from the lips of a king. I had received orders to be in the apartment of the marquis by six o'clock, that I might be in readiness to go up with him to the king at seven. This whole

evening was, to my great astonishment, employed in passing jokes upon an old officer, who certainly deserved a very different recompense for his thirty years of service, and for his zeal and friendship toward the king. "Sir," said the monarch, addressing himself particularly to me, "I feel that in whatever rank of life I had been born, I should have had some kind of ambition. If the accident of birth had confined me to an ignoble career, and, for instance, in a catholick country, for want of other resources, I should then have made myself a priest, and have endeavoured to become the director of some great nobleman, who should be a good christian, such at least as a celebrated marquis. To ingratiate myself, Sir, in his favour, I should have studied his foibles and profited by them. If I found in him an imagination easily to be alarmed, and that he saw disease and death constantly before his eyes; if I observed him a continual prey to fears, and ever on the watch for means to preserve himself; I should have muffled him in half a dozen nightcaps one over the other, and two or three dressing gowns well wadded and of large dimensions; with my own hands I would have stopped every crevice in his doors and windows, that not a breath of wind should have blown on him; in fine, I would have conducted him to paradise in a well secured and easy carriage."— "Or, perhaps, Sire," replied the marquis, "in a comfortable easy chair, with those about him on their legs." This repartee, the only one I ever witnessed from the marquis, produced no effect. It did not

even in the least diminish the king's composure; his countenance remained jocose and unembarrassed as before; he continued his jokes as if he had not been interrupted, making continual allusion to the known or presumed foibles of the marquis, and accumulating the most extravagant and ridiculous precautions that can be imagined against the accidents of life. He even went so far as to remind me of the foibles imputed with so much acrimony to Maupertuis by Voltaire, telling me that to be the more secure of preserving his marquis, he would have him plaistered over with a coat of the thickest pitch, which would be an admirable preservative against the pernicious influence of the external air; and, not to lose sight of the glory and publick esteem to which a man of rank should aspire, he would propose to him different enterprises, all calculated to immortalize his name: for example, to cause the heads of some Patagonians to be dissected for the purpose of discovering the mechanism of thought, and by dint of exalting his imagination, to penetrate into futurity; also to cause a large hole to be made in the earth that should reach the centre, a simple and infallible means of analyzing the composition and organization of our globe, &c. &c.

The king frequently conceived the most singular ideas, to which the activity of his mind naturally conducted him, and in the development of which he took great pleasure. I remember one day, talking of the extreme tenuity of so many nerves, muscles, and fibres, that make a part of the human structure, and

are more or less necessary to our existence, he appeared much interested in exciting my admiration as to the means by which, notwithstanding so delicate and complicated a constitution, we were enabled to endure such constant labour and fatigue, and to live to so great an age. "One day," said he, "in one of my excursions, I stopped to change horses opposite to a church, in the steeple of which there was a clock. I cast my eyes on the dial plate, and observed it was old and in a perishing condition; I called one of the inhabitants of the place to me, and inquired of what substance this dial plate was made? 'Of iron, Sire,' replied he. 'And how long has it stood in that steeple?'—'It is about twenty-five years ago that it was made and placed there.'....Thus, Sir, iron itself is less durable than man. Frail as I am, I have already attained to my third dial-plate. Should you observe that the dial-plate on the steeple has been exposed to all the injuries of the elements; I answer, which of these have I not braved? To say nothing of the many privations, dangers, and poignant mental afflictions, to which this metal is a stranger."

Frederick was remarkably fond of conversing on philosophical, metaphysical, and religious subjects: this must already be apparent to the reader, who in the sequel will have reason to be more fully confirmed in that opinion. Was this owing to a desire to gain new lights? I believe not. In fact, the past ought to have convinced him that such discussions do not advance us a single step in our search after truth. He

had entered into so many disputes on theological and philosophical subjects while prince royal, into so many dissertations alternately with the Wolfians, the Achards, and other pastors, that one may be reasonably surprised at his retaining the same predilection. The pastor Achard, uncle to the chymist of that name, has often assured me that this prince when young lost no occasion of engaging him to talk of religious matters, and that their conferences always lasted several hours. He has often repeated to me, that in this manner they had gone into elaborate examinations of the dogmas of the different existing sects; that they had reexamined the same points; that the prince always appeared prepared for the discussion of the day; and that it was impossible not to admire the justness, sagacity, facility, and order with which he proposed his objections. The pastor, who was a man of learning, and by no means deficient in talents, did not attempt to conceal that he not unfrequently found himself unable to reply, and obliged to confess that such replies as could alone be made could not but seem feeble and insufficient in the esteem of his royal highness.

It should be remarked of this prince, that respecting religion he never sought to turn into ridicule such persons as frankly avowed their having renounced it: this was singular enough, considering his ungovernable propensity to a sarcastick kind of jesting. He seldom attempted to jest with persons who were openly and sincerely christians; or, if he sometimes gave way to

his natural humour towards such persons, nothing was easier than to make him soon desist. I recollect one of his bravest, most devoted, and most skilful, or rather the most fortunate of his generals, who was a rigid catholick, and never attacked the enemy without first making the sign of the cross in the air with his sword: this general being in a single instance joked by the king concerning his practice, found means to silence him effectually, and ensure himself his respect, by saying, "Sire, do not meddle with such subjects; these are matters that in no way relate to your service, that cannot be prejudicial to it, and with which you have no concern. Provided I do my duty strictly, and serve you with zeal, of what importance are my religious practices to you, and what advantage would you derive from turning your most faithful servants into ridicule?"

But this same monarch never failed mercilessly to deal out his sarcasms on those who he perceived were lying to their own consciences: he was determined, so to express himself, to ascertain to what lengths they would carry their temporizing and weakness, or the renunciation of their own opinions; he pursued them with relentless perseverance, and was their torment even after their defeat; nor was there ever an instance of his having spared from the most sovereign contempt, the persons whose baseness in this respect he had discovered and proved.

I have hitherto said nothing of the raillery in which Frederick occasionally indulged in matters of

religion: it will easily be believed that on this subject I have materials sufficient to exhaust my reader's curiosity. Should he be desirous of a few specimens, which decency does not preclude my laying before the publick, and consequently of those that are the least free, I shall say that he one day observed to me, that to all appearance God had ever loved the northern Germans less than any other nation; "for," added he, "he never sought to make good christians of us. Do you recollect what labour and efforts it cost Charlemagne to convert us? and at last he succeeded but badly! And you know with what ease they made us renounce the indulgences of Leo the Tenth! It should seem that God had predestined us to eternal damnation, and had excluded us from the benefit of the blood of his Son. Only observe what a thing this final impenitence is! we give ourselves very little uneasiness about it." .... At another time, "I give myself but little concern," said he, "about my salvation; have I not St. Hedwiga, from whom I am descended in a direct line? You cannot doubt that she is too good a saint to be an unnatural mother, and to refuse me her protection; indeed it would do her but little credit in paradise to disown her own kindred; she must be possessed by the devil to think of such a thing: so that when I make my appearance, depend on it they will throw wide the folding doors, and I shall be received by the Eternal Father as a true branch of the stock of saints."

"You pitiful abbés, and narrow-souled bishops," said he one day to the publick librarian, Dom. Pernety, who in quality of Abbé of Burgel (benefice *in partibus)* constantly wore round his neck his handsome gold cross, "are niggardly and sordid in the benedictions you distribute; you use in giving them only two of your fingers, which denotes a wretched parsimony. I, for my part, in my quality of archbishop of Magdebourg, conduct myself with more generosity; in the benedictions I bestow, I use all five of my fingers, and I put the whole strength of my arm when I am saving the soul of a man!"

A doctor of Sorbonne, M. D. V. P. how or for what reason I do not know, was sent for and retained near the person of the king. Frederick sent him as far as Munich to convey his compliments to Pope Pius the Sixth, when he came to Vienna to return the visit he had received from Joseph the Second at Rome. The Abbé D. V. P. persuaded himself that a good bishoprick was the least recompence he ought to hope for in return for so important and honourable a mission. The king was even wicked enough to place such a perspective before his eyes. The abbé mistook what was a mere mockery for a serious promise, and lost no time in bespeaking of the Jews, to whom he was to allow a handsome profit for the credit they granted, all the articles of his wardrobe necessary for the station of a bishop: this eagerness was his ruin. The creditors became importunate and menaced him, and the future bishop thought it right to

represent his situation to the king, which only served to accelerate his ruin; for all the assistance he received from him was the bitterest sarcasms, which at length determined him to return as he came. But in the beginning of his vocation near the person of the king, the latter did not fail to acquaint me with the circumstance in his accustomed tone of raillery. ..... "I am now," said he, "become a steadfast theologian, for I have near me a doctor of the Sorbonne; so, Sir, should you find yourself wavering in the faith, should you be assailed by doubts, by temptations of unbelief, should the wicked spirit harass you with his infernal suggestions, you have only to come to me, I will exorcise you in a proper manner, and we will send away this horned devil with a fallen crest and his tail between his legs, I warrant you! What! are you ignorant of my good fortune? Have you not yet seen my great and celebrated doctor?"—"Sire, I saw him one day at dinner at the house of Count Sacke; but there was no question of theology."—"Your loss is then infinite; but be consoled, I will faithfully transmit to you all the ineffable things I shall learn of him."—"I fear, Sire, I shall not be able to comprehend them."—"So, you esteem the favour nothing? But pray tell me on what subject you conversed with my learned theologian?"—"As I had reason to suppose, from something that dropped from him, that he came from the bishoprick of Liege, I asked him, Sire, if it was true that the merchants of that district were in the practice of forestalling

every year the weak delicate wines of Barrois, and the more substantial wines of Franche-Comté, and afterwards mixing them at Liege, and selling them throughout the north of Europe for claret?"—"Ah! how could you think of disturbing his sublime meditations only to direct his thoughts to such miserable subjects? Do you suppose he crawls along the earth as we do? He is acquainted with none but celestial things. How could you imagine that he could for a moment employ his thoughts on knavery or the petty tricks of merchants? I will lay any wager he made you no answer to the purpose."—"He assured me with earnestness that these accounts were false."—"Right enough: no doubt, like a good christian, he considers all his countrymen as the most honest persons in all the world; it is, Sir, the benches of the Sorbonne which enable us to judge so wisely of mankind. I will lay any wager you never sat on these benches."—"I never even saw them, Sire."—"That no doubt is the reason of your believing that the wine-merchants adulterate and medicate the wines they sell us, and that you know nothing of celestial truths."...

On his return from one of his journeys into Silesia, he sent for me the very moment of getting out of his carriage, to say he hoped I should admire and commend his zeal for holy things....."Before entering Breslaw," said he, "I had been informed that the capuchins of that province were accustomed to sell the *Agnus Dei* to the poor and credulous peasants to

give to their flocks and cattle, accompanied with the assurance that if their faith were but perfect this sacred host would preserve their animals, or cure them of the epidemick disease that unfortunately prevails in several of their cantons. This double knavery raised my indignation. The very evening of my reaching Breslaw, I sent for the three principal officers of the convent. On their appearance I assumed an air of the most terrible displeasure; I abandoned myself to all the fury of holy indignation; and in a big loud voice I said..... *What! wretches! you sell to peasants for a small price that which is most holy and respectable in our religion; and this too that the vilest animals may swallow it! And to this act of impiety you add that of making them believe that this image of our God is an efficacious cure for the epidemick! Have you no fear that so odious a profanation will discover to every eye that you are nothing better than hypocrites, as impotent as culpable?..... And to what use do you put this money, since you are maintained by alms from the people, and are in want of nothing? Do you buy ribbons for your mistresses with it?*..... Here one of them all trembling began to assure me they had done no such thing.... *Peace, sirrah!* said I; *if it was not you it was some of your convent, or rather some of those irreligious and dishonest monks who live under your discipline. To my knowledge they do this thing, and are you ignorant of it? You are guilty wretches! No doubt of this too, you are ignorant! Do you think I ought not to appease*

this publick outrage by making publick examples of you? Take care of yourselves! I give you notice you will be strictly watched, and if I should again hear of such proceedings, I will have all your beards shaved off, depend on it. Leave me..... They withdrew confounded, and trembling with fear. Be assured they will not be in a hurry to repeat the offence! But do you not commend what I did? You, strict catholick as you are, tell me if in your country they consecrate the *Agnus Dei* for animals? Ought I to permit or tolerate an abuse that tends only to cheat the people, diminish their scanty means of subsistence, and at length excite publick execration?"

I replied that a catholick prince could not have acted better, unless he had had recourse to the holy inquisition.... "Oh! I am much obliged to you," rejoined he; "my zeal will never carry me such lengths as these! I shall leave that point to the most faithful or the most catholick kings; I will not encroach on rights they have so justly acquired."

On another occasion he told me, he had never approved of the brief by means of which Ganganelli had abolished the Jesuits..... "If a man who should wear a collar to his jacket of a certain cut deserves to have his head struck off, ought I, for no other reason, to have the heads struck off of all the persons who should wear just such a collar? I conceive, Sir, I have no such right: justice ceases to be justice when it is not distributive. By the same rule, I have no more cause for complaint against those men than

against others of their cloth. I have had neither a Malagrida nor a Buzembaum of their order in my states. Besides, the Duke de Choiseuil will not live forever, and the natural inconstancy of human things, when he, his credit, and his hateful and destructive passions are gone to the devil, will bring this proscribed society again into repute. I on my part shall be solicited on their behalf by catholick princes, who will receive them with gratitude at my hands. It is in this hope that, like a generous brother monarch, I preserve for them some of the said article: but they shall not have it gratis; they shall give me a good price for it, I promise you!"

I return to the more serious reasonings in which he obstinately sought to engage me during several years, for the purpose of making himself fully acquainted with my principles and opinions, or rather that he might bring me to the same level as he had done so many others, and afterwards attack me with the same offensive raillery when I should have so far committed myself as, by my own confessions, to enable him to determine what form to give them, and on what basis to erect them. In these reasonings, however, I never took any further part than by listening to them in an attentive and respectful attitude, constantly observing the most perfect reserve. My silence extremely provoked him, and it was evident he secretly vowed to make me break it; nor did he leave any measure untried in the attempt..... "Sir," said he to me one day, after having discussed very fully some subject I

do not recollect, "do me the favour to answer me. What is your opinion of my arguments? What is your opinion of the subject I have been speaking of?"—"Sire, I am not sufficiently versed in such matters to enable me to give an opinion concerning them."—"You cannot, however, but have an opinion? Deign, Sir, to tell me what it may be!"—"If I have one, Sire, it is not worth the pains of declaring, and I should not fail to explain myself extremely ill."—"You have no confidence in me?"—"My confidence is unbounded, but it ought not to make me forget the profound respect I owe your majesty, which is equal to my confidence."—"But at least you can tell me if I reason justly; you can set me right if I mistake. Come, come, Sir, give me your charity; bestow on me your lights; do not disdain to instruct me; show me the right way, and take upon yourself the trouble of conducting me to it."....At this tone of raillery I threw my eyes on the ground, became more serious than before, and persisted in the most absolute silence; till at length he was willing enough to talk of something else, or to wish me a good night.

Another evening, as we were standing together before the fire, he resumed his ordinary arguments, and pursued them to a considerable length, when appearing suddenly to have perceived my absolute silence, and feigning to interpret it as a mark of my disapprobation of what he had been saying, he stopped, came near to me, took hold of the button of my coat the nearest to the collar, and looking me full in the

face, he said, "I nevertheless, Sir, hope that you will allow me to think and speak as I please in my own castle!"—"Your majesty," I replied, "has ever the privilege of doing so at pleasure even in the houses of other people." This answer seemed to calm him, and for this time he changed the subject.

On another occasion he interrupted himself in a similar manner to say to me, "I plainly perceive, Sir, that you are not inclined to let me have the pleasure of your company! My conversation tires you." I answered, that the misfortune of being no longer allowed to approach him, would be the most afflictive I could possibly experience. I know not if I pronounced these words with some emotion, but certainly they did not lose their effect on the king.

As it appears to me that the different articles I have to communicate concerning religion should follow each other, to complete the picture, I will relate an anecdote told to me by Prince William of Brunswick. The king had taken him with him on an expedition, for the purpose of reviewing his troops in Pomerania and in Prussia: in the course of the journey, during which they travelled at the rate of fifty leagues per day, religion in its turn was the subject of their conversation. The young prince, after listening a considerable time to his uncle, at length said, "Will your majesty permit me to mention an idea that occupies my mind and greatly astonishes me?"—"Well, what is this idea? Let me hear it."—"Sire, I am not much surprised that many philosophers declare themselves

unbelievers in religion: but I cannot conceive that sovereigns could possibly hold the same language."—"And who, Sir, is to hinder them?"—"Their own interests, Sire: for is not religion one of the supports of their authority?"—"My friend, I for my part find order and the laws sufficient. And have I not, in addition, the interests of my citizens, their habits, education, and want of power?"—"But what can be more desirable for kings than a religion that represents them as the image of God, and which enjoins upon the people a blind obedience to their will?"—"My friend, this blind obedience is acceptable only to tyrants: true monarchs require none but a rational and well-motived obedience. Besides, the priests represent us as the depositaries of the divine power, while they take care to style themselves its interpreters and the mouth by which it speaks: in this manner they subject us to their will, and place us at their feet. By parity of reasoning, then, if I am the head of the nation, I cannot be the head of the priests: I therefore reject the blind obedience they preach to the people, only that they themselves may afterwards require the same of their king."—"Nevertheless, Sire, there are among mankind villains perverted in their nature and hardened in their crimes; against this class of men, religion cannot but be the most salutary resource: the fear of the punishments of a future life frequently produce the best effects on even the most corrupt."—"Oh, I have the gallows for such scoundrels as these, and that is sufficient."—"What if these scoundrels

are hypochondriacks, who, yielding to their despair, abandon themselves to sentiments of hatred and of vengeance, and esteem their life as nothing ?"—"My good fellow, you are then ignorant that for such men as you describe I have a mad-house. Depend upon it, countries have been admirably governed in times when your religion had no existence."

FREDERICK IN HIS STUDIES, HIS OPINIONS, AND HIS LITERARY COMPOSITIONS.

IN the early part of my residence at Berlin, I often asked myself if Frederick had really a feeling heart? Many anecdotes were related to me which seemed to prove the affirmative: but these were contradicted by so many traits of a totally opposite nature, that I remained divided in opinion, till I should have acquired from my own observation still more decisive proofs. It was not here a question of pronouncing respecting his vivacity, the activity and fertility of his mind and imagination, nor on the rapidity of his ideas, nor the irritability of his temper; for as to these, who that knew him could entertain the smallest doubt? or who could be insensible of the firmness and inflexible tenaciousness of his determinations? Who ever saw him for a moment deviate from his principles, or relax in his ardent pursuit of the plans he had prescribed to himself? What threw me into considerable perplexity was, to ascertain whether nature, in bestowing on him so many rare and excellent qualities, had not refused him that spontaneous sentiment, so infinitely worthy of being cherished, which gives us wholly up to esteem and friendship; that mild and exquisite affection which unites us to the persons who seem

worthy to inspire it, and in a certain degree devotes us to their well-being; that animating principle which continually stands in need of new occasions to unfold itself, and is both nourished and strengthened by our most generous sacrifices. Delightful source! source richer inexpressibly than can be described of all our virtues and of all our consolations! "Has this king," said I within myself, "been endued with that most precious of the gifts of men, or has nature withheld it to balance the profuseness of her other gifts?"

I have been told that in the early part of his reign he lost a friend, for whom he appeared to feel a greater affection than any other; (I do not recollect whether it was M. Knobelsdorff, or M. de Kaiserling:) he ordered the corpse in the coffin to be placed in his chamber with the lid open; where he passed whole days in contemplating the body, which was already much altered; that at last the offensive smell that pervaded the apartment being insufficient to prevail upon him to detach himself from this spectacle, it was found necessary, when whole days of supplication had been tried in vain, to remove the dangerous and cherished object by a sort of violence. But are all the circumstances of this history, his obstinacy and the commands he gave, to be considered as the marks of genuine and unmixed sensibility? How far is it possible that a great activity and certain hardihood of mind, a strong imagination, a persevering curiosity and natural resoluteness of character, may have had their share in this specimen of his conduct?

It is certain that the king lost no opportunity of making himself familiar with all the circumstances of death. Might he not in this instance have felt nothing more than the desire to administer to himself a painful lesson of humanity?

Such were my reflections when, in 1766, Prussia lost the young prince, Henry, second brother to the hereditary prince. This prince, eighteen years of age, had just finished his education: the king had given him a regiment of cuirassers, of which he had set out to take possession, and at the head of which he was to have returned to Berlin in order to go through the military manœuvres of the month of May. While on the journey, he was seized with the small-pox, and died about the seventh day, in a small town. His loss was deeply and generally lamented. The talents conspicuous in this young prince, his application to study, the acquirements that had resulted, the mild and benevolent qualities that formed his character, had excited such hopes in the publick mind respecting his future virtues, that it is not surprising it should share in the deep affliction of the royal family. The king having come to Berlin some months after, sent for me and said: "You know, Sir, of the loss experienced by both the state and myself, in the death of a young prince of whom it was but just to form the most flattering expectations. This misfortune to me has been particularly great; each day I retrace the valuable qualities which excited the love and esteem of every

one: but I have not contented myself with shedding unavailing tears; I have considered it as a duty to save from the tomb what was most excellent, and justify the affliction I manifest by a faithful exposition of the cause that excited it. It appeared to me that the portrait of his youth might present a useful example to those whose birth places them on the same ladder with himself, and no less to every individual capable of a noble emulation. To that end, I have sought how to make my misfortune beneficial to society: I have accordingly composed an eulogium on this beloved and lamented relative. I wish this eulogium, Sir, to be read in a publick sitting of my academy, and I have fixed on you to be the reader. I do not, however, consider this as a finished production; it is capable of many improvements; but I no sooner take up my pen to this effect, than I see before me nothing but my nephew, and find myself incapacitated for the task. Besides, the manuscript is already so full of erasures, that there is scarcely room for the alterations I wish to make. I have therefore to request of you to make me a fair copy in a legible hand-writing, and to make the spaces sufficiently considerable to allow of my interlining what I think necessary. But you are not acquainted with my hand-writing, or rather, let me say, with my scrawling, and will not perhaps be able to decypher it. For this reason, I will read it to you, that you may the more easily divine what I intended to say; first premising that, in addition to the request

I have made, I further expect from your zeal a note of the faults you shall detect in it both in respect to language and the rules of oratory."

He then took up his manuscript, which lay on a small table at which he always sat, and which was covered with books, a writing-desk, paper, and frequently several snuff-boxes. He began the reading in a posture and manner that showed he was determined to remain master of his feelings. It was easy to perceive by the tone of his voice that he made efforts to strengthen it, as if to fortify himself against the impressions of grief. His enunciation was slow, and he made long and frequent pauses. The struggle, however, was short. When he had got to the second or third page, his voice faltered, and his eyes filled with tears; he could not proceed without stopping, and often had recourse to his handkerchief. But it was in vain that he wiped his eyes, and coughed or spit; all his endeavours did not carry him to the end of the fourth page before his eyes, gushing with tears, could no longer see, and his voice, suffocated and extinct, could no longer pronounce a word. At length, yielding to the sobs he found it impossible to repress, he held out the manuscript to me without being able to utter a syllable. I took the manuscript, contemplating, with a sort of respect and consolation, this great man, like the rest of his species, accessible to the most sacred and most endearing affections of humanity. After a minute or two of silence, having regained the power of speaking,

he said, "You understand what I desire of you; you may now leave me. I wish you a good evening."

My problem was now solved. A considerable number of other facts, which afterwards came to my knowledge, confirmed me in the opinion I had formed on leaving the castle; but what I had just witnessed was more than sufficient to convince me. The grief to which Frederick had just yielded was not of a nature to be commanded. No kind of interest or motive incited him to feign; and if he could have formed the project of weeping in my presence, to give me a false idea of his sensibility, he would not have succeeded, for he would in vain have attempted to deceive me. Truth has accents peculiar to itself, and a man of clear intellect, who observes without partiality or prejudice, is sure of not being deceived; he will be duped by neither mask nor juggle. Indeed, of all the sentiments of the human mind, it is most difficult to feign that of profound affliction. The most skilful tragedian in the world, to succeed in this attempt, should be viewed from a considerable distance. If you bring him near you, you see nothing but grimace.

I shall perhaps be told that the affliction of Frederick on this occasion might be perfectly genuine, without being a proof of his possessing that sensibility which is the ornament of elevated souls, since he might have shed those tears from an influence in which either his ambition, his politicks, or personal interests, might be concerned. But who has ever

ventured to assert, that sensibility consists in our suffering emotion without a cause? Those who feel great affliction for trifling causes, or a more temperate grief for no cause at all, are not persons of sensibility; they are merely weak. The question I had asked myself was, whether Frederick could be susceptible of genuine emotion even for causes the most unequivocally distressing; or whether in his mind, this principle of so many virtues were not rather a combination of the understanding, than a sentiment of the soul: and the scene I had just witnessed had resolved it.

But if the natural character of Frederick were that of sensibility, which I contend to be the case, how shall we explain the firmness he on so many occasions exercised; or even, one might say, the cold and inflexible austerity of his soul? It does not appear to me that these two propositions are so irreconcilable as it may at first be thought. Frederick, as is well known, had experienced great vexations and afflictions previous to his succeeding to the throne: his inclination and taste continually thwarted or disappointed; all his proceedings watched and judged of with too much severity; from time to time the object of gross calumnies; menaced with the loss of the throne, and then of his life; the victim of a rigorous confinement in a prison for more than two years, and, in addition, he had seen the friend he loved perish on a scaffold; having in all the world no resource but the muses and his own fortitude;

who can calculate how profoundly a soul like his had reflected on the dangers of that sensibility, which were so frequently and unequivocally apparent in his youth? Could he avoid the conviction that this noble quality, in general so valuable, had nevertheless been the cause of all his misfortunes? Was it not natural for him to say to himself, that in the breasts of kings sensibility should always be transformed to justice, occasionally to indulgence, sometimes to kindness; but at the same time should never be suffered to exceed the bounds of prudence. A man like Frederick does not make such reflections as these in vain! To recognise such truths was with him the same as receiving them as the law of his conduct. Thus he actually was what he described himself to have been: as a man, he had great sensibility; as a king, he had none. Such was the self-command he possessed, that from the moment the kingly office was connected with what was calculated to excite his sensibility, he no longer allowed himself to yield to the power of that sentiment: on such occasions, he was a just king, or an indulgent monarch; but always agreeably to the calculations he had made, and to his plan, to which he adhered with the strictest firmness. A feeling heart; a head capable of imposing on it due restraint; these two terms may be considered as the key to all the actions he performed that were in any degree remarkable. Without these it would be impossible to decypher them.

The first time I saw him after the reading of the historical eulogium on his nephew, I entered his apartment a little after four o'clock, agreeable to the orders I had received; it was nearly dark; he had no candles, and he received me in the room with the round table, adjoining the apartment of the body guards, in which are the beautiful hangings of the Gobelins representing the miracles of Jesus Christ. He detained me a very short time, intending on that day nothing more than to thank me for the zeal I had manifested in the reading with which he had charged me. I observed that, after expressing his satisfaction, and mentioning that of the publick also, he put his hand into his pocket; on taking it out he extended it toward me, saying, "I request you will keep this as the pledge of the pleasure you have afforded me on this occasion." But his hand, it being dark, encountering nothing but my hat, he left the present, the first I ever received from him, in it. This present was a repeating watch with a double case. I learned from M. le Catt, that he had given the most particular directions for procuring the very best English watch that was to be had; that the price was one hundred louis; and that he had used it for a week to be certain that it was a good one. The watch, however, proved to be a miserable article made at Augsbourg, and at the end of two years was incapable of being repaired. It cannot be denied that this history of the watch is a proof that the most clear-sighted, attentive, and rigorous-minded

man may be deceived, and it is for the sake of this observation that I relate the story. I had afterwards occasion to read in the academy, and to conduct the printing of four other discourses which I shall lay before the publick. The title of the first was, *On Self-love considered as a Principle of Morality.* It has been seen in the instance of the historical eulogium on the young prince Henry, in what manner this kind of commission was commonly given me. I was sent for, and the production mentioned; then the subject and title; I was next informed with what views it had been contemplated and executed, and the use intended to be made of it: after this kind of historical explanation, the manuscript was put into my hands, and I was to make critical remarks on the whole, and send them back with the work. As I was well aware of the mistrustful and penetrating character of the king, I never failed on these occasions to shut myself up in my cabinet, read the performance, and make my remarks at a single sitting, and send it to the castle in so short a time as to preclude the smallest suspicion of my having either taken a copy or shown it to any other person. My method in doing this was simple and expeditious: I wrote down the title of the work on the top of a sheet of paper; I then read the manuscript with the greatest attention, and when I found a passage that admitted of remark, I transcribed it on my paper, noting in the margin the number of the page and line where the words to be commented on were to be

found, and at the end of these words thus transcribed I described with frankness and simplicity the faults I discovered; the reasons that decided my judgment; and sometimes, the expression or phrase which, as it appeared to me, might be substituted with advantage. By means of this kind of proceeding, I escaped all the restraint of etiquette: nothing expressly announced for whom I was thus employed; whether king or shepherd, renowned or obscure, no one had the power to ascertain. When my labour was finished, I added a letter containing only three lines, and neither of this nor the remarks did I take any copy; the whole was then put together into the same cover, and carried to the attendant in waiting to be immediately delivered to the king. On the following day I was infallibly sent for to receive the thanks supposed to be my due, and to be informed of the use that would be made of my remarks.

It was during my second visit to the king on the subject of the discourse on *self-love*, that he wished to know if my opinion agreed with his; that is, if it appeared to me that *self-love* was a principle of sufficient strength to be the basis of moral sentiment, and create in us all the private and social virtues. The proposition was purely philosophical: it included no question of religion, and I had no pretence for withholding my sentiments. For all this I was much embarrassed: for the king's hypothesis appeared to me false. I endeavoured, in my reply, to soften all that was calculated to displease him, but the forms I em-

ployed were insufficient to conceal from him my real opinion. I observed to him, that in a discourse attributed to the philosopher of Geneva on the essential and fundamental character of virtue, I perceived that the author placed that character in the most pure, noble, and perfect disinterestedness; and I confessed this doctrine appeared to me the true one, and that I could not easily prevail on myself to bring down virtue to a lower standard; that in our most glorious sacrifices, it is not reflection that propels our actions, that at such moments we do not reflect, or at least with any distinctness; that the principle of our action, which at such times is truly spontaneous, proceeds from our habitual sentiments, our previous morality, and from our personal characteristick and well appropriated maxims; maxims that are too general to depend on the calculations grounded by self-love on different probabilities relating solely to time or place; that in fine it would not be difficult to suppose other cases in which the most noble actions should be made to appear the most execrable: under such suppositions as these, it would be the passion of self-love that would have misled us from the path of virtue; but that virtue would nevertheless remain inflexibly the same.

I could not prevail on the king to change his opinion; yet he at least was not offended by my frank plain-dealing: he contented himself with saying calmly, "My dear Sir, you do not understand such subjects as these."

The last piece I was commanded by Frederick to read in the academy, was his discourse *Of the Utility of the Arts and Sciences in States.* He composed this discourse in the commencement of the residence of Ulrica, his sister, and queen dowager of Sweden, at the court of Berlin; and for the purpose of being publickly read in the academy, at which she was to be present. As soon as he had revised this discourse, he came to Berlin to pay her a visit, sent for me, delivered me his manuscript, and appointed the following day for my returning it to him with the remarks I might think necessary. I accordingly made my appearance when he was about to rise from table a short time before he was to set out on his return to Potzdam. This interview began in a manner that to others might have afforded pleasure, but which inspired me with solicitude, because I knew how seldom it happened that he kept his hilarity within bounds.... "Sir," said he, with an archness in his look, "I return you thanks for the remarks you have been kind enough to make on my discourse, and what is more, I for the most part admit them. Yes, Sir," continued he, "I submit to your sovereign authority. I am most happy in having an opportunity of proving to you my docility, and am determined you shall have no cause to complain of me. There are only two points, but two, and even these of small importance, respecting which I trust you will permit me to offer my most humble and respectful remonstrance."

As at these words I was hastening to take refuge in the profound respect and distance to which, on such occasions, I had uniformly had recourse, and as he could not but perceive my intention by the instantaneous reserve and silence I assumed, he was naturally compelled to an explanation of the two articles respecting which he rejected my advice. The first of these was, in fact, nothing more than a slight germanism, that by many readers would scarcely be noticed, and, at all events, would be easily pardoned in a German prince....." So far, so good," said I to myself; " this fault I pardon because you are a king, and I have no mind to make you angry for a trifle: but take care how you abuse my moderation !" The second fault unfortunately was of a much more serious nature; it was a well-conditioned, sturdy solecism, that stood quite out on the canvass, being placed in the most prominent article of the whole discourse, in the passage which naturally must be the most remarked, the most attentively considered, and the most strictly criticised in all the courts of Europe; that is, the passage in which the orator, assuming a more elevated tone, and with a certain degree of preparation, pronounces the eulogium of Catharine the Second, empress of Russia. The king pretended that custom authorized the manner of speaking I condemned: he next maintained that it was a sort of oratorical turn on which the rules of grammar ought to have no influence; he added, that many good authors had had recourse to the same expedient, and that nothing was

more common; in short, unable to convince me, and seeing I had an answer to all his arguments, he became ill-humoured, and, yielding to his impatience, which he endeavoured neither to moderate nor conceal, he snatched a pen from the standish, saying, "Very well, nothing further is necessary than to substitute some other phrase." At the same moment he set himself to compose it. What extremely distressed and perplexed me in all this was, that the new phrase he wrote was even worse than the first as to the soundness of the thinking, and had in it besides a solecism, which, though different from the former, was no less striking and inadmissible. I perceived the danger that threatened me, and I resolved to brave it, for this reason, that I should have been culpable indeed toward him if I had suffered him to expose himself to the criticism of all Europe, rather than perform my duty in telling him unwelcome truths. I accordingly observed, that the discourse would not be improved by substituting the second phrase in the place of the first, and that there would still remain a fault in the language, which I pointed out, and which I assured him was no more pardonable than the other. This new criticism burst the bonds of his restraint; he instantly became red with anger; his whole physiognomy assumed a furious and menacing expression, like that of a man who is about to fall upon the most violent measures. He threw down the pen, saying, "Nothing then can be done but to leave the phrase as it is." I am persuaded he was not more completely beside

himself on the occasions when he so far forgot his dignity as to kick the persons who offended him. I however had no apprehensions of receiving from him a similar outrage, for I relied for my protection on the circumstance of my being a foreigner, Frederick never having committed it but towards those who were his subjects. But I did expect that he would have sent me from his presence, never again to be recalled. My situation was extremely painful; but I preserved both my composure and tranquillity, conscious that it was occasioned by the performance of a serious duty. It was therefore not very difficult to accomplish the resolution I formed of justifying my conduct, and showing myself for what I really was previous to my dismissal. To this effect, my exteriour appearance indicated that I confined myself within the bounds which decorum prescribed; my manner expressed sorrow without dejection; my voice was that of a man who is pained but inflexible; and in a solemn and deliberate tone, my eyes fixed on the ground, and my body in a modest, simple, and fixed attitude, I said, "I most humbly and earnestly entreat your majesty to have the goodness to consider that I have neither calling nor means of subsistence for the support of my family but through your majesty. From your bounty, Sire, it is that I derive all I possess, the honourable office to which you have appointed me, a respectable footing in society, and the means of deserving the esteem of the publick! Deign, Sire, not to refuse me the justice of believing that never for a moment are

these benefits absent from my memory, and on my heart they are still more deeply engraven! But in what manner can I give stronger proofs of my respect, my gratitude, and my attachment, than in the resolution never to approach your majesty with falsehood on my lips? To tell you, Sire, any thing but truth would be treachery! To dissemble from fear would be baseness! To withhold truth when it can be interesting to your majesty would be infidelity! What mark of respect, may I ask, can be so worthy your majesty, or be offered by an upright heart, as that which, in all its points, is in perfect unison with truth? I should regard myself unworthy to exist if I were capable of nourishing any other principles; and it is only by constantly adhering to these that I can hope to justify the favours with which your majesty has honoured me. Your majesty may be certain that, with such principles as these, I have never allowed myself to propose my sentiments lightly; I have on no occasion advanced what I had not maturely reflected on; I have affirmed nothing but what had the most weighty authorities in favour of my opinion. In the instance now before us, Sire, I considered that this discourse was destined to have the greatest publicity; and I reasoned according to the most approved authors: I am able to confirm all I have advanced by the decisions of all those who have written on the French language; I am no more than their vehicle, and I feel at the bottom of my soul the conviction that, by my perseverance, I at this moment give your majesty the surest proof of my

respect and of my ardent attachment toward your sacred person."

The two or three minutes I employed in speaking gave him time to resume his composure. He listened, as he was capable of doing when he liked, with great attention, and without taking his eyes from mine. When I came to the last phrase, he put out his hand, as if mechanically to take the pen, but with no other alteration of posture; so that, when I ceased speaking, he appeared quite calm while he said, "Well then, what corrections would you have in this phrase?" I dictated the words I had used in my remarks, which he wrote down without the least repugnance, and then handed me the manuscript, requesting me to read it in the next publick sitting of the academy.

The pieces of which I have hitherto spoken are far from being the only ones on which I had remarks to make; I was frequently required to be employed in the same manner on other productions, both in prose and verse; frequently too he made me read to him some ancient poems that he had collected into two large volumes in quarto, respecting which he appeared extremely desirous to know my opinion. It was in this manner I became acquainted at the time with his Verses on the Death of the Emperour *Otho;* his Poem on the Origin of the Polish Nation, which he there supposes to have descended from an Ourang-Outang; the Epistle of Thanks to the Prince of Soubize, composed at Rosbach, on the evening of the battle of that name; &c. I observed, at the

end of every piece, *composed at such a place, on such a day, in such a year.* I remember he, one evening, made me read a poem, the ideas of which were so exquisitely humorous and droll, that he, who was the author of them, could not refrain from repeated bursts of laughter, and I myself, in despite of the rules I had laid down in this respect, could scarcely contain myself; when all at once, with still more drollery than was even in the verses, he composed his muscles, and said gravely, *What, Sir, are you laughing at?* Another evening, after reading different pieces to him, he presented me with a tolerably spirited and severe epigram on d'Alembert; but while I was reading it aloud, as he intended, he recollected my warm attachment to the geometrician of Paris. Being vexed that he had shown me the epigram, and apprehensive I might mention it to other persons, he suddenly assumed a magisterial air, and said drily, "This, Sir, is between ourselves; for, should d'Alembert hear of it, I would have your ears cut off!".... "Sire," replied I, in a serious tone, "I should be most unhappy if I thought your majesty conceived it necessary to inspire me with fear to make me fulfil what is my duty; my motives for doing which will be, I trust, as they have ever been, of a more noble nature."

I shall now relate an anecdote, in which, among other remarkable things, it will appear with what great attention he read, and how well versed he was in the art of well employing his time. During the

winter of 1776, 1777, he had a violent attack of the gout, which prevented his going to Berlin. On my returning in March from a visit of some months to France, I reached the gates of Potzdam just as it was dark, and, agreeably to the established custom, wherever the king happens to be, I was obliged to inform the officer on guard, who put it down in writing —who I was; what my calling; whence I came; whither I was going; at what inn I intended to put up; and whether I had any business with the king. As all examinations of this sort are laid before his majesty every evening, I had no doubt that I should be sent for the next day. My prediction was verified; an officer of the guards, in full uniform, entered my apartment before seven o'clock on the following morning: this officer was M. Knebel, who had been a pupil of mine, and who was now a lieutenant, and on duty that day at the castle..... "Do you not blush for your old master at finding him in bed at so late an hour, while you have been up so long? Do you bring me an order to rise?"—"No," replied he, "what I bring you is a prohibition. The king commissioned me to tell you not to leave Potzdam till he has seen you." Accordingly about an hour after, another messenger arrived, to inform me that the king would receive me at half past ten. On my entering, Frederick began with inquiring whether I was satisfied with my journey; he then talked of his ill health, and of the History of the Lower Empire, by M. le Beau, which he told me he had been read-

ing....."I have had the gout," said he, "but fortunately not in my head: some courage, however, was necessary to read this history to the conclusion. Can you tell me the reason that it tires the reader so much? Is it the fault of the author, or of the subject? It appears to me that M. le Beau, though a man of information, and a good writer, is not without faults; though he is master of his subject. It is no less true that he is disagreeably prolix, especially in his Theological Discussions, which, in a book of profane history, are always misplaced, to most readers uninteresting, and particularly so to me. But the great errour in this book is in the principle and nature of the subject; it presents to our view, as in a magick lantern, so many persons who, passing as rapidly as the waves before us, cannot possibly excite in us any interest; especially as, for the most part, we neither know from whence they come, nor whither they are going, but merely that their whole virtue consists in their ferocity and ignorance: they indeed present themselves in such great numbers, and remain so short a time on the stage, that with difficulty they are to be distinguished from each other. The subject, therefore, in every point of view, is unprofitable." We may perceive with what perfect self-possession the king had perused this work in the midst of the acutest pains; to which it should be added that, during the whole time, he directed the affairs of his empire with the same exactness as when in health.

After thus explaining to me his opinion of the History of the Lower Empire, he returned to the subject of my journey, and inquired if I had seen the king of France, and the royal family. I replied, that I had gone to Versailles on a Sunday for that purpose, in the hope of seeing them all together at high mass; but having arrived late, I had seen only the queen's mass, that of the king being just concluded: that I had waited till the evening in the apartments, that I might not be disappointed of seeing the king, who then came out from the council-chamber: that I had been amply recompensed for my trouble, as Louis the Sixteenth had stopped near the place where I stood, and conversed for several minutes with a nobleman I did not know; so that I had consequently a full view of his person..... Here Frederick assumed his confidential and friendly manner, and in the most ingratiating tone said, "Well, now, between ourselves, what did you think of him?" I dreaded a snare, and recollected all the prudential motives that ought to make me endeavour to avoid it. I therefore answered, that I had been so taken up with examining the physiognomy of the king, that I had not been able to take my eyes from his face; but that, with all my attention, I had been able to discover in it only a single trait, and this trait appeared to me in so great a degree genuine and characteristick, that I did not cease to say to myself that, on whomsoever nature had bestowed that head, his prevailing quality would have been goodness of

heart. Frederick was sensible, in his turn, that I had discovered his snare, and that I endeavoured to elude it; and with infinite address he replied, with eagerness and a sort of enthusiasm: "Ah, Sir, if he is a good king, he is no less a great king!" After this exclamation, the king said no more of Versailles, or of the royal family. I, however, told him, that I had seen them all at cards in the evening, excepting the king; but he did not appear in the least interested by my account; on the contrary, he entered upon other subjects, asking me if I had generally observed any change of manners either at court, or in the provinces of France, since I had left it. I answered, that their opinions appeared to me the same; and that in the dress of the country I had observed but two innovations, that of the coats of satin worn by the men, and large buckles. When we had conversed on a variety of other subjects, and his dinner hour, which was twelve o'clock, drew near, he asked me when I expected to be at Berlin? I answered, that evening, if his majesty should give no orders that would detain me. To this he replied, he was much pleased at my return, and at seeing me in good health and satisfied with my journey, and wished me a pleasant ride. As in saying these words he walked toward the eating-room, I attempted, on leaving him, to apologize for having dared to appear before him in a travelling dress. In fact, I had been unwilling to open my trunks, and had come to the castle in thick common shoes, black stockings, and a

coarse sort of waistcoat and breeches; my coat was of grey woollen cloth, and my cravat black. On hearing my excuses, he turned his eyes towards me with a look of disdain, and said, "You know well enough I never attend to such miserable considerations as these: observe me, when I send for you, you may be as neglectful as you please about your dress, and I shall give myself but little concern about it; but do not forget to bring your head, and I shall be satisfied; I want only your head."

M. le Catt, who by his office was secretary of orders to his majesty, and was so called in society, had at the castle no other title than that of *Reader to the King*, an office he however was never called upon to fulfil. Frederick was extremely fond of reading himself; and the person he paid to be his reader had in fact no other office to fulfil than that of listening to him. In addition, Le Catt's voice was weak, indistinct, and disagreeable. I believe he had never been employed in reading any thing to the king but such letters as he was obliged to answer; at least, it is certain that, on every occasion of the monarch's finding himself unable to read, it was me he sent for while he was at Berlin. I have read to him in this way even in Le Catt's presence.

One evening I found the king indisposed with a complaint in his eyes. "You see," said he, "that my eyes are too much inflamed for me to attempt to read myself: you will be kind enough to give me your assistance. Here are some trifles I have received from Paris: as

yet I know nothing of their merit; perhaps they are not good for much, but of this we shall soon be a better judge. Let us begin with this comedy*: the author is one Beaumarchais; let us see if he is a man of any talent."

The king was seated in his arm-chair, and had a stand on his left hand, on which stood a large chandelier with five branches. As the light from the candles of the sconces on each side of the chimney was insufficient for me to see to read by, I was obliged to borrow assistance from the chandelier, which being of a height to suit only persons who are seated, I was under the necessity of bending over the leaves in a position that was extremely disagreeable; this the king perceived; and observing to me that I should not long be able to continue in that attitude, he desired me to take a chair, which I accordingly did, and read the whole play to him. The king criticised the piece with great severity, and frequently with reason. As at this time I had a considerable hoarseness, he would not expose me to further fatigue, and we conversed till his hour of bed-time. Beaumarchais's play insensibly conducted us to the literature of the present day, whch he treated with general disesteem. "What a difference," said he, "between these mummeries and the writings of Moliere! These productions have nothing in them but such strokes of eclat as succeed in the suburbs! A constant succession of surprises

* Figaro.

that, like slight-of-hand tricks, are fit only to amuse children; puns, miserable tricks upon words, pitiful jokes. And is the imitation of the genius of the last century reduced to this? What volumes of nonsense, such as this, must be written to be worth a single verse, a single word of Moliere or Racine! It seems to me you have forgotten the language of your celebrated authors! that you no longer understand them. They are become to you as fruit without its savour! You will soon hear nothing in your theatres but the lowest wit and the jargon of gossips. Nor is it wholly by your theatres that I judge of your decline; for I observe you no less impoverished in every other walk of literature. You resemble a man in a consumption, who thinks he can conceal his decay by dint of puffing himself out; for do but observe with what confidence your authors of the present day announce themselves as great men, and flatter themselves they shall eclipse those who have gone before! For my own part, I am so out of humour with what they have sent me for some years, that I am much inclined to beg they will send me nothing more."……

I waited, according to my custom, for him to invite me to declare my own sentiments on this subject; and the following are, as I well remember, the words I spoke on the occasion: "We passed no judgment, Sire, on the last age till a hundred years after it had passed away, while we judge of the present while it is actually in existence: this difference appears to me of importance; and it would be extremely

difficult to prevent the influence of such a circumstance over our judgment. To make the balance equal, let us go back to the age of Louis the Fourteenth, and then transport ourselves in idea to the middle of that which will succeed the present age: if I do not mistake, these two points of view will throw considerable light on the comparison we wish to make between the two ages in question. What I would say, Sire, is that we should wait for the end of a century before we pass judgment on its men of talents. Living among them, as we do, we are less occupied by their merit. I might almost say we lose sight of it entirely, because they show themselves but rarely; while, on the other hand, we are inundated and much more struck by the pamphlets and other productions that issue forth under the protection of the Hotel de Rambouillet, and are praised by factionists or persons of bad taste. If we consider the immeasurable multitude of these productions, how can we help exclaiming, *What a barbarous age is this, in which one meets with none but Scuderis, and none but Chapelains are pensioned!* But let us, Sire, return to our own times. What is the picture that presents itself to our minds when we hear of the age of Louis the Fourteenth? In our days the Cotins and the Pradons are buried in obscurity; we never even think of them; scarcely do we recollect that they have existed; we see nothing but the works of Corneille, of Racine, of Moliere, of Bossuet, of Flechier, of Boileau, of La Bruyere, of La Fontaine, of Madame de Sevigné, and some

others: all these productions are brought together as if they had appeared at the same time; they fill in our libraries a large compartment, which seems to represent the whole age to which they belong. And who at this view will not repeat, *What an age! how great, how illustrious an age!*....

"Let us observe the same rule towards the age in which we live: at this present time the Scuderis fill us with disgust; the Chapelains with shame; the Cotins and the Pradons exhaust our patience; and this sort of inconvenience is every day renewed; it would be therefore difficult to avoid complaining. But let us wait for the next age; let us even try to transport ourselves thither. What are the books which would then fill our shelves?....Voltaire, the two Rousseaus, Buffon, Montesquieu, the Encyclopedia; so many learned memorials from the academies; so many discoveries in the arts and sciences; so many chef-d'œuvres of sacred and profane eloquence; so many distinguished writers! I do not name either, because they are still living, or because the list would be too long.....Sire, this collection does not, it is true, resemble that of the last age; but will posterity decide that it is inferiour? This is a point it is not easy to determine."

During the carnival that succeeded the famous experiments of Mongolfier, Robert, Pilatre-du-Rosier, and others, the king did not fail to bring them on the carpet in conversation, but always spoke of them as a sort of madmen. "Here you see, Sir, are your

countrymen disdaining the earth and its humble inhabitants, and thinking only of scaling the heavens! Every eye in France is directed to the same point; no one looks now at his feet. Oh, Sir, this is noble, this is admirable! But in what do you think is this enthusiasm to end? If we submit these miraculous chimeras to the criterion of good sense, what real advantage can be hoped for in the end? Astronomy will gain nothing, for observations made in the air would have no fixed point of support, no basis. How would the persons who should make them be able to determine their position? Would they not continually change their place without being themselves sensible of such a change? Besides, of what advantage could these observations be that is not equally derived from those made on the earth? Of what importance are a hundred toises, more or less, when we are considering the immense interval between us and the celestial globes? But if aeronauts are of no use to astronomy, in what else can they be of use?"....I answered, that, agreeably to the reasons he had poinied out, I was convinced that aeronauts were in fact useless to astronomy; but that I was not sure that if they applied their exertions to meteorology, it would prove, if so applied, equally useless...." Our most skilful geometricians," said I, " have sought in vain to discover the cause and theory of the winds: who knows whether taking observations at different heights, and on a well combined plan, would not be the means of furnishing us with new and valuable discoveries? We see that

there are different currents of air above us, as well as different currents of water in seas of any considerable depth; who, therefore, can tell what knowledge might be derived from the researches of able and zealous aeronauts? What do we risk by making the experiment? Should we not be cautious how we reject assistance that in the event may prove of the greatest use to us? All that relates to the cultivation of the earth, and the wealth of nations, is more or less connected with the variations of the seasons; consequently we should spare no pains to promote an acquaintance with them. Many advantages have already been obtained by the meteorologick observations that have been the object of inquiry in Europe for near a century, and natural philosophers expect from them still greater advantages for the future; nor is it by any means unreasonable to suppose that aeronauts will still further increase their means and their success."....
"Be it so," replied the king; "to your supposes I have nothing to say, and I would tolerate your experiments. But you must agree with me, that in every other part of the globe the aeronauts will be the more useless, as it will be found impossible to succeed in directing their course."....I answered, that I did not know whether it were possible to direct the course of aeronauts, or if the means of doing so would ever be discovered; that I would, however, take the liberty of suggesting to his majesty a reflection that presented itself to my mind respecting discoveries in general, which was, that the greatest part of those that had

been made must, I conceived, have previously appeared impossible; that, in fact, the perceiving the possibility would be to perceive the means, and consequently to make the discovery. I repeated what I had already said, that I knew not whether this direction was an impossible thing, or a discovery to be made; but that there was a presumption in favour of the last of these ideas, since birds are capable of a direction in the air as well as fishes in the water; and that our arts and industry consisting only of the imitation of nature, it is fair to conclude that all that actually takes place may be imitated. "And of what use would such an imitation be?" said the king...." This manner of travelling would be immensely expensive; and no one would be either rich enough or mad enough, to have recourse to it." Here our discussion ended. I was sensible I had gone great lengths, and felt a sort of triumph in having prevailed on the king to consider aeronauts as worthy of some attention, while prudence prevented my mentioning at the same time many other considerations of equal weight which presented themselves to my mind; such as the use a general might make of balloons for reconnoitring the interiour of any place or camp of the enemy, &c. I was well aware that he would not have tolerated my meddling with discoveries that so peculiarly belonged to his own vocation. On the other hand, I even scarcely dared to hazard a vague intimation of the incalculable dangers to which publick order would be exposed by the use of balloons, by furnishing depredators with the

means of escaping from the vigilance of governments and the vengeance of the law. These thoughts, however, did not the less present themselves to my mind; and I often said jocosely, "The trade of our smugglers will be driven into the air: we shall have brigades of guards soaring over our frontiers. La Fontaine's verse will turn out literally true:

Blood rains from heaven, I speak the simple fact.

I am persuaded the same considerations did not escape the mind of Frederick; but he kept them to himself; and they no doubt influenced him in his dislike of that discovery.

This reminds me of another anecdote which no way relates to the King of Prussia, but which I will introduce in this place, because it concerns the direction of aeronauts. In 1787, M. de Vidaud de la Tour, counsellor of state in ordinary, related to me, one morning, that having supped with a large company the evening before at M. de Calonne's, this minister showed them a stitched book containing at least eighty quarto leaves, all written over, saying: "This, gentlemen, is a memorial I have just received from M. Mongolfier, which I shall deliver to the king to-morrow morning. M. Mongolfier explains in it the method of directing balloons, and pretends that, in several secret experiments he has made, he has constantly found it infallible: he offers the king to undertake in a balloon, on any day that shall be named, a journey from Annonay to Paris in twenty-

three hours, and to take with him six persons, and twenty quintals of paper of his own fabrication; he undertakes to set out in any weather, exclusive of what is *absolutely tempestuous.*" I observed that from that time the newspapers, which had previously so often and so differently treated of balloons and the manner of directing them, barely mentioned the one, and said not another syllable of the other. From this I concluded that government had calculated the inevitable dangers of balloons, and had judged it right to stifle all hope of their success under the mask of silence and incredulity: this conduct appeared to me both necessary and judicious. I return to the King of Prussia.

One thing worthy of being known is the plan which Frederick prescribed to himself in his youth, and which he afterwards constantly made use of for his general reading. He divided into two classes all the books he read either for study or amusement. The second class, which was infinitely the most numerous, he read only once: the first was considerably less extensive, and was composed of books he wished to study and have recourse to from time to time during his life; these he took down, one after the other, in the order in which they stood, excepting when he wanted to verify, cite, or imitate some passage. He had five libraries, all exactly alike, and containing the same books ranged in the same order; one at Potzdam, a second at Sans-Souci, a third at Berlin, a fourth at Charlottenburg, and a fifth at

Breslaw. On removing to either of these places he had only to make a note of the part of his subject at which he left off, to pursue it without interruption on his arrival. Accordingly, he always bought five copies of the books he chose to read. In the first class, which was his favourite phalanx, appeared in the foremost ranks, Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Diodorus Siculus, and Plutarch; next came Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Sallust, Cesar, Livy, Tacitus, and the philosophical works of Seneca: to these succeeded Corneille, Racine and Moliere, Bossuet, Flechier, and Telemachus; D'Aguesseau, Montesquieu, and Bayle; exclusive of our most valuable historical works, such as president Henault, Pfeffel on the Empire, and some others. I need not suggest that there was occasionally some change in this order; certain authors were withdrawn either sooner or later, as the king thought he had read them sufficiently, or as, on further acquaintance, he liked them less; while others were admitted that appeared to him worthy of the honour. In this manner several volumes from the pen of Voltaire and other authors, in course of time, found admittance into the king's library.

The authors of antiquity figured in this list only in the most esteemed French translations. Frederick knew very little of Latin, and not a word of Greek. When he took possession of Saxony, in the seven years' war, he was desirous, while in winter quarters at Leipsick, to visit some of the distinguished literati

in that neighbourhood: among others, Gothschedt, with whom he spoke nothing but German; Gellers, with whom he conversed only of fabulous poetry; and Ernesti, with whom the conversation turned chiefly on Cicero and the ancient languages.

Unfortunately for the king, the existing translations of the classical authors are to the present time, for the most part, too imperfect to satisfy a man of taste. Frederick was sensible of this, and was frequently out of humour with them. At length he made a list of such authors of antiquity as he wished to see better translated. He sent this list to the printer Decker, desiring to be informed how much it would cost to print new translations of them, and enjoined him to consult with the academicians, Formey, Merian, Toussaint, Thiebault, de Castillon, and Bitaubé, who would execute the translations among them, and could easily inform him what would be the amount of the volumes required, in duodecimo. Decker accordingly conferred with us, and our estimate was sixty volumes. I do not now exactly recollect the different authors noted down by the king, nor the part that was allotted to each; all I know is, that Diodorus fell to the lot of Bitaubé and Merian; that Toussaint took charge of the moral treatises of Seneca; that his letters were my task; that the works of Plutarch, the philosophical treatises of Cicero, &c. were divided among several of us. When we came to calculate what the whole would cost, M. Formey suggested an idea which I and several

others among us considered as hazardous; but he so obstinately adhered to it as to declare, that as he was determined to act on sure grounds, he would not proceed but upon the suggestion he had made. It was therefore determined that Decker should state that there would be about eighteen hundred sheets of print; and that each sheet, including the expense of translation, would cost about forty livres; which in the total would amount to a sum of sixty thousand livres and upwards. The portion allotted to the translator, as fixed by M. Formey, and which amounted to full half of the whole expense, was, as we had foreseen, the article that displeased the king. Decker received for answer, an order to stop the whole proceeding till the final intention of his majesty should be made known. From that time the affair was never after mentioned, and I necessarily abandoned my task which I had already begun.

The habit of seeing me and confiding to me his writings, the certainty the king had acquired of my zeal and discretion, all concurred to make him desirous of securing me near his person, where I might be wholly employed in revising and correcting his numerous productions. After the war for the succession of Bavaria, he resolved to realise that idea; and to this effect he made a note of his plan, among others, which he proposed to regulate in the course of the carnival month which he was to spend at Berlin: he even mentioned it to the persons around him; and, fortunately for me, by this very means

defeated his project; for the news was no sooner circulated among the persons who, from various motives, became jealous of the implied distinction, than they unanimously agreed, 1st, that my vocation at Potzdam would be injurious to all of them: and, secondly, that effectual means should be concerted to prevail on the king to renounce his intention. But in what were these means to consist? The mistrustful character of Frederick; the extreme subtlety of his mind; his invariable habit of weighing every thing; the kind of indocility he indulged in himself of opposing the desires he discovered in the minds of others; all conspired to multiply obstacles and even dangers. Frederick was so difficult to be managed! There was so much risk in the enterprise! The parties would in all probability have proceeded no further than gratuitously to lament their misfortune, if the genius of two discordant characters, uniting into one, had not stepped in to their assistance; the genius of presbyterial intrigue, and the genius of Italian intrigue. The Abbé Bastiani was the person who saved them..... "We should always," said he, "study how to take a man by his weak side; without this we cannot reasonably flatter ourselves with complete success: I, on my part, have studied the character of the king for more than thirty years, and, depend on it, I know him well. You will not only fail, but will do yourselves an irreparable injury, if you suffer him to discover your intentions; should he even suspect them, all is certainly lost. Let us

therefore lay it down as a first principle, that our part is to wait; to be silent and submissive till we see our way so safely that the king, argus-eyed as he is, shall be himself deceived. But what is the method to be adopted? The following, gentlemen, is the one I have devised. I have already assured you that I am well acquainted with the character of the king: I have next to inform you of his most prevailing fault; a fault he never resists but in affairs of the last importance, and by means of which he is often led to certain purposes without his being sensible of, or even suspecting, the fact. It is his aversion to being anticipated in the thought he conceives; that is to say, if he conceives an intention of doing any thing, and the publick foresee that he will do that thing, and pass an opinion upon its merits, and particularly if that opinion be favourable, he will be sure, at least on ordinary occasions, not to do it at all. He fancies that the publick desire to prescribe his actions, and from that moment his whole concern is to baffle their intentions. Let us therefore appear passive and indifferent as to what regards this professor; this is the surest way to lull the mistrust of the king to perfect security. But, on the other hand, as soon as we put foot in Berlin, not a moment should be lost before each should repair to the friends he can most rely on, and state to them, under the seal of secrecy, or at least under their promise of not naming us, the intelligence in question, which should be represented as certain, while we conceal from them that

it causes us either pain or pleasure. What will be the result? The result will be, that the next day, or the day following at latest, when the king shall inquire of us what news there is in Berlin, we shall reply that we are much surprised to find the intentions of his majesty respecting this professor so generally known, but that in fact nothing else is talked of. If he wishes for a further explanation, which will infallibly happen, we shall add, that every one is of opinion that his majesty could not have made a more judicious choice, since he appeared to have the utmost confidence in the literary talents of that academician. I certainly cannot pronounce that these steps shall be successful in producing the wished-for change in the king's mind; but, at least, if we conduct ourselves skilfully, it is extremely probable. At any rate I can think of nothing better." .....

In vain were further calculations and reflections made; none suggested themselves that were so little dangerous, or promised better success. Accordingly the plan italico-presbyterial was adopted. My obliging adversaries, therefore, each on entering Berlin, hastened to the houses of the friends in whom they had the greatest confidence, excepting M. le Catt, and he, restrained by his family connexions, who entertained a sincere friendship for me, was reduced to the necessity of watching the event without seeming to partake in it. Quintus Icilius ran to the house of one M. Moulines, a sort of mongrel character, French by descent, but his demeanour German, a preacher of

the reformed church; as an academician but little remarkable; superficial in literature; a man of intrigue, but, at bottom, of an agreeable temper, a kind disposition, and obliging manners. He enjoyed more of the colonel's confidence than any one, and was not sparing of his protestations towards him: he, however, on this occasion, for accounts were brought me at the time that came from his lips, that Quintus, in the fulness of confidence, judging of me by himself respecting the imaginary injury I was to do him, and already fancying me in the envied office at Potzdam, a hundred times repeated: "*I am ruined! He hates me! He will be my enemy! What will become of me?*" And passed the evening in this manner, crying like a child, notwithstanding all the endeavours of Moulines to console him.

The exertions of the Abbé Bastiani were much more to the purpose than those of any of the junto: he played his part in twenty different houses, all judiciously selected and attached to the court. The Baron de Poelnitz, who, as well as myself, was to sup that very day at Colonel du Troussel's, with Prince Henry, called on me at an early hour, under the pretence of offering me a seat in his carriage, but in fact for the purpose of ascertaining if the intelligence he had heard were really true..... "You are perfectly mysterious with your friends," said he, "nor less indifferent as to the interest they take in what regards you! For my own part, I must tell you frankly, your reserve offends me. What! quit

Berlin, and follow the king to Potzdam! and this intelligence is communicated to me by strangers! Indeed this is not well of you." ..... I had considerable difficulty in convincing him, that I myself learned the intelligence of him for the first time: he could scarcely believe it. He several times repeated, that the Abbé Bastiani, who had paid him a visit, had mentioned it as a thing that was absolutely certain, and respecting which the king had expressed himself in the most unequivocal manner. It was not till I had made the most earnest protestations that the baron at length said: "Well, I believe you; but it is a most extraordinary affair, and I cannot in the least understand it."

I passed the night in painful agitation. The next day I went early to Prince Frederick of Brunswick, who, independently of the personal regard he bore me, had often declared, and even given me proofs, that he considered himself successour to the friendship with which Prince William his brother had honoured me. I addressed him on entering with saying, that the kindness with which he had ever received the confidence he allowed me to place in him, induced me now to ask his advice in an affair of great delicacy and importance. I then gave him an account of what I had learned the evening before; and afterwards said: "Your highness has seen enough of me to form a complete judgment of my character. You need not be told that my whole ambition consists in preserving an approving conscience in the

enjoyments of friendship, and a tranquil and honest liberty. To be attached to the person of a great king, by other men would be considered a brilliant prospective; while to me it is one only of the most irksome and perpetual slavery. Nothing have I ever so much dreaded as the confidence of a sovereign: in being near the person of the king must I not, necessarily, more or less become the depositary of his secrets? Let us suppose of one only: from that moment, policy detains me till death in chains; I lose even the necessary consolations of hope. If a single incautious word should be circulated and reach the ears of the king, my own conscience is insufficient for my security; the fear of seeing myself suspected, calumniated, and perhaps punished, must ever haunt my imagination: if, on approaching the king, I find him anxious, uneasy, thoughtful, reserved, or more serious than ordinary, I should leave him, myself a prey to the most agonizing sensations. No, my prince, this manner of living I can never be prevailed on to bring upon myself; it would not be to live; it would be to die. In such a situation, does your highness think I may with propriety adopt one of the two plans that have in consequence suggested themselves to me? The first is, should the king really issue the order we have heard announced, to confess to him, after assurances of my warmest gratitude, that I am ill-suited to hold such an office; that the knowledge I have of my own character convinces me that my zeal would be insufficient; that the bare apprehension of not answering his inten-

tions would be worse than death to me; that I am too deeply impressed with the importance of the sacred duties I should have to fulfil, to hope for a single moment of calm and tranquillity, &c. Your highness perceives what would be the foundation of my discourse, which I should conclude with conjuring his majesty to leave me in possession of the functions I had previously held, since of these I might hope the more successfully to acquit myself, as my mind, retaining its full liberty, would retain also its native strength. The other plan I conceived of, was to write the king a letter, in which I should explain my wishes and their motives with additional prudence and reflection. If your serene highness approves of neither of these means, will you deign to point out some other that may better effect the same purpose; for to go to Potzdam is, with my feelings, to deliver myself up at once to torture and to death!" "My dear friend," replied the prince, "I am convinced that the vocation in question, which to many others would be the summit of happiness, to you, should it take place, would be a real misfortune. I am well acquainted with your sensibility; but it is useless at court, and particularly near the person of a prince like the king. Should he persist in his intention I should sincerely pity you; but in such a moment as this I ought to speak the truth; and the truth is, that if you should be called to the employment we are speaking of, you have no resource but to sacrifice yourself, and accept it with equal eagerness and gratitude. The

letter you meditate, with whatever circumspection you may write it, cannot fail to be your instant ruin. In despite of the greatest qualities, the finest genius, and the sublimest philosophy, kings are still kings; and a principle which with them precedes all others is, that they confer a great favour and honour on a subject in appointing him an office near the royal person; and that to refuse it, under whatever form or for whatever motive, is an act of folly and of monstrous ingratitude; in short, a detestable and punishable act of insolence. They do not examine whether in appointing, they sacrifice such individual; they content themselves with the conviction that his first duty is to sacrifice himself, and to think himself too fortunate in the occasion. The king, my uncle, between ourselves, will not be an exception to this rule; he will act as other kings would act under the same circumstances. On this point you may take my opinion with certainty; for I know him too well to entertain the smallest doubt. My conclusion is, that I sympathize sincerely in the misfortune that threatens you. Should it be realised, from the bottom of my heart shall I pity you; and you have my most fervent wishes that your apprehension may prove groundless: at the same time, I am firmly of opinion that you should wait in silence the event, and, if required, not only submit, but accept with gratitude."

I thanked the prince, and returned to my house in deep affliction. I was frequently sent for to the castle during this carnival, and each time repaired thither

impressed with the melancholy apprehension that I was summoned to hear my sentence. In this I was mistaken. The king conversed, as usual, without pronouncing a syllable that related to the object of my fears. It was not till the evening previous to his departure, as he wished me good health till the next year, that he said: "I had nearly determined on taking you with me, and fixing you near my person at Potzdam, where you would be extremely useful to me, as we could revise together my numerous writings, and you could have assisted me in putting them in the order and condition in which I wish them to be. I have no one there who can be your substitute in this respect. Besides, your frankness, application, and methodical manner of proceeding particularly suit my temper. But, after mature reflection, I am aware that at Potzdam you would be useful to myself only; while in remaining here, it is the publick to whom you are serviceable. I felt the injustice of taking you from such a post, and that it was my duty to sacrifice my own gratification to the publick good. I therefore leave you here, but with great regret; and I shall do the best I can with my writings."

I replied only by an attitude and a motion of my head, that expressed at the same time both submission and gratitude. From that time I heard nothing further of the matter.

The Abbé Bastiani had judged rightly: the king had not failed to inquire, on his arrival, what news there was in Berlin; and they had all taken care to

make my expected vocation the leading article of their intelligence, adding to it such commentaries as were likely to suit their purpose. Frederick had listened to them with apparent indifference, but with a reservation in his own mind that he would think of it again at his leisure; and we have just seen what was the result of his reflections.

It will perhaps be asked, from whom I obtained the facts I have related? I reply, that I obtained them from M. du Troussel, a man considerably skilled in that kind of investigation; from Madame Troussel also, a woman of the most persevering activity in discovering whatever was interesting either to herself or her friends; and from the Baron de Poelnitz, who for more than sixty years had supported the character of a perfect ferret, the most cunning argus in the whole country. As for myself, I was so rejoiced to be left in my former situation, that I could without difficulty determine to think no more of the matter. Some of my confidential friends were surprised to find that I afterwards manifested towards M. le Catt, one of the heroes of this manœuvre, the same kindness as before; to which I answered, that were I ever to mention the subject to him, it would be to return him my heartiest thanks.

I have related this anecdote, in itself so little interesting, to show with what skill and avidity courtiers spy out the smallest faults of a sovereign, and the advantage they take of them; with what care they conceal their projects, and deceive the most clear-sighted and vigilant of those they serve.

FREDERICK IN HIS YOUTH.

I HERE repeat that it is not the history of Frederick I am delineating, but that of my own recollections; or rather, I am relating such anecdotes of his life as are most calculated to pourtray him in his true colours, and give the publick an opportunity of being acquainted with his real character. I leave to historians the task of informing the world who were his tutors and instructers, what were the studies of his youth, and confine myself to the traits which, by their singularity, tend to characterize the man. In the preceding articles, I have for the most part related only what I myself had witnessed, or had passed in my own time: and the same may be said of other occurrences hereafter to be mentioned in this work. At present, I shall proceed to mention some facts that took place previous to my residing at Berlin; after first premising, that the reader is not on this account to withhold his confidence in their correctness, as I write from the most unquestionable and authentick evidence, or from the lips of witnesses in every respect worthy of our confidence.

William the First did not love his eldest son.... "He is a mere coxcomb," said he; "a coxcomb and a French wit, who will spoil all my labour." This

monarch was much more satisfied with his three youngest sons, William-Augustus (his favourite) Henry, and Ferdinand. Frederick was in some measure himself the cause of the prejudices that existed against him. He took little pains to counteract those conceived by his father: he loved and cultivated the arts and sciences, of which William was wholly regardless, the time of the latter being much taken up in watching for new modes, which he was always the first to adopt and imitate. He seldom meddled with military service, which seemed to inspire him only with dislike.

The first trait that presents itself to my recollection, is the barbarous manner in which William treated the daughter of a tradesman of Potzdam, because she had suffered young Frederick to accompany her at her musick. Unfortunately for the young woman, she had learned to play on the harpsicord; and though no proficient in the science, she was, notwithstanding, a valuable resource to the prince, who was passionately fond of musick, and who had no one else in Potzdam capable of accompanying him. This person, though young, was not handsome: her features were too masculine to leave room for the apprehension of her inspiring him with the tender passion; besides, she was always under the eye of her parents, with whom she lived. But all these considerations, which would effectually have tranquillized a man of moderation and reflection, made no impression on the mind of William. To be told that his son had

passed several evenings with her, was in his eyes a sufficient proof that they were in love with each other, and that the parents connived at their mutual attachment. He concluded that musick was merely a pretence, and that it was absolutely necessary to have recourse to violent and decisive measures to break off so scandalous a connexion. To conceive and execute such an idea was one and the same thing with this sovereign, worthy of reigning in the centre of Africa or in the furthest extremities of America. Accordingly, without seeking a further explanation, without consulting with any one, he caused the wretched victim to be taken up and delivered into the hands of the common hangman, who, agreeably to the orders he had received, whipped her publickly through the streets of Potzdam ; William being determined to inflict on her a disgrace of so ignominious and publick a nature, as should effectually prevent the possibility of any future intercourse between her and the prince. When Frederick succeeded to the crown, he remembered this horrible adventure, and bestowed a pension of a hundred and fifty rix-dollars on the unfortunate person, who was married to a poor carman of Berlin.

It is known to every one that William wanted to bring his son Frederick to the scaffold ; but the particulars of this important circumstance are not so well known, and I shall, therefore, relate them faithfully and correctly. Young Frederick's mother, who for the most part was a woman of amiable character, was

strongly attached to the house of Hanover, the stock from which she was descended. She considered it a piece of good fortune that she had prevailed on her husband and son to consent that the latter should espouse Ann, princess royal of England, the same who afterwards espoused the Stadtholder, and was mother to the last Stadtholder the Dutch have had. The prince had seen this young princess in a journey he was making in company with his father: he found means to procure her portrait, with which he was much pleased. His next desire was to write to her; when, discovering in her answers the wit and intelligence to which he aspired, he became as deeply enamoured of this princess as Frederick could possibly be with any one!

M. de Seckendorff, ambassadour from Vienna to Berlin, being minutely informed of all these circumstances, considered the impending project of marriage as likely to prove fatal to the house of Austria, and imagined he should render an essential service to his sovereigns if he could prevent it from taking place. To this effect, he contrived to gain the knowledge of all that was said and intended to be done at the court of London that would be particularly obnoxious to William. The Austrian minister in England assisted his brother ambassadour with great fidelity, and Seckendorff adroitly contrived that every thing said by George should reach the ear of William. The English monarch held his brother-in-law in great contempt, spoke of him in the same spirit, and generally

called him *his brother the corporal, or the subaltern officer of Potzdam.* William was extremely exasperated at the language used by his relation, and he carried his anger so far, that he would no longer listen to proposals of marriage between his son and the English princess, and even forbade the queen from again mentioning the subject.

The queen, so timid in the presence of her husband, could not, however, prevail on herself to follow his injunctions on this occasion. She, together with the prince and the princess her daughter, who afterwards became Landgravine of Bareith, deplored in secret their misfortune. This trio concerted a plan for effecting the intended alliance at some future time. The correspondence between the two lovers was therefore continued, but with infinite trouble and circumspection. In the mean while William conceived a desire that his son should marry some other princess, and left him to choose for himself. He daily importuned him on the subject, and consequently caused him the most poignant uneasiness. At length the danger appeared so imminent that it was necessary to come to a positive resolution; accordingly it was determined, between the mother, the sister, and the brother, that the latter should escape secretly to England, there espouse the princess, and remain in that country till his father were either appeased or dead.

I mentioned that the greatest circumspection had been used to conceal the correspondence with England; and in fact the letters from London were for-

warded by a commercial house in that city, under cover to a magistrate held in high esteem, and a man the least calculated to meddle with political intrigues; but he had been assured that the correspondence related purely to private affairs and commercial subjects. The magistrate put the letters he received, and which were addressed to a merchant at Berlin, into the post-office; the merchant opened his cover, and found enclosures to the address of one of the aid-de-camps of the prince, both of whom were also confidants and favourites. These last had nothing further to do but to take off a cover, and deliver the letters to their intended destination. The despatches from Berlin to London were forwarded in an inverse order, so that the merchant at Berlin supposed these letters to relate to the pecuniary concerns of some of the young prince's household in Franconia, and which were pursued agreeably to the advice of the magistrate of Nuremberg. The magistrate at length, however, conceived some uneasiness on the subject, and became somewhat scrupulous: he was at a loss to imagine why two commercial houses should choose so circuitous a route for the discussion of fair and honourable proceedings, and which for the most part must be supposed to require despatch. His scruples soon became suspicions, next apprehension, and at length ended in a breach of trust. He opened a packet that came from Berlin, and by a singular fatality it contained the plan for the prince's escape, and the steps that had been taken to ensure its success. It would be difficult to describe

the alarm of the merchant on finding himself implicated in so serious an affair. It appeared to him that the most effectual way of securing his own safety was to send the letter to the king of Prussia, accompanied with the disclosure of all that had passed between himself and the two commercial houses.

William observed the most profound secrecy respecting this discovery, but took effectual measures for seizing the prince at the moment of his escape. The king went once a year, on fixed days, into the provinces, for the purpose of reviewing his troops. During his journey into Westphalia, he slept one night with his suite in a small village a short league distant from the frontiers of Saxony. In this village the young prince and his attendants slept in a barn on some straw; and from this village he was to make his escape, about midnight, in a cart that was to come from Saxony and meet them at that time near a certain tree in a field. As on these occasions it was customary for the king to set out early, he naturally went early to bed; and the fatigues of the day gave reason to hope that every eye would be closed by midnight. The prince accordingly left the barn while all around him seemed perfectly quiet; even the sentinels made as if they did not perceive him; and he arrived without accident at the fatal tree; but here no cart appeared, different patrols having stopped and detained the man who conducted it near half an hour; and when it at length arrived, and the prince was getting into it, the same patrols again made

their appearance and stopped him. Frederick perceiving himself surrounded, leaned upon his hand against the tree, and suffered his person to be seized and conducted back to the village without pronouncing a single syllable. The king, who was risen, sent instantly an order to Berlin to arrest the prince's two confidants, and to put his seal on the papers and effects of the former. An astonishing circumstance, the means of which was never brought to light, was, that the queen was informed of the prince's arrest more than two hours before the arrival of the king's express; she accordingly took all possible advantage of the interval. She first sent a message to the two confidants, enjoining them to make their escape, and next sent for a locksmith, who ever remained unknown, and caused him to force the lock of the prince's writing desk; and, after carefully taking out of it such papers as would most have exasperated the king, it was again locked in so able a manner, that the king, on his return, though he mistrusted every thing, was unable to detect the smallest trace of what had been done. This is the account I have heard of the affair; but I confess there appears to me something in it either so obscure or so miraculous, that I can with great difficulty rely on its authenticity. I am rather inclined to believe that the queen Dorothy had a second key to the prince's desk, and that she lost no time in using it. What is certain is, that she took particular care to take out of it the letters that had passed after the prohibition of the king, which formed a considerable packet.

that remained in the queen's hands as long as she lived. In 1757, finding herself at the point of death, she folded them in some large sheets of paper, sealed them with black sealing-wax at all points, and, after writing on the outside her son's address, she confided this valuable deposit to the care of a confidential person, who promised to deliver it to the king as soon as he should be returned to his dominions. In 1763, when Frederick, on his return, was passing through a turret that formed a small cabinet, from which he was contemplating the view it commanded of his capital, the injunctions of his august mother were executed. He no doubt knew what the packet contained, for he cast on it no more than a single glance, and desired it might be placed on a table that always stood in the room, where it remained during the rest of his reign without having been either moved or opened. In this place I myself saw it in 1784, when I left Berlin.

I return to the two unfortunate confidants of the prince. The first, named Keith, made an instant escape and was never taken. It is said he wandered through different countries, and ended his career in Portugal, but little known, and unfavoured with the gifts of fortune. This may be considered as a new proof, that through prudence and silence we may succeed in involving in complete uncertainty and obscurity, in less then half a century, facts that naturally fall within the reach of every one. I have met with persons who maintained that, after the death of Wil-

liam, this M. Keith returned to Prussia; that Frederick appointed him his aid-de-camp and lieutenant-general; that he had contracted for him a marriage with a lady of fortune of Knyp-Hausen, to whom, on her becoming a widow, he granted a pension of fifteen hundred rix-dollars. It may be that the last M. Keith, who held the charge of aid-de-camp, with whose son I was acquainted, was brother to the fugitive M. Keith.

The other confidant, named M. le Baron le Catt, stayed to take leave and make some arrangements relative to his absence, in which he spent more than two hours; so that the king's order having arrived, he was arrested. William conducted his son to Berlin as a state prisoner, and had him confined in the *palace of the prince of Prussia*, while M. le Catt was thrown into a dungeon. The seals were taken off in the king's presence, and all the papers contained in the desk and elsewhere examined. Different circumstances convinced the king that his eldest daughter was concerned in the intended escape; and he punished her by beating her with his stick, and kicking her so violently that she would have been precipitated from the window to the pavement if her mother had not held her by the petticoats.

William resolved that his son should perish on the scaffold. "He will always be a villain," said he, "and I have three other sons of better qualities than he." It was in this temper of mind that he ordered his ministers of state to put the prince on

his trial. This order was a source of infinite perplexity to the ministers, since they knew not what means to devise to save the heir to the throne. One of them, I think it was M. de Podewilts, found at least a pretence that exempted him from being one of the judges in this affair. He represented to his majesty, that the prince being an officer, his crime was consequently aggravated, and that he ought to be tried by a council of war; and the rather, as the empire in that case would have no right of interference, the laws of the empire not extending to the discipline of the army. William, unable to reply to these suggestions, but irritated by the occurrence of obstacles, and suspecting his ministers of the desire to defeat his purpose, told them they were *a pack of scoundrels;* that he understood their project; but that, in despite of them, his son should suffer death; and that he should have no difficulty in finding among his officers men who were more attached to the true principles of the government. He accordingly appointed a council of war, composed of a certain number of generals, under the presidency of the Prince d'Anhalt-Dessau, known by the name of *d'Anhalt-les-Moustaches* (d'Anhalt with the Mustachioes) the same who is often mentioned in the wars of Frederick, and who in 1733, at the head of six thousand Prussians, succeeded in compelling the French to raise the siege of Turin. Frederick was tried at this tribunal; and when sentence was about to be passed, the president, with his formidable Mustachioes, rose

and declared that, on his honour and conscience, he, for his part, perceived no cause for passing sentence of death on the accused prince, and that none among them had a right to pass such a sentence; then drawing his sword, he swore he would cut off the ears of any man who should differ from him in opinion. In this manner he collected the suffrages, and the prince was unanimously acquitted. William, rendered furious by this decision, substituted another council of war, which consisted of men of timid and docile tempers, who had no will but his own.

M. de Seckendorff now perceived the prince's fate to be inevitable, without immediate assistance, and persuaded himself that, having rendered one essential service to the house of Austria, in preventing a dangerous alliance, he should render it a second of no smaller importance, if in the name of that house he should save the future king of Prussia, and thus attach himself to his employers by the bonds of affection and gratitude. To this effect, he undertook to suppose orders which had not had time to reach him, and in the name and on the part of the emperour demanded a private audience that William did not dare to refuse. In this audience he announced, in the name of the chief of the empire, that it was to the empire itself prince Frederick belonged, and that he in consequence made requisition of the maintenance of the rights and laws of the Germanick body: he insisted that the accused should have been delivered up, together with the official charges existing against him,

to this body; and finally declared, that the person of his royal highness prince Frederick, heir to the throne of Prussia, was under the safeguard of the Germanick empire. This was a terrible stroke for William: he dared not bring on himself the resentment of all the states of the empire at once, and thus involve himself in a destructive war. He was, therefore, obliged to yield, notwithstanding his ferocious choler and unrelenting temper. The life of the prince was saved, but he was still detained a state prisoner for an indefinite period. He had been previously stripped of his uniform, and dressed in a grey coat, such as is worn by the counsellors of war. In this attire he was conducted to the fortress of Custrin, in Pomerania, and also the unfortunate Le Catt; the latter of whom was on foot, and dressed in a soldier's frock, with his hands tied behind him. Le Catt belonged to a family widely extended in its connexions, powerful, and in high consideration at court. He was the only son of the field-marshal of that name. The whole of these threw themselves, bathed in tears, at different times, at the feet of the king, and solicited the pardon of a young man, in whose fate the whole court and city felt the warmest interest. William was inexorable, and grief for his situation became general. The young Le Catt was declared to have forfeited all his military and other titles, and was beheaded in sight of the prince in whose cause he died. A scaffold was erected for him under the window of Frederick, to the level of

which it was raised. The prince was compelled to stay at the window, that he might share as much as possible the punishment of his friend. When Le Catt appeared on the scaffold, Frederick, overwhelmed with grief and horrour, exclaimed, in a heart-rending voice, *My friend!* and fell senseless in a chair that had been placed at the window to enable him to see the execution. It was some time before he recovered from his fainting fit, and he at length opened his eyes only to shed the bitterest tears over the memory of his friend.

The grief felt by Frederick on this occasion was for a considerable time his principal or only occupation in the prison, where he was indifferently treated, particularly at the beginning. The commandant of the fortress brought him his dinner and supper in person, which consisted of such ordinary kind of food as is commonly used in the lowest tradesman's family. At nine o'clock the same commandant made his appearance to take away his candle. By degrees, however, he had less to complain of. The contrivance of self-interest, which never fails to insinuate itself into every department of society, whether from motives of interest or of a nobler nature, in this case produced an accommodation to the prince. In a short time, when one candle was taken away, it was soon succeeded by two candles. The next step was to suffer him to spend his evenings at the castle of Tamsel, a short mile from Custrin, to which place he went on foot by a private and beautiful avenue which

reached the whole way. This castle belonged to one of the most ancient families in the country, that of the barons of Wrech: it was inhabited at that time by the baron and baroness, and their seven children; of which three were boys, and four girls, all young. It was from this family that Frederick derived his greatest consolation. He was at a time of life to feel the absolute necessity of some favourite pursuit, and the science of musick was the one he fixed on: at Tamsel he accordingly found every thing that was calculated to favour his predilection: the amusement of the evening was generally musick, in which the daughters, especially the youngest, particularly excelled. The castle of Tamsel also furnished him with books, candles, and even with money; for though the family was numerous, and the education of so many children expensive, no means were spared to set their royal visiter entirely at his ease. The different loans they advanced him, by the time of his liberation, amounted to no less a sum than six thousand rix-dollars, which I have been informed were never reimbursed.

But though Frederick had paid this debt, it might still with truth be observed that the family of Wrech had little reason to congratulate themselves on the services they had done him. In fact, it was publickly known to have been of the number of those which, during his reign, appeared under a sort of cloud: never did he show them consideration; never did he bestow on them the smallest favour; but the whole

family, together with the relations of the unfortunate Le Catt, were suffered to remain undistinguished by any mark of his kindness. In the court of Prince Henry it was that they were appointed to any offices; in that of the king, the only advantage they enjoyed was that of being exempted from persecution. It is natural for persons of warm and benevolent affections to take offence at traits that exhibit so decided an ingratitude; but it should be remembered that Frederick, once become a king, would calculate and act only as a king; that he had laid it down as a rule that it was his indispensable duty to sacrifice every thing to the interests of the body politick; that every consideration that was foreign to that interest should be repudiated and proscribed by the sovereign authority: consequently, the persons who had been of service to the prince royal must necessarily be objects of suspicion to the king. For this reason, no doubt, it was that he constantly kept at a distance such persons as manifested a marked attachment towards his brothers or other branches of his family, though in other respects he so ardently fulfilled the claims of consanguinity. Louis the Twelfth observed, that it was beneath the dignity of a king of France to revenge the quarrels of a duke of Orleans. Frederick was of opinion, that a king should take care to alarm those who devote themselves rather to others than himself, especially those who devote themselves to his heir or nearest relatives, when such a devotion may promote their alienation from the king himself.

I ought to inform the reader, that there exists in Prussia a law that prohibits the lending of any sum of money either to the princes of the royal family, or to players, and declares the debts of such persons to be null and void. It is well known that Frederick was the strenuous advocate of such laws as tended to restrain the expenses of princes; and equally so that, on succeeding to the crown, he faithfully discharged the debts he had contracted with foreigners, though he so flagrantly dispensed with that duty towards his own subjects.

William did not content himself with compelling his son to wear the garb of a counsellor of war, but gave orders that he should also exercise the functions of that office. This employment, therefore, was one of his principal occupations, particularly during the latter part of his imprisonment. When he had been about a year in confinement, the dutchess of Brunswick, his sister, came to pay her parents a visit; a circumstance that gave occasion to different entertainments, in which the queen deplored with bitterness the absence of her son. The affliction of the mother, and the entreaties of the daughter, produced a happier effect than could have been expected. William, without saying any thing of his intention, caused the prince to be brought, dressed in his grey frock, and placed behind the queen's chair as she sat at cards. It is said that no scene could be more affecting than that witnessed by the court, when, turning round her head, she perceived her son.

The marriage of Frederick in a short time succeeded his liberation; his sister, the dutchess of Brunswick, by dint of reasoning, and the most affectionate entreaty, having at length prevailed on him to gratify the king in his favourite project. He accordingly espoused Elizabeth Christiana, daughter to duke Ferdinand Albert, of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel. This princess was then turned of seventeen years of age, extremely handsome, and, though somewhat irritable in her temper, was possessed of so much goodness of heart as to be a model for queens. She survived her husband several years. This marriage seemed to be the means, in some degree, of reconciling Frederick with his father, though they still continued towards each other on terms of cold reserve. The prince was extremely averse to military concerns; he also detested the military uniform, which he wore only till night, and when he was required to be in the king's presence. At nine o'clock he never failed to dress himself in a style of the greatest elegance and fashion. At Rheinsberg, where he was under no restraint in this respect, he was in full dress from morning till night: for the king, upon his marriage, had given him the castle of Rheinsberg, which Frederick afterward gave to Prince Henry his brother. In this place, therefore, it may be supposed he indulged all his inclinations: for no where else was he entirely at liberty. No one at this time doubted that he would one day become the most amiable sovereign of Europe, and at the same time the most decidedly addicted to habits

of pleasure and magnificence. Those, however, who took a nearer view of him might, from a singular and striking circumstance, have formed different expectations: it was, that this prince never left his apartment, or received any one in it, till twelve o'clock. It was at the same time well known that he rose extremely early. In what therefore did he employ himself for six or seven hours successively? This no one could divine, for to no one did he confide the secret. In the sequel, it became evident that they had been employed in a course of study, and in an epistolary correspondence with Rollin, d'Argens, Voltaire, Wolff, and others. This at the time no one could have suspected.

At this period a fortunate accident occurred that brought him into favour with the king, at least for a certain time. His majesty, anxious to be truly informed how the prince passed his time at Rheinsberg, left Potzdam one morning very early, without having given to any one the smallest notice of his intention; he proceeded straight to Ruppin, where the prince's regiment was stationed, from whence he purposed to dine at Rheinsberg, about two miles distant; intending to surprise the prince, and with his own eyes to convince himself of the nature of his employments. He arrived very early at the gates of Ruppin, and found his son exercising his regiment. The surprise of the king was extreme, and still more so his satisfaction. He began to think the prince had more valuable qualities than he suspected. It was insinuated at

the time that Frederick had received notice very early the same morning of his father's design ; and this, it must be confessed, considering the habits of this prince, is highly probable.

I shall mention in this place two other circumstances, of the truth of which I have received the most positive assurances. One is, that William, notwithstanding the peculiar singularity of his character, was not without ambition. He wished, it is said, to make his eldest son emperour, and his second son king of Prussia : but though his affection for the latter so much exceeded that he bore his eldest son, and was, no doubt, in some measure the reason of this project, he soon relinquished an idea that could not but present itself surrounded with insurmountable obstacles.

The second anecdote is, that it is affirmed, though Frederick consented to espouse the princess of Brunswick, he declared he would never cohabit with her as his wife. Hence it has been inferred, that Nature had withheld from Frederick the passions which would have rendered this conduct extraordinary. However this may be, his queen uniformly professed to have once miscarried ; and though such an insinuation may have excited the sarcastick smiles of the ladies of the court, it is certain that the prince, previous to his succeeding to the throne, kept mistresses at Ruppin. His continence therefore towards the queen should be attributed to some other cause. This perhaps was the reason of his being suspected

of having resumed his former predilection in favour of Greek or Italian beauties. I will not dwell longer on a subject so disagreeable, and in treating of which so much delicacy is required, where a proper respect for decency is entertained: I repeat, I will dwell no longer on an accusation not confined to Frederick alone, but extended to another hero of his family, than is necessary to administer to truth the pure and sincere testimony so indispensably its due. It will easily be believed that on this subject I have made all the inquiries decency and prudence would allow. —I have interrogated, as far as I was able, men of severe discretion, and men who cared not how much they communicated, but not one of them was able to lay before me a single proof to determine my judgment; even the dangerous baron de Poelnitz himself could only inform me what was said in conversation, what was conjectured or judged to be probable in this respect. What I can attest of my own knowledge is, that in my own time no appearances whatever justified such suspicions. The manner of the present work ought to be a convincing proof that I seek neither to disguise nor palliate the faults that with justice may be imputed to Frederick, my design being to describe him such as he really was: but the very same reason compels me, on the other hand, to guard against exaggerating his faults, or imputing to him defects to which he was a stranger. This king is among the small number of those persons the activity of whose soul has turned all their physical

and moral forces, as it were, into intellect; a cause which cannot but neutralize and eradicate those passions that are foreign to the grandest and noblest conceptions of the man. This is the only way by which I can explain the fact, that this great man considered as a matter of mere pleasantry the feelings which so imperiously subdue the majority of his species. He ridiculed all the passions he did not feel, because he uniformly and wholly reserved himself for those that he conceived suitable to his character. In youth, his passion was the love of learning: in a maturer period, glory was his object: and as old age approached, his pursuit was to reform defects wherever he discovered them, and to effect and establish what appeared to him to be beneficial. Such were the successive phases of his ambition, the only luminary whose influence he acknowledged. The love of glory is the only point which escaped his ridicule; glory which alone could stimulate his soul and actions! To this peculiar cast of mind, to the power and extent of his genius, we must attribute the course to which he attached himself. I am aware that different facts have been cited that exhibit in him a singular spirit of toleration respecting acts of moral turpitude: but because he has said, *there is no disputing about tastes*, speaking of a certain shepherd, and afterward of two sisters who were accused of practices decency forbids me to mention, and on another occasion of a soldier of cavalry, that there was nothing more to do than to change him to a regiment of foot, will it be con-

cluded that he himself was worthy to be ranged in the class of the shepherd and the most brutal of the species? No, certainly, nothing in all this appears but the spirit of his political principles; nothing but a man who says to himself, "I will never pardon that which is essentially pernicious to the interests of the body politick and to the government; I will therefore never pardon publick breaches of military discipline, nor the revealing of state secrets, nor peculation in the distribution of the publick treasures: but for all the rest, even for what regards my person, I will be the most tolerant of men. It will content me if I can avoid open scandal by concealment, or otherwise can lessen the censure by turning it off with carelessness and pleasantry." I have already remarked, that in the above observations are included the entire character of Frederick; but how shall I avoid again and again repeating it, when his whole life necessarily refers those engaged in the task of studying and following Frederick, step by step, to the same truths?

FREDERICK IN HIS PRIVATE AND DOMESTICK LIFE.

FREDERICK was twenty-eight years and four months old when he succeeded to the crown, for he was born on the 24th of January 1711, and William died the 31st of May 1740. The new monarch intrusted the care of the obsequies of his father to the Baron de Poelnitz, enjoining him to pay the strictest attention to the commands contained in the will of the king in this respect, even to the quantity and quality of the wine he had ordered to be given to the persons who should compose the procession. For himself, eager to enter upon his new vocation, he could think of nothing but the affairs of his state. He however soon felt the necessity of entering upon them with method and deliberation. Fortunately, he had acquired the conviction, that each day bringing its indispensable occupation, the first and most essential step was to make such arrangements as precluded the necessity of deferring till to-morrow what should be done immediately; nor less so, that to do a great deal, and do it well, no means can be more effectual than the observance of the most rigid order, founded on the mass and nature of our occupations: he accordingly came to the resolution of rising habitually at four in the morning, and to appropriate the

hours of the day in the following manner: he ordered his attendants to awake him at the time prescribed; but he was by nature a great sleeper, and it was not without considerable difficulty that he had acquired the habit of rising between five and six at Rheinsberg; so that at first it answered but little purpose that his attendants awoke him at four, as he did not fail again to shut his eyes and sleep for another hour at least. It is easily conceived that on these occasions he was much out of humour, and that he reproved and threatened his attendants. But what was to be done? Was he not the same king who at four had sent them away, or begged them to let him alone? At length the king became fully sensible that no one was to blame but himself, and that none but violent means would remedy the inconvenience. He therefore ordered the person who was to awake him, on pain of serving as a common soldier for life, to apply a towel dipped in cold water to his face every morning at four o'clock. In this manner he contracted the habit of rising early, which he preserved till he was sixty years of age. At this period he left off playing on the flute, having lost several of his teeth; and from that time his private concerts, from six to seven in the evening, were almost wholly discontinued, which gaining for him a daily portion of time, enabled him to rise an hour later.

I scarcely need observe that he was sometimes obliged by circumstances to infringe on the regular distribution of his time. For example, the entertain-

ments given on great events, the journeys he was obliged to make, and the annual review of his troops, necessarily changed for the time the order of his arrangements. In this manner it was that, having sent for me one evening before six o'clock, he cast his eye suddenly on a time-piece, and said, "It wants, Sir, but a quarter to seven o'clock; I have a letter to write, and shall be in bed by seven, as I must be up at one, and on the plain of Temploff before three. I will see you again to-morrow if I have time. Good evening to you for the present." This was the evening previous to his first day's review of his army at Berlin.

I say nothing of Frederick's manner of dressing. His ordinary habit was to put on his clothes the moment he was out of bed; that is to say, he put on his boots; his curls, toupet, and queue, occupying no more than two or three minutes, and two or three in addition served to complete his dress....He used neither slippers nor dressing-gown. I never saw him more than three or four times in coloured coats, and these were old and simple in their form: and perhaps as many times in a sort of wrapping gown made of printed cotton; but this he never wore but when severely indisposed, and on such occasions his hat and boots never failed to be added.

When his dressing was finished, a page brought him a basket of letters to his address. He employed the time till eight o'clock in reading them, carefully examining the seal of each, to see if it was entire; for he suspected, and not without reason, that the cabi-

net secretaries sometimes opened and suppressed letters, the contents of which they feared might be injurious to themselves. From this practice he became perfectly acquainted with the different seals of families of distinction, and even with those of private individuals; and this enabled him to dispense with the trouble of opening such letters as he knew he should not be inclined to answer; the only trouble he gave himself being to throw them into the fire in winter, and to tear them in pieces and leave them on his table in summer.

The letters he opened he afterward divided into three distinct and separate parcels. The first consisted of those that contained solicitations he intended to grant, and were doubled with the address inward: the second consisted of such letters as contained solicitations he intended to refuse; these were doubled with the address on the outside: the third included all letters respecting which he wished to deliberate or consult with his ministers or others; these were folded twice instead of once.

About eight o'clock, when all was finished, a cabinet secretary entered his room, for the most part only one, the eldest among them, he who was the greatest favourite, and for that reason considered the principal. The secretary, the three others being in waiting in an adjoining room, examined the parcels one after the other; and, while the king breakfasted, called over in a distinct voice the substance of each letter in a short phrase of this kind, *Such a one soli-*

cits such a favour; and the king dictated with the same conciseness his reply, excepting when some further observation was necessary. When, for example, the letter was from a woman, he never failed to observe, especially if his answer was to be a refusal, "She is a woman, and must be answered with politeness." The secretary put down with a single mark of the pencil at the top of the letter the directions he received; the secretaries having among them a common cypher, which each was obliged to learn on being invested with his office. There are two circumstances which should not be omitted in this place; one is, that the king required all letters that came to him to contain no more than a single page, so as to spare him the trouble of turning to the next side, which put him always out of humour, for he cared very little about the custom prescribed by fashion of leaving wide spaces in letters addressed to superiours. The other circumstance is, that every postmaster who forwarded letters to the king accompanied them with a sheet of paper, on which such letters were described and numbered, together with the address of the persons who had written them; for these letters were not allowed to be thrown into the common receiving box, but were delivered in the office, where the address of the persons who wrote them was taken down in writing. These precautions had a double object; the saving of time, and precluding opportunities of being imposed upon. In the first of these points Frederick was completely successful, since no order could

be more perfect than that he had established: but as to the second, the most he could attain to was to be less frequently deceived than other people: for on urgent or important occasions the secretaries still ventured on the suppressing of letters, which they effected either by altering the postmaster's list, or pretending he had omitted to send any. I will give a proof of this by relating a private anecdote that came to my knowledge.

The king had created twelve appointments for French surgeons to be employed in his army when he should be engaged in war. These places, it may well be supposed, excited the jealousy of the Germans, and the cabinet gentry had conceived no less a project than that of bestowing them on twelve German surgeons. On one of these places being vacant, a young French surgeon, then on his travels at Berlin, wrote two successive letters to the king to solicit it, without receiving an answer to either. This person was introduced to me by some of my countrymen; and to do him what service I could, I dictated for him under my own roof a third letter to the king; I sealed it with my own seal, directed it with my own hand, and delivered it at the office as if from myself. The secretaries not suspecting the procedure, the letter reached its destination, and the place was obtained the very next day. I had, it must be confessed, acted inconsiderately, but the French surgeon mentioned nothing of his two preceding letters, so no discovery was made; besides, the part I took could not but be con-

sidered as natural, and devoid of any hostile intention. It might be by chance that this person was induced to put his letter into my hands, and that it was directed and put into the post office by myself; as he was my countryman, he might be known to me; in short, every thing concurred to justify my conduct, and the success still more than all the rest.

I return to Frederick's distribution of his time. When the favourite secretary left the king's cabinet, he divided the immense parcel of letters into four equal parts, and shared them with his brother secretaries, each of whom proceeded to write replies conformably to the pencilled cypher; nor had they a moment to lose; for the whole were to be taken for signature to his majesty by four in the evening at latest. None of the secretaries ever thought of dining; they took nothing throughout the day but breakfast and a soup in the forenoon, supper being the only meal they had time to think about. They had, in reality, a basket full of answers to make regularly every day; these, as well as copies of them, were all to be executed by their own hand, since no stranger was admitted to partake the labour. When the king had signed all the answers, it still remained for the secretaries to forward them; in this, however, they were assisted by their clerks, whose part it was to fold and seal the letters, while it was that of the secretaries to write the address. The reason for this precaution was, that the king did not choose to have it known to whom he addressed letters. It should

also be observed, that in signing the letters, the king never failed to read at least twenty taken at hazard out of the number presented him, and if the smallest deviation from the directions he had given appeared, the secretary whose act it was was sure of being completely ruined. At five, or a little after, the whole was delivered to a courier, who always reached Berlin before nine, when all letters in his custody, directed to persons residing in that place, were punctually and speedily delivered. Thus, if no answer was received on the following day of that in which a letter had been addressed to the king, the parties might be sure of not receiving any, unless his solicitation was of a nature to require the advice of some minister or head of the administration.

The four cabinet secretaries were necessarily slaves for life. The king required them to live in complete solitude: they were no where to be seen in publick, nor did they receive visiters even under their own roof. The king, it is true, took care that they should have a convenient house with a pleasant garden attached to it, and that nothing should be wanting to them with respect to the comforts of life. Their stipend was forty thousand livres per annum. At the same time, no one who could possibly be suspected of being addicted either to intrigue or indiscretion was suffered to approach them. I knew of but one of them who ever married: this was counsellor Muller. The king in offering him the place said: "My proposal requires that you should sacrifice yourself

to the service of the state. Examine well if you have the courage. I had resolved never to employ a married man in my cabinet: I know you have a wife and children; I am therefore breaking an important rule in your favour; this I do in consequence of the particular esteem I entertain for you, and the firm persuasion that neither your wife nor children will be allowed to enter your official cabinet, and that they will be kept in perfect ignorance of the affairs with which you will be intrusted. In a word, you must ever bear in mind that to serve me as you ought, you must forget your family, friends, and relations." M. Muller accepted because he dared not refuse. His nomination was the cause of the deepest affliction to his whole family, who all wept bitterly: so much were places of this kind held in terrour by every one not blinded by ambition or lured by the spirit of intrigue.

Frederick having dismissed his secretaries about nine in the morning, sent for his first aid-de-camp, who, in most instances, was a general officer. All matters relative to military affairs were concerted between them, and Frederick gave his orders respecting the discipline of the army; he appointed officers to such places as were vacant in his regiments, and provided for every exigency in this important branch of his administration. His aid-de camp seldom left him without as much employment as would fill the whole of his time till the following day. The king about ten o'clock frequently exercised his regiment of

guards, or some other corps in garrison at Potzdam, in person, and this occupation generally detained him till the hour of parade, from whence he returned to dinner; but he as frequently consecrated these two hours to reading, to his literary compositions, musick, or to writing private letters, that being the time in which almost the whole of his productions, whether in verse or in prose, were composed. He was commonly to be seen walking in his garden, accompanied by three small grey-hound bitches, and followed by a page or footman. This was likewise his time for giving audience, and for any sort of casual occupation: but as he grew older he made his appearance more seldom at the parade, particularly since the seven years' war.

At twelve o'clock precisely he sat down to dinner with such guests as he had invited at ten. These consisted, according to circumstances, of literary men, courtiers, generals, and such of the princes of Brunswick as happened to be at Potzdam.

The breakfasts he gave were, for the most part, composed of chocolate or fruits. His dinners were extremely well served: for Frederick was no less an epicure than a great sleeper. It should at the same time be considered that this meal was also his principal recreation from business; accordingly he always appeared cheerful at table and talked incessantly. When he did not intend to walk in the evening, he prolonged this repast till near three o'clock; but when the weather was fine, and he wished to walk,

or he had some study or other occupation in view, he confined it to one hour. During the dessert, the steward of the kitchen laid before him a book of tables, and a pencil, and the king wrote in it all the articles he chose for the dinner of the following day. He was particularly fond of all sorts of pies, of foreign cheeses in high esteem, and sent for them from the most distant countries of Europe. He liked all his dishes highly seasoned with spices, even his soups. His ordinary beverage was French wines, which he preferred to all others. He sometimes drank nothing but champaign mixed with water for a long time together, affirming that nothing was so wholesome and agreeable. He had twelve cooks, consisting of Germans, French, Italians, English, and Russians, who had large salaries. They all found constant employment; each kept to his separate department; and each knew his task. The cooks were under the superintendance of two stewards of the kitchen, who also were well skilled in the culinary art. The name of one of them was Joyard, a native of the city of Lyons; that of the other, Noel, who was a native of Perigneux. These two presided at the sideboard, where they appeared in coats laced with gold. For a number of years the king allowed each of them a bottle of wine for each meal; but this custom he at length suppressed, from the persuasion that what was left from the dessert was sufficient. I have been witness to the complaint of poor Noel on finding himself condemned to drink nothing but water in his old age,

particularly as, to the most excellent qualities, he added that of the strictest economy in his department. Joyard, who was a man of more moderate taste, only smiled without complaining. In fact the two stewards, besides handsome salaries, had other considerable profits on the daily table expenditure. At first Frederick paid them a rix-dollar for every dish; afterward, only twenty groschens; then sixteen, or a florin; at last he reduced it to half a rix-dollar. This method of defraying the expenses of his table enabled him to dispense with the minute detail of the accounts of housekeeping. On this head I must observe that the cooks were furnished gratis, first, with as much wood as it was possible for them to consume, the company who supplied it having engaged to provide a large quantity annually for the king, queen, &c. &c.; secondly, a large supply of the best butter, which arrived at stated times from the dairy in Holland, established by William the First on the Hawel, and which was more than four square leagues of excellent pasturage in extent; thirdly, a similar advantage as to all sorts of game, the tenants upon the royal estates having contracted in their leases for sending a certain quantity of those articles to the royal kitchen per week, which was regularly conveyed by some publick vehicle at their expense. Thus it appears that the stewards had to purchase no article of food but butcher's meat, and common sorts of fish, which in that country are extremely cheap; all extraordinary or foreign supplies, together with wines,

liquors, teas, coffee, chocolates, sugars, confectionaries and articles for the dessert, being exclusively paid for by the king. I have not included, in this statement, vegetables and sundries for culinary uses, which were paid for by the stewards. Hence it appears that nothing can be more false than the accounts in circulation that Frederick paid the expenses of his table at so much per head, for this was never in reality the case.

Another point of importance should here be added. The king was extremely fond of kernelled fruits, and took care to have his table provided with them as long as they remained in season. Some of these were constantly placed on the brackets in his sitting room, and he frequently ate them as he paced up and down for exercise, and no doubt they contributed equally to his health and pleasure. As soon as his predilection for this kind of fruit was known, the most considerable gardeners erected hot-houses, that they might be able to supply him with them at all seasons of the year. Sometimes he purchased them at a high price: for instance, he has been known to pay a ducat for a cherry; the same for the finest plumbs, and other fruits; and still more for pine-apples. This kind of luxury proved extremely useful to the country, since it was the means of introducing, both at Potzdam and Berlin, and afterwards in some parts of the adjacent country, a cultivation both pleasing and salutary in its nature, and which had previously remained unknown in those climates, the principal productions of which

were turnips, cabbages, and potatoes. Frederick set the example to his subjects by planting a prodigious number of the choicest wall-fruit trees, all exposed to a south aspect, in his gardens at Sans-Souci.

In the afternoon, when the cabinet secretaries had withdrawn with the signed letters, the king sent for the secretary of orders, who was for the most part charged with the correspondence of the academy, with that to the professors of the different schools, the literati, and artists, whether natives or otherwise. When these different branches furnished no other employment, this interval was devoted to reading and literary composition.

At six the concert commenced, and lasted an hour. Frederick assisted on the flute; and it may be believed that, if he happened to break the time, his fault was repaired by those who accompanied him, or that they imputed to themselves the blame. However, by degrees, as he lost his teeth, he acquired a lisp that was extremely unfavourable to the sounds of his flute.

He was fond of exercising himself in walking after dinner, particularly in the months of July and August, the time of his drinking the waters. The extent of his walk was generally from one of his castles to the other; and though the distance is considerable, and he had somewhat the appearance of general weakness, it occasioned him no fatigue. As he used this exercise for purposes of health, he sought to derive from it only amusement, which generally led to the sportive

and sarcastick humour I have before described. None of his courtiers liked to be his companion on these excursions. Once, for a whole year together, I know not why, it was the Count de Schwerin who was almost every day summoned for this purpose; he has since been appointed from a general to be master of the horse. He was of low stature and corpulent: having never accustomed himself to any but horse exercise, and being near seventy years old, he could with difficulty keep pace with the king, his face all the time running down with perspiration. M. de Schwerin was not of a character to dissemble the inconvenience these walks occasioned him, and his ill humour was an admirable subject for the jesting propensity of the king. One day the king led him further than usual, and proposed returning without stopping to rest. When they were within about a mile of their journey's end, they discovered a sedan behind some bushes, and Frederick, in a tone of the most provoking raillery, obliged him to get into it; when no sooner were they proceeding than the king beset him with such a multitude of questions that the unfortunate M. de Schwerin, the better to hear and answer them, did nothing but put his body out at one or the other of the windows, and at length reached home more fatigued with this sort of exertion than if he had finished his journey on foot. The title of *your excellency*, which the king on this occasion did not fail at every moment to repeat, did not restrain the count from betraying his dissatisfaction, which had

nearly terminated in a rupture, and procured him at least the advantage of passing a few days in tranquillity.

The interval between the concert and the time for walking and supper time, which was ten o'clock, was generally spent in conversation. Frederick, however, after the seven years' war, discontinued his suppers; and, in consequence, had created two kinds of evenings. In the one, he sent for three, four, or at most six generals, or other courtiers, to whom he gave a supper consisting of four dishes and a dessert; in the other, no supper was served, the guests not being of the number of his table companions. In the first of these cases, he sent his guests to the supper table at ten o'clock, when he himself retired to bed; but it sometimes happened that, when eagerly engaged in conversation, he went with them to the eating room, helped one or two of the dishes, talking all the while, but never sat down; and in a few minutes disappeared. In the second case he simply dismissed the guests at the same hour.

In this distribution of his hours, it is evident he sought to compensate the cares and exertions of the morning by the social pleasures of the evening; that to ensure himself calm repose by night, and be the better enabled to meet the fatigue of the succeeding day, he took pains so to fashion his amusements that they might disencumber his mind of every subject of disquiet or perplexity in which he had been concerned.

I have said nothing of the king's stables, because, at Berlin, they form a part of the riding-house, where also the master of the horse resides, and are near the castle. On this head Frederick was little indeed luxurious. I am persuaded he had never more than six or eight sets of harness, and about twenty saddle horses. As he had no partiality for field sports, he kept no packs of hounds; and it is easily imagined that he required a smaller number of horses than other princes. I observed in him but one object of prodigality; this was his snuff-boxes, of which it is said he had fifteen hundred, and many of them of great value. I never saw him without four, five, or six of these, both in his pockets and on the table before him. The snuff he used was Spanish.

In another place I had occasion to mention Frederick's little greyhound bitches, which he called his Marchionesses de Pompadour; at the same time observing that they cost less money. I shall add in this place but two circumstances to what I have already said: the first is, that it was affirmed of him that he was disposed to conceive a dislike to such persons as excited in those dogs a loud and continued barking. In what the weakness originated I cannot tell; but it seems he imagined the scent and instinct of the animals enabled them to discover if the persons who approached had any sort of sympathy with his character. I myself observed the pain it occasioned him if any one happened to tread on their feet, for the moment a stranger entered they all ran to the door and sur-

rounded him; a circumstance that was particularly embarrassing in the evening on account of the darkness. The misfortune of treading on these dogs never happened to me; but I have been present when it has happened to other persons, when the king never failed to cry out morosely, *Ah! why do you not take more care?* In another respect also I was remarkably fortunate, which was, that the dogs never barked at my approach; their habit was to come up to me, and withdraw in silence to their places.

My second anecdote is, that when he travelled, and even when he was engaged in war, he generally took with him one of the greyhounds, which he carried either in his arms or inside his waistcoat. It has been affirmed that in one of his wars, having set out for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy's army, and being so closely pursued by the Austrians as to risk being taken, he hid himself under one of the arches of a bridge, which suddenly presented itself to his view as he was descending a hill, while the enemy passed and repassed over his head without once suspecting his stratagem. All this time the little greyhound, who was commonly churlish, had scarcely breathed any more than his horse; and what rendered the circumstance particularly interesting to the king was, that his principal fear had been that his greyhound would discover him by her barking. This, it is said, is the reason of the great affection Frederick ever after bore her; and of his erecting a tomb, with an epitaph in praise of her qualities, to her memory in the gardens of Sans-Souci.

He one day requested M. Gothenius, his physician, to prescribe for one of his dogs which was sick. The king's servants, who disliked the physician, delivered him an order to come and see one of his majesty's dogs that was sick. Gothenius, considering this as an insult, did not go. The servants carried back for answer that he had appeared much out of humour, and observed he was not a dog doctor: this calumny caused the dismissal of Gothenius.

The furniture of the castle was old-fashioned, and rather simple than otherwise: it was, however, plain to be seen that in his more youthful season, he had given the preference to the most delicate colours, especially pink. As to his wardrobe, it contained only a few suits of uniform, a coat or two of velvet, six shirts that were every year renewed, and the rest in proportion. It was a rule with all the princes of this house, to have but six shirts, at least when they were making a campaign. I have been witness to prince Henry's setting out for the command of an army of a hundred thousand men, provided with no more baggage than was carried by twelve mules, inclusive of his tent, &c. &c.

Ought I to mention in this place his patronage of the arts, and the taste he had acquired in them? He had had different French sculptors in his capital: among others, Adam, who executed the statue of field marshal Schwerin, and afterwards left Prussia to return to France. I avoid saying any thing in this part of my book of Tassaert, with whom d'Alembert

made conditions for his journey to Prussia. Between the times of Adam and Tassaert there was another sculptor procured; but he, like the first, abandoned his post, and after his return to France, receiving no answer to the different claims he made on the king of Prussia, wrote him a letter conceived in the rudest terms. I saw the copy of this performance in the possession of the French ambassadour at Berlin, to whom it was addressed. The letter, written *ab irato*, was in a style of some merit: the language was firm and resolute, and was by no means deficient in loftiness and philosophical reasoning: all that was the least affronting rose naturally out of his subject; and, to say the truth, he stated the injustice he had sustained with perfect plainness. He represented, that to have had to do with pick-pockets and highwaymen, would, in the comparison, have been advantageous to him, for against them there were means of reparation and of vengeance. Frederick treated this letter with contempt, and it was never a subject of conversation; but had such a letter been addressed to any other sovereign, it would infallibly have occasioned the ruin of its author. The painter next employed by Frederick was Amadeus Vanloo, who painted the ceilings of the new Sans-Souci; after which he returned, principally on account of his children, to France.

He had as a varnisher a nephew of the celebrated Martin, who left Prussia to perish on the Place of Louis the Fifteenth, at the marriage of Louis the

Sixteenth. He was succeeded by a M. Chevalier, whom I left with the king.

He had a French architect of the name of Leger, with whom he had a falling out respecting the plans of the new Sans-Souci, and who afterwards returned to vegetate at Paris. Leger had drawn out some excellent plans for the new castle. The king adopted those among them that related to the *Grand Commun;* and this edifice is, in fact, regular and extremely beautiful: but they differed in opinion concerning those intended for the castle. His majesty would have no other entrance than the middle window of the principal front, which opened quite down to the ground. Leger proposed a grand door that was to open into a spacious vestibule, ending in a noble staircase, which should lead to the principal suite of rooms. The king would have an ordinary staircase in a small room to the left, and an antique grotto in the place of the vestibule. Leger declared he would draw out no such plans. The dispute became warm; each was equally tenacious and positive..... "I am the master," said the king; "I command that these plans shall be altered agreeably to my directions." ..... "My honour is concerned," replied Leger, "and to no consideration shall it be a sacrifice; Leger will never himself proclaim to his successours that he had a barbarous and vulgar taste; that he was wholly ignorant of his art; or that he was base enough to violate all its rules in compliance with an ill-timed respect." It is pretended, that in the ex-

treme heat of the argument the architect put his hand to the hilt of his sword; but certainly, if this is really true, it could be nothing more than a mere involuntary and mechanical motion. However this may be, he had no further interview with the king. Leger left the place, and the new Sans-Souci was built conformably to the king's commands. In the above-mentioned grotto Frederick gave an annual supper to the officers of the regiments employed in the manœuvres which took place every year at Potzdam in the month of September.

In a grove, situated at the back of the castle, there is a small building in the form of a rotunda, which is called the *Temple of Apollo*. Frederick placed in it all the utensils of antiquity he could collect, particularly such as are used in the interiour of houses, by day or by night, for the kitchen or other apartments; also utensils for the cultivation of the ground, and of mechanical arts. It was the task of M. Stoss, my colleague, to place these articles in their proper order, and to make a catalogue of them; a business that detained him nearly three weeks at Potzdam. Frederick at first passed some hours every day in this temple when he inhabited the castle.

This monarch had procured a large collection of plans for buildings: he had models of such as were celebrated among the ancients, and those of the same description among the modern Italians, French, &c.; and by these he governed his choice. Upon these models it was that he erected all the buildings that

decorate Potzdam and Berlin; for it may be said these two cities were newly built by Frederick. There is, however, something singular in all the buildings he erected of the least note. I do not assert this of the arsenal, which is a beautiful edifice, but was not built by Frederick; nor of the opera-house, which is generally approved and admired by architects; nor even of the hospital for invalids, which is at once a vast, solid, and well-distributed pile of building, and celebrated for its inscription by Maupertuis, *Læso sed invicto militi*, an inscription admirably appropriate: but this I assert of the palace of prince Henry, which, though well distributed within, presents on the outside nothing but a heavy, low, and confined piece of architecture; at the same time, it cannot be denied that it exhibits proofs of having been constructed on the Italian model. Secondly, of the publick library, which in its exteriour form resembles a large chest of drawers; and the interiour distribution of which is absolutely subverted by the disposition of the principal walls, with the inscription *Nutrimentum Spiritus*, composed by Frederick, contrary to the advice of Quintus Icilius, who was a better Latinist than the king; the said inscription being of the most barbarous and Gothick sort of Latin. But, notwithstanding such defects as these, it cannot be denied that Frederick has made of Potzdam and Berlin two of the finest cities in Europe, if we consider nothing but the first view they present to the spectator. It is impossible to imagine how

many houses he built in the course of a year, especially in the principal streets, and that entirely at his own expense; and these houses were executed with an expedition so surprising, that it was usual to call them *Frederick's Mushrooms*. It is true that for this purpose he razed without mercy the wretched habitations of the citizens; but he soon furnished them with handsome substantial houses in their places. I may with truth affirm, that in this manner he finished whole streets in the course of a year.

Nor did Frederick fail to encourage other arts as much as he was able; but in these he had favourite artists. In jewellery, for example, he never passed a year without giving orders to the amount of thirty or forty thousand livres to Boston the jeweller, and also to Messrs. Jordan. He never abandoned his tradesmen unless for some important offence.

We perceive, then, that he sought to make even his private predilections subservient to the advantage of his subjects and his states; for he invariably bestowed that predilection on persons of acknowledged probity and talents.

Frederick kept for his own particular service no more than five footmen and two pages; he had neither valets-de-chambre nor heiducks. It is true he had other pages trained at his expense; but he seldom made use of them, except for parade on extraordinary occasions. He had also half a dozen running-footmen, whose only office was to walk before him in the streets of Berlin, when he went to the opera, when he re-

turned from a review on the plain of Temploff, or had some expedition to make in the city. In general, nothing could be more simple or more moderate than his interiour accommodations. He required, it is true, the most exact regularity, and never forgave those who neglected that exactness; but those who faithfully fulfilled the duties of their station were sure to find in him the mildest, best, and most affectionate of masters. He never spoke to his domesticks in their ordinary business, without calling them in the kindest tone *Mein kind*, that is, *My child*.

When Beaumarchais purchased the manuscripts of Voltaire after his death, he had a copy taken of the article this celebrated author had composed under the title of his *testament*, for the purpose of describing, in his own way, his dispute with Frederick at the time of his leaving Berlin to return to France, together with the arrest of both himself and Madame Denis his niece, on their arrival in Frankfort. Beaumarchais sent this copy to the king of Prussia, accompanied with a letter, in which he described this composition as better calculated than any other to excite the curiosity of readers; but added, that he conceived it to be his duty not to publish it till he had laid it before his majesty, and that he was ready to suppress it entirely if such were the wish of his majesty, though it could not be doubted that the said article would have been a principal means of remunerating him the sum he had paid for the whole manuscript. The king sent back his manuscript, thanking

him for his offer, but at the same time assuring him that he had his most hearty wishes for the sale of every part of the purchase. Beaumarchais, mortified no doubt at not having succeeded in obtaining from Frederick a sum of money for withholding what at some time or other would infallibly be published, immediately printed this production in a separate edition, and put it into circulation throughout Europe. Samuel Pitra, the bookseller, having received five and twenty copies of it, consulted me whether he should venture on selling them or send them back. I accordingly dictated a letter which he sent to the king, together with a copy of the work, requesting to know his majesty's commands on the subject. The king replied, he might sell the books, provided there was nothing improper in his manner of announcing them. The whole were bought in less than two days.

Every one is acquainted with the well-known history of Frederick's behaviour to one of his pages. I will relate an anecdote of a similar kind which happened some time afterward. In a regiment of hussars, in garrison in Silesia, there was a brave soldier who was extremely exact in all the duties of his station, but being turned of seventy years of age, he, on account of his grey hairs and wrinkles, had become in his general's eyes a blemish to the company in which he served. The general had long endeavoured to persuade him to put himself upon the invalid establishment. It must be observed, that to be dismissed as an invalid in Prussia is nearly the same thing as to be

condemned to starve, since its pensioners are allowed only three half-pence per diem for their support. It should also be remembered, that in that country soldiers are enlisted for their whole lives; consequently none are dismissed the service but such as labour under incurable disorders, or are extremely old. This is sufficient of itself to justify the extreme horrour felt by the Prussian soldiery at the idea of being dismissed, however wretched their situation. The old hussar constantly refused to leave the company, and the more strenuously as he was a married man, and his wife was but little younger than himself, and by that means they would have lost the advantage of receiving towards their support a portion of the pay of their son, an honest stripling who, according to the regulations of the army, served in the same corps and messed with his parents. The general, unable to impute the smallest fault to the father, and not daring to dismiss him on his own authority, determined to deprive him of his son, hoping by this means, either through his grief or poverty, to get rid of him. To this effect he wrote to the king that he had in his regiment an excellent young soldier who was too tall for a hussar, and offered him to his majesty for his regiment of guards, which he said would be a more proper situation for him. The king accepted the offer, and the young man set out for Potzdam, leaving his parents in an affliction that was the more poignant, as they knew that though the regiment of guards was one of the finest in the kingdom, yet it was that of which every

soldier had the greatest dread, since, being always under the eye of the king, it is subject to a stricter discipline and greater exertions than any other regiment. When the soldier arrived, the king wished to see him. Whether Frederick was informed of the inhuman conduct of the general, or that the soldier's lucky star prevailed, I do not know, but the king did not go to the parade to see him, but sent for him to his apartment, when, after having slightly examined him, he ordered him to put on a suit of the uniform of the guards. When the hussar re-entered in a dress so new, and so much handsomer than that he had before been used to, the king asked him how he liked it? The young man replied, that he should always be pleased with any sort of uniform if he had but the happiness to please his sovereign by doing his duty well....." Very well," said Frederick, " keep those clothes, remain here, do your duty, and I will take care of the rest. Your comrades will tell you what you have to do; but, my good fellow, you must be exact to a minute in your department: to this effect, you must be furnished with a good watch. Go therefore to such a watch-maker, tell him you are in my service, and he will give you a good silver watch, for which he will ask you forty crowns. You will want besides half a dozen of shirts, some stockings, cravats, and pocket handkerchiefs, which will come to about *so much*. I will give you money enough for the whole. Go and purchase the articles, and be always exact, faithful, and discreet in my service. As

to means for your subsistence and sundry expenses, I will allow you ten crowns per month, which will be sufficient to procure all you will want."

The first thought of the young soldier in the midst of his joy was directed to his parents.... "I have such abundance of money," said he, "and my father and mother are in the greatest necessity! Is there no means of sending them the forty crowns given me for the watch, and of borrowing that sum of some of my fellow soldiers on condition of repaying them at the rate of five crowns per month? What remains will be quite enough for necessaries." He could not resist this idea, and accordingly he borrowed the forty crowns among several of his fellow soldiers: he procured the watch, and relieved his parents; but he was yet ignorant that kings know every thing, and that the first law imposed by Frederick on those who served him was to disclose to him whatever facts they became acquainted with. The next day, he sent for his new dependant, and said to him: "I gave you money to buy a watch, and you sent it to your parents. You supposed you were doing a noble action without being conscious that it was a breach of your fidelity to me. It is right and meritorious to assist ones relations when they are indigent, and particularly when they are infirm or old; to do so is a most sacred duty. But at the same time we should appropriate to such a purpose only what is our own. In sending the money I gave you, you disposed of what did not belong to you. This money was not

yours, since I gave it you only on condition that you should use it as I directed. It was no more than a deposit in your hands, and you have violated the law imposed on persons who receive a trust. For this time, however, I pardon you, because your fault has arisen out of a sentiment both respectable and pure; out of a kind feeling, and without once reflecting on the nature of the case, as I have now explained it to you. The borrowing the forty crowns was an aggravation of your first fault; for we should never borrow, but under circumstances of great necessity, what we are not sure we shall be able to repay. For example, how would this debt be paid to your comrades if you were to die, or if I were to dismiss you? On this occasion I will enable you to discharge your debt, but recollect I absolutely forbid your contracting any other."

When the general of the hussars heard of the young man's good fortune, he had the meanness, the baseness, to go and congratulate his parents..... "It was I," said he, "who procured him this situation by speaking in his favour to the king, and I am truly happy at his success. I was quite sure he would do well at Potzdam." The general was under apprehensions that the young soldier might do him some injury by informing the king of the persecutions his father had undergone. This is a true picture of men of a haughty and despotick character! Base and groveling, disdainful and capricious, as circumstances render necessary.

It was not long before Frederick felt the most beneficial consequences of the kindness he had bestowed on this man. He was attacked by a violent fit of the gout: his physician was sent for, who found him in a raging fever, with his skin extremely dry. The physician's first object was to bring on a perspiration, and accordingly he ordered him a potion for that purpose; but Frederick was possessed of, shall I say, the weakness or the mania of so many great commanders, who, like Mithridates, imagine themselves excellent physicians. He insisted on knowing the ingredients of the potion, and immediately after declared he would not take it. He next dismissed the physician, telling him he was an ass. The physician informed the attendants in the anti-chamber, that the king's malady was of the most serious nature, that it was of the highest importance to bring on a perspiration, but that he would take no medicine that would be likely to produce that effect; that he had even said the most affronting things to him; that as a physician, anxious to do his duty, and preserve, if possible, the life of so great a king, he would leave the necessary prescription, and it would afterwards be their part to prevail on the king to take it. He assured them that this was of the last importance, as nothing less than the life of the sovereign was at stake. He added, that should he swallow the potion, the greatest care should be taken to keep every part of his body well covered, and that some addition should be made to his bed-clothes till he should have

perspired plentifully. The attendants, after much deliberation, decided that the young hussar was the fittest person to be employed on this occasion, and he was accordingly appointed to watch by the king the same night; a charge he accepted not without apprehension, but without repugnance and even with considerable zeal. The potion was brought about ten o'clock: the hussar entered the king's apartment with it in his hand. "What have you there?" said the king. "I have a potion, Sire, which the physician declares to be absolutely necessary for your recovery." .... "I will not take it: throw it into the fire." .... "But, Sire, it is so necessary." .... "I will not take it." .... "Sire, the physician ordered us to present it to you." .... "The physician is an ass. I tell you I will not take it." .... "Alas! Sire, he assured us that the necessary perspiration could not be produced without it." .... "He knows not what he says: throw it into the fire, and let me be quiet." .... "It is our duty, Sire, to conjure your majesty to take it." .... "My good fellow, your importunity is useless; withdraw and let me be quiet." .... "Ah! Sire, what shall we do? It is of the greatest importance that you should take this potion; was it not ordered by a physician who feels a personal attachment towards your majesty?" .... "You tire my patience; pray leave me." .... "Sire, he assured us your preservation depended on your compliance." .... "He is an ass: I command you to withdraw and let me be tranquil." .... "Is it not our duty to suppli-

cate your majesty to take a potion which can effect your recovery ?" The king was at length quite angry; he swore, threatened, commanded, and sent every one to the devil. The young man, still with the potion in his hand, begged, conjured, entreated, threw himself on his knees, wept; in short he was not to be prevailed upon to desist..... The contest lasted till midnight; when the king, absolutely exhausted, determined to take the potion that he might get rid of his importunities and obtain some sleep. A short time after, a new struggle arose; the medicine, as it began to operate, threw the king into so violent a heat as to render him absolutely restless and refractory. The king wanted to uncover himself. The hussar would not allow of it. The king threw off a counterpane. The hussar put it on again. If the king put but an arm outside the bed-clothes, the hussar instantly covered it as well as he could; constantly entreating, soliciting pardon, and bending over the patient, who threatened, swore, and disputed in vain. This new struggle lasted till near three in the morning, when the perspiration made its appearance. Feeling his uneasiness diminish, the king by degrees became calmer, and no less sensible that both the physician and the hussar were in the right. He said to the latter, "My good fellow, I do not want you any longer; the perspiration is come, and I am no longer oppressed by the violent burning I complained of. I promise you not to uncover myself any more; you may take my word; go therefore and take some

repose, which you must stand much in need of." The hussar made as if he obeyed, but retired to a corner of the room, where, without being perceived, he continued to watch the king till he fell fast asleep. By daylight his majesty found himself much better; when he dressed himself, and sending for the hussar, he said to him: "You are an excellent lad; you do your duty faithfully. You have served me on this occasion with the greatest zeal, and I am much satisfied with you. Here are fifty ducats. You may send them to your parents, if you like it."

OLD AGE, INFIRMITIES, AND DEATH OF FREDERICK.

THE latter periods of the life and reign of Frederick present us with few anecdotes. In these he acquired more retired habits, but by no means relaxed in his occupations. He renounced musick when he lost his teeth, and about the same time he abandoned poetry also. His old friends had dropped one by one from the stage of life. He found himself surrounded with recollections only, having scarcely any other society than that of a few adherents, on whom he had exhausted all his bons mots, and a few old officers, more interesting from the periods their aspect seemed to recal, than from their personal merit. I can except from this class only the princes of Brunswick, who were always received with warmth and affection; a certain number of generals, whose long and perilous services and noble actions recommended them; the Baron de Hertzberg, and the Marquis Luchesini. Frederick was, sensible that his powers were on the decline, yet steadfast in the part he would play, he neglected no endeavours to conceal this truth from others.

It is said that when he was to appear before his troops, or the publick in general, if he found himself

the least feeble or pale, he never failed to put some rouge on his cheeks. If in conversation he felt any slowness or inactivity of mind, his right hand was, as if mechanically, conveyed to his waistcoat-pocket, and returned, as if by accident, to his mouth; and while he seemed to do nothing more than wipe his lips, it in fact conveyed thither a lozenge composed of such materials as were calculated to animate his spirits, but which he carefully concealed from the notice of spectators. Though I left him two years previous to his death, I had discovered this contrivance, which M. de Launay had also discovered, and which has since been perceptible to other persons.

What is most remarkable in this last period of his life, and of the truth of which I am quite certain is, that he was never known to waver or vary in any one of the principles he had constantly professed. The persons who assert that these at length became more religious, and that he manifested concern that they had not sooner assumed that form, have either lied or been themselves mistaken. The truth is, that Frederick, who had ever exercised a spirit of toleration, in this last period had done so without his accustomed sarcasms; that he conversed less frequently on religious subjects; and that he perceived the approach of death, and sustained its stroke with all the strength of mind and all the composure that might be expected. He directed his state affairs to the very last, and a few moments before his decease he insisted on signing a letter addressed to M. de Launay; but his sight

and strength failing him, he did little more than blot the paper. M. de Hertzberg, an old and faithful servant, passed the night with him, and received his last sigh. It was this minister who instantly sent news of the event to prince Frederick William, nephew and successour to the great man who had just expired. The new king was in the apartment of his uncle in a few minutes, and at about three in the morning, where he found M. de Hertzberg bathed in tears, in a fixed attitude over the dead body which but a few minutes before had been separated from a soul worthy of the regret and the admiration of future ages.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES,

&c. &c.

PART II.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, AND HIS FAMILY.

HAVING exhibited Frederick such as I have known him, considered by himself, I will now give a faithful representation of what he was with respect to his relatives; a task that necessarily obliges me to describe what these relatives were, both considered by themselves and in their connexion with Frederick. In executing this task, I shall frequently be no more than the echo of the persons I have had occasion to consult; but these persons were so thoroughly informed, and so incapable of deceiving me, and I have, besides, procured so many accounts of the same facts, that I can no more doubt of their authenticity than I could if I had been myself an eye-witness. Without further preamble, it appeared to me advisable to go as far back as Frederick the First. What I have to relate of this king, as well as of his suc-

cessour, will not be deficient in interest, and may serve as a useful introduction to the materials I have collected respecting the descendants of both the one and the other.

FREDERICK THE FIRST.

THE house of Brandenburg is a younger branch of that of Hohenzollern, established in Franconia from the remotest times of the German empire. A younger prince of this house, the Margrave of Nuremberg, by his courage, military genius, and successes, rendered so many important services to the emperour, that the latter bestowed upon him as a recompense the margravate of Brandenburg. His descendants, by means of their alliances, their treaties, and afterwards by the benefit derived to them by the reformation, have, by degrees, considerably aggrandized their family, and it was in this manner they successively obtained the greatest part of Pomerania, ducal Prussia, the dutchy of Westphalia, the principality of Halberstadt, that of Minden, and a part of the succession of Cleves, &c.

Frederick the First, in virtue of these possessions, conceived himself entitled to figure in the rank of kings, nor could he enjoy repose till he had satisfied this ambition, which in those times was considered as an excess of vanity, as, in truth, it was. This trait proves the extreme frivolity and uncertainty of the opinions of mankind; for to this vanity of Frederick the First it is that the house of Bran-

denburg was indebted for a part of the successes it has since experienced. Never would this monarch have thought of consolidating his power as he has done; never would Frederick the Second have attempted, as we have seen, his own aggrandizement; if under the title of king they had not felt a stimulus that emboldened them to conceive such great designs. They are, therefore, a striking instance in Europe of a great and respectable power that owes its aggrandizement to a vanity almost puerile and ridiculous, and which since that period has less than any other been addicted to a fault which, if not renounced, would infallibly have proved its ruin: for what would have become of the kingdom of Prussia, if the sceptre of Frederick the First had not passed to William and to Frederick the Second, without being accompanied by the vanity and the luxurious ideas that domineered in the breast of him who first obtained it?

Frederick the First was no less fond of parade than he was vain; but queen Charlotte, his second wife, and the mother of William his son, possessed a mind of greater strength than the king her husband, for whom she did not entertain any portion of respect. One day, Leibnitz, who was under her patronage, having sent her a memoir on the *infinitely little*, she exclaimed, "What a blockhead is this Leibnitz, who thinks he can explain to me the nature of the *infinitely little!* Has he then forgotten that I am the wife of Frederick the First, or does he imagine me unacquainted with the character of my husband?"

It was this queen, Sophia-Charlotte, a princess of the house of Hanover, and sister to George the First, who instituted the academy at Berlin, of which Leibnitz was both the president and institutor. It was for her that the castle and gardens of Charlottenburg were constructed, and so called from her name. The celebrated Lenotre, who drew the plan of the Thuilleries, and so many other celebrated gardens, was engaged to draw out those of Charlottenburg. The artist perceiving he had to labour for a sovereign regardless of the expense, and at the same time that she was endued with an elevated soul, set no bounds to the grandeur of his genius, and determined to erect a monument of his name and talents that might descend to posterity. He seized every advantage the situation afforded. This castle stands on the left bank of the river Spree, which he took for the centre of the gardens he was to lay out. At the right of the Spree appears a spacious meadow that terminates in an immense forest. The meadow was intended to become a part of the garden, but in a style entirely new, and the forest was to be a park in a truly royal style. Lenotre in like manner extended his plan to the left of Charlottenburg, over a considerable surface, so as to reach to a cliff surmounted by a mill, beyond which is discovered the castle of Spandau. Between these two parts he formed a sort of centre, intended to introduce the rest, and announce its plan. This centre is all that was executed; but it must not be believed that it presents to the eye no more than

a confined space, since it is, on the contrary, extremely extensive; on all sides abounding with delicious views; and terminating at the extremity in two pieces of water of considerable extent; beyond which a thick wood, of the most romantick appearance, conceals the end of the garden from beholders. Though the whole was conceived to serve as a centre to a plan of much greater magnitude, not even connoisseurs have discovered that any thing is wanting, but unanimously praise the harmony, regularity, variety, and grandeur of the whole. In short, it is considered as worthy of being seen even after the Thuilleries. Unfortunately for the reputation of Lenotre, Frederick the First was not rich enough to accomplish the whole of this plan, which I have been told still exists in the archives of Berlin.

Queen Charlotte perceived the approaches of death with a firmness of mind but rarely met with, and her constant serenity excited the admiration of all around her. Some one having endeavoured to persuade her that her loss would plunge the king into the deepest despair: "As for the king," said she, "I need not make myself uneasy; the care of procuring me a magnificent funeral will be sure to divert his grief; and should every thing of this sort happen agreeably to his wishes, he will want no other consolation." The event proved she had judged rightly.

WILLIAM THE FIRST.

WILLIAM, whose father was weak and vain, and whose mother was equally distinguished for her virtues, her elevated character, her wit and taste for the sciences, was in every thing the reverse of both the one and the other. The character of William was original: he was a humorist; his manners were coarse and austere; his tone harsh and abrupt; he was firm and persevering, politick and economical; he was at once just and cruel, sordid and generous, sound in judgment, indifferent to the progress of the sciences; a careful father, but peevish and ill-humoured in his intercourse with his children. A few anecdotes will satisfy the reader of the truth of these assertions.

With respect to finances, he adopted the plans of his grandfather, the grand-elector. He paid his father's debts, established in every department the most perfect order and frugality, and in this manner amassed the treasures that afterwards proved so beneficial to his son; which line of conduct in William, who was the monarch of a poor country, open on all sides to attacks from an enemy, and deprived of the advantages of commerce, was no more than a necessary

precaution, though in sovereigns possessed of various resources it would have been little short of vicious.

Among his generals, he had a lieutenant-general of cavalry, who was esteemed the most accomplished aid-de-camp of his whole army: this was M. Schwerin, cousin-german to the field-marshal of that name, and father of Madame Troussel. This general undertook to cure a beautiful saddle horse belonging to William that had been attacked with madness. Schwerin had the horse conveyed into Westphalia, where he was stationed with his regiment, and sent him back in six or eight months perfectly cured. The king was at the parade when the animal arrived led by a young officer named de Schoenfield, a nephew of the general, the same who has since been known as master of the horse to the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and also his minister at Paris, where he was detained by M. d'Aiguillon, after he had received his audience of leave, on account of his debts. The king was rejoiced to see his horse restored to so excellent a condition. The young de Schoenfield was obliged to mount and exercise him in all the manœuvres his majesty could devise; and when the horse and his rider had completely gratified his wishes, he ordered the former, just arrived from Westphalia, to conduct the horse to the stable, and to go himself to the castle and take some breakfast *and some beer*, at the same time putting into his hand a florin in silver, as a special mark of his satisfaction, in addition to which he directed him to express his hearty thanks to general de Schwerin.

I shall not dwell long on the brutal conduct of William toward his wife and children, nor acquaint the reader of the different times when he has been known to kick his own daughter. I shall say nothing even of the men he caused to be tortured; nor of the individual, in particular, who, according to the Baron de Poelnitz, he caused to be assassinated and buried in the woods for having killed some of his game. These traits are of too horrible a nature to find a place in this work. I shall however mention, that being extremely fond of exercising himself in the art of painting, or rather daubing, he generally devoted one or two hours every day, after dinner, to that employment. He had engaged a poor painter with a large family of children to prepare his colours, to whom he paid a florin for every sitting. Being subject to extreme sleepiness after eating his dinner, it more than once happened to him on these occasions to draw his painting brush from the top to the bottom of his canvass, so as to disfigure his subject; and on awaking and perceiving what had been done, he pretended that the poor painter had played him this trick from jealousy, and accordingly he did not fail in his fury to add some hearty kicks or blows with his stick to his miserable florin.

Intoxicated with the fruits of his genius, he exhibited them to his courtiers, inviting them to declare their opinion of them. But as he would not have endured the most trifling criticism, he was sure to receive nothing but assurances of their excellence.

"Well," said he one day to one of these flatterers, who lavished the most extravagant encomiums on one of his pictures, "for how much do you imagine it could be sold if it were sent into the market?".... "For a hundred ducats, Sire, and the picture would then be given away."...."Take it then, I will sell it you for fifty, because I see you are a good judge, and I am glad of the opportunity to do you a service." The poor courtier, compelled to take the daubing, and to pay so high a price for it, resolved to take good care how he commended in future. I have seen one of this king's pictures that prince Henry had preserved. Nothing can be worse executed. The prince himself was of the same opinion, and he kept it merely because it was a faithful representation of the inside of his father's smoking-room, and had in it some figures that bore a perfect resemblance to their originals. I recollect, that at the first glance I recognized the Baron de Poelnitz, though younger by forty years than when I knew him. Field-marshals de Buddenbrock and de Glassenapp figured also in the same piece, together with generals de Grumbkow, Einsiedel, &c. &c.

This monarch sometimes dined at the houses of his generals. One day, when dining at Count de Grumbkow's, since that time field-marshal and governour of Berlin, he happened to eat of some ham, which he declared was the best he had ever eaten; and he accordingly desired that the cook who had cured it should instruct the cooks of the royal kitchen

how to produce a similar article at his table. A few days after, the steward of the kitchen came to the king to ask for sixteen bottles of champaign. His majesty did not go in person to the cellar, but he kept the key, as well as an exact account of his wines and other liquors. He inquired therefore what use was to be made of so many bottles of champaign? He was informed that M. de Grumbkow's cook had demanded them to soak a ham in the wine, which in due time he would have the honour to serve on his majesty's table. The king sent his cook about his business, and said to his general, "When I wish to eat excellent ham, I will dine at your house. I am not rich enough to have that article prepared after the manner of your cook. I keep my champaign for drinking."

The Baron de Poelnitz, and other persons, entertained him frequently on the subject of the luxury that prevailed at Paris. They boasted of the infinite number of elegant carriages which on certain days, and at the fashionable hour, appeared in ranks over the whole extent of the ancient Boulevards. To parody this luxury, the bare idea of which excited his disgust, he one day, without the knowledge of his courtiers, ordered that all the carts of the lower orders of tradespeople, together with those belonging to the farmers of the country, and filled with grain, straw, dung, vegetables, or wood, should be conducted to the canal of Potzdam, and be driven in great order three or four times round it. When every part of this pitiful farce was prepared, in the execution of

which he had employed half his garrison, he repaired to the spot, attended by his whole court, to admire the spectacle it presented; and there he exclaimed, with a smile truly savage, "These are my boulevards! Admire the elegance and richness of these carriages! Do you see with what order they move? What is Paris in comparison with this?"

William accepted the invitations of even the least considerable of his officers to be one of the guests on their wedding-day. He even obliged the queen to do the same, and to open the ball with the bridegroom. The queen, on her part, always chose to dance a Polonese dance rather than a minuet, which she thought would be too great a condescension to an inferiour officer. Upon one of these occasions a lieutenant of the guards, somewhat intoxicated, and extremely rustick in his manners, made the queen run, jump, and turn in so rapid and violent a manner, that she really looked like a girl from a village inn. The king, seated in his chair, laughed immoderately on seeing her petticoats fly up, and that her partner left them no time to resume their natural place. All this was an exhibition admirably suited to the taste of William.

Every one knows the predilection he entertained for tall men; a predilection which equally under his successour, and even to the present time, has still maintained its ground, though somewhat diminished in its strength. His custom was, wherever he observed any men of more than common stature, to have them immediately kidnapped.

The coarse rudeness of William's character was prevalent in every thing he did and said. If he perceived a priest with a well-powdered wig on his head, he was sure to say the most affronting things to him, persuaded he must be a Frenchman. If he saw a young man in the streets on a day of labour, he had him seized and entered as a soldier in some regiment. The moment he made his appearance, every one ran to conceal themselves as fast as they could. The streets through which he passed were always deserted. If he fell in the way of any old men or women he had reason to suppose unemployed, he never failed to load them with the grossest abuse, or even to strike them with his stick. "I am very short," said M. Formey, "but for all that I dread nothing so much as the meeting with him. He would confine me in a garrison regiment. Fortunately, I have never seen him more than ten times."

Some adventures he met with, however, made a certain degree of impression on his mind, and succeeded in inducing him to change his conduct as much as a sovereign of such a character could be made to correct himself. I will mention one of them, after which he was never known to strike an officer of his army. Irritated at the imperfect manner in which some troops were executing a manœuvre, he advanced full speed towards the major who commanded them, and gave him several blows with his stick. This brave officer, already advanced in years, and much esteemed by the army, followed the king, stopped his horse before

that of his majesty in the middle of the parade, and drawing his pistol from his saddle, he said, "Sire, you have dishonoured me, and I must have satisfaction." At the same moment he fired one of his pistols over the king's head, exclaiming, *This is for you!* Then aiming the other at himself, he cried, *This is for me!*" and shot himself through the head.

I have now to relate the death of this extraordinary man: for what relates to his smoking-room will more naturally find its place in the article concerning the Baron de Poelnitz his favourite.

Towards the end of May, 1740, William, whose health had long been on the decline, fell, while at Potzdam, into so profound a lethargy, that an officer of the garrison, deceived by appearances, sent an express to Rheinsberg, with the utmost secrecy and despatch, to announce his death to Frederick his son.

The express arrived in the middle of the night, when every one was in bed. In a moment resounded through the castle, "We are king! we are setting out for Potzdam." Frederick and his attendants leave Rheinsberg before break of day, arrive at Potzdam, and find the king alive. He had recovered from his lethargy, and had even desired to be dressed, and to be removed into the corridors for the sake of the air. Baron de Poelnitz, who had left his room to take some repose, on returning thither, about four in the morning, found him seated in a sort of low-wheeled carriage, drawn by two of his attendants. He was dressed in his uniform, his boots, scarf, sword

and belt, and his military hat. On perceiving his chamberlain, who respectfully approached, he held out his hand to him, which was kissed by the baron, and said, "Ah, my friend, there is no hope; I shall be with you but a short time longer!" The exertion he had made had been injurious to him, having wholly exhausted his remaining strength. He sent for his pastor, who, agreeably to the rules of the reformed religion, repeated certain prayers, psalms, and exhortations, and, instead of confession, entered into a long interrogatory concerning his sins. The pastor, in the opinion of many, conducted this examination in a spirit of unkindness to William; for it is certain he entered into the minutest detail on the points respecting which the king was most open to reproach in his capacity of chief of a family, or simple citizen; and particularly in that of king. The scene between them at length became extremely pleasant; for the rude, austere William, finding in his own heart evidence of the truth of these accusations, interrupted the pastor at every moment with exclaiming, "But I never was guilty of the smallest infidelity toward my wife; and I trust that God, in favour of my continence, will forgive my other sins." The pastor did not fail to promise him mercy in abundance if he did but sincerely and earnestly repent, and then resumed the examination with redoubled zeal.

This pious effort was succeeded by a second lethargy, which continued almost the whole day, for it did not cease till about six or seven o'clock in the even-

ing. The gates of the city were not, however, shut, as they had been the day before on the like occasion. When the proper persons came to receive their orders, those about the king referred them to the prince of Prussia, who would not venture to give any; so that the guard could not be relieved, and the troops remained on their arms. The situation of the prince during this interval was extremely painful: for if the news of his coming to Potzdam without being sent for, and previous to the death of the king, had come to the knowledge of the latter, God knows what orders he, in his anger, might have issued! And it would have been still worse, if he had learned that the city gates had been already shut; a proceeding he would not fail to impute to his son's ambition. But none of these apprehensions were realized; the king gave the orders at seven in the evening, and this was his last act of sovereignty. In the course of the night he again relapsed into his lethargy, and died. The prince was still apprehensive of again being deceived by appearances, but the indications of death soon became so evident that the city gates were once more shut; the troops were assembled, and took the oath of allegiance to their new sovereign, who, after issuing some general orders, repaired to Berlin.

On his arrival in this place, the oath of allegiance was immediately administered to the whole garrison, and in course to all the other garrisons throughout the Prussian dominions. A grand levee was held at

the castle, at which all the ministers and the nobility of Berlin were assembled, to offer their homage to Frederick, by the time of sun-rise; after which the king, having had some conversation with his ministers, generals, ambassadours, and some other persons, retired from the crowd to the other extremity of the saloon, leaning on the arm of the young count de Wartensleben, where they could converse without being heard. "Well, now, my dear count," said he, in a tone of familiar intimacy, "I am at length master of a kingdom, of a powerful army, and of treasures as ample as I can desire. You cannot doubt of my applying my every resource to the prosperity of the state, to the maintenance of the good reputation of my troops, and to the making a beneficial use of the riches I have acquired. I certainly shall not hoard my treasures as misers do. I am too well aware of their proper destination; that money is useful in proportion to its circulation; and you may rest assured that in my distributions I shall forget neither good patriots nor faithful friends. But I hope that you, who are rich and covetous, do not flatter yourself that you will be included in the number; what should be so bestowed would be lost. Depend on it, I shall make a more judicious choice of the objects of my bounty."....This is a first specimen of the proceedings of this extraordinary monarch, who took pleasure in subjecting all who approached him to the severest mortification, at the very moment that he excited in them the most cor-

roding passions. Thus, he overwhelmed the person to whom he addressed himself with the most humiliating prospect, and no less drew down upon the unfortunate victim all the serpents of envy in the bosoms of the persons who, like him, were candidates for the king's favour. This may be considered his first essay in the art of tormenting his fellow men by his mockeries.

Maria-Dorothea, of Hanover, had been rendered still less happy with her husband on account of her haughty and ambitious temper. But, said the baron de Poelnitz, it would be difficult to find a woman of a more dignified demeanour; and if she cannot be cited as a perfect beauty, yet her person is extremely pleasing; her eyes in particular are such as are seldom met with. I shall observe, in addition, that her stature was tall and majestick, and her aspect commanded respect. After becoming a widow, she grew very corpulent; and this propensity increased so much, that it was at length necessary to have chairs made on purpose for her. She was about eighty years of age in the year 1757; at which period she died, having survived her husband seventeen years. It was difficult with the qualities she possessed, the merit, dignity, and rank, of which she was conscious, together with the humiliations she experienced, such as mortifying her in publick, and reducing her in private to such shameful rules of economy, that she had not liberty to order herself an omelet for supper, if she happened to dislike what

was served at her table, the baron having many times declared to me that he himself had more than once on such occasions paid for the eggs of which it was made. I say, a queen thus situated could not but be at times extremely haughty.

Though Dorothea was possessed of a large quantity of diamonds, she seldom dared to wear them. One day, her husband being absent from the castle, she indulged her fancy, and decorated herself with all her diamonds, and thus made her appearance on a levee day. She was seated at cards, when the arrival of the king, whom she did not expect till the following day, was announced. Her fright was so great that, fearing to lose a moment, without rising from her seat, she instantly stripped off her diamonds in the presence of every one, and huddled them into her pocket.

The queen-mother, on becoming a widow, retired to Monbijon, an inconsiderable castle, situated in the middle of a garden but little alluring, in the city of Berlin. It was built on the banks of the Spree, having in front a terrace lined with willows, and a meadow almost continually inundated. This part of the city was at that time extremely solitary and unfrequented, but is at present occupied by immense barracks, which contain three regiments of artillery. The court of Monbijon became on several accounts considerably celebrated. Frederick paid there a visit to his mother every Wednesday, unless prevented by being at a review, or in the field of war. No

sovereign could exceed the assiduous and respectful attention he constantly observed towards her. He always remained uncovered in her presence, and even took off his hat before he entered her apartment. If he found her at the card-table, he stood behind her chair, and on no account seated himself till she had authorized him by some such words as these: *My son, sit down.* He one day made his appearance at the castle when he was not in the least expected. Some gentlemen of the court were at a pharo-table in an apartment through which he was to pass, who, on seeing him, were thrown into the greatest confusion, and endeavoured to conceal their cards. Frederick, who perceived their embarrassment, observed to them, that there was no king under the roof of her majesty, his mother; and that whatever she thought proper to allow in her castle was exempted from all censure. He then inquired at what game they were playing; and being informed it was at pharo, he requested them to resume their entertainment, as he wished to see how it was played, and begged they would explain it to him. To render this explanation the more easy, they put a pack of cards into his hands; he drew one of them, and covered it with a frederick-d'or. Fortune was favourable. At every new success the king inquired, *What am I to do next?* And was answered, *Either take up your winnings, or make such a fold in your card; or else take another card and fold it in the same manner, which will enable you to double your stake.* The king made the folds,

took other cards when the old ones would admit of no more folds, and won continually, till the banker at length told his majesty that, as they had been playing only for their amusement, the bank had not been rich, and was now empty, as his majesty had gained the whole. The king, throwing his cards on the table replied, "You mistake; no part of the winnings can possibly belong to me; for I did not play, but was merely learning the game. I thank you for the pains you have taken with me." He then pursued his way to the queen. It is said this was the only time in his life that he had played at cards.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

CESAR required that his wife should never so much as give occasion to be spoken of. This merit, so extraordinary and unprecedented, the queen of Frederick possessed in a supreme degree, at least so far as related to affairs of politicks. She was never in any way connected with court intrigues. She never asked a favour either for herself or others. In every thing that concerned herself or her court, she, as well as her mistress of the robes, had but one object in view, which was to understand the intentions of the king and to fulfil them. Penetrated with admiration for the great qualities of the august Frederick, she could not have endured to hear him spoken of with indifference. She approved and desired that others should approve of every thing he did or said; notwithstanding which she observed a moderation in her conduct that could scarcely be imagined. For instance, she never since she was queen had been to Potzdam, though she had the strongest desire to be conducted to the old and the new *Sans-Souci*, which she had never seen. No consideration could have prevailed on her to express a wish on this subject in the presence of any one who was likely to repeat it to the king. Her excursions were confined to Schon-

hausen, and occasionally to Charlottenburg; excepting her flight to Magdeburg during the seven years' war, when, after the battle of Cunersdorff, the king wrote in the following terms: *Let the queen and the royal family, and whatever else may be possible, be conveyed instantly to Magdeburg.* Nothing could be more simple, uniform, and tranquil, than the court of this queen. No one talked of it because it furnished no subject of conversation. It was nevertheless this queen who, strictly speaking, had the only court in the kingdom. At her court it was that on certain days, and at certain hours, the ministers, generals, ambassadours, and courtiers, met each other; to her were all strangers, or others, presented; and every description of modes originated in it. The whole, however, was so well regulated, and so completely uniform, that it occupied the thoughts of none but those who were to compose it. "The queen has a grand gala to-day," said M. Charpentier, a facetious Frenchman, to us one day; "for as I passed the castle, I saw an old lamp lighted on the great staircase." It is true the queen practised the most rigorous economy, as I have before mentioned. Her suppers were in a common style; but the table was so well supplied with hand-waiters, as to leave room for no more than a small number of dishes, so that the greatest part of the guests who had the honour to sup with the queen generally had to sup again after they got home, which in summer was some inconvenience to them, as the queen was then at

Schonhausen, a league from Berlin. It not unfrequently happened that the guests got scarcely any thing, as the persons belonging to the household, having no other resource, took particular care of themselves. I remember one evening at Schonhausen, that Madame la Marechale de Schmettaw, who at the very time laboured under the complaint that ended her existence, could procure herself during the whole supper nothing more than one preserved cherry, though the queen had directed that particular care might be taken of her.

On the other hand the queen, as is well known, was the mother of the poor; but it was a long time before this was generally understood of her character, because the bounties she dispensed were conveyed to their objects by the hands of subalterns. I should omit mentioning that she composed and printed a book of devotion, if I had not to observe that it was dedicated to her brother Ferdinand of Brunswick, in an epistle of considerable length, in which all the candour of her soul is apparent, together with all the tenderness she felt not only towards her relatives in general, but in particular towards this brother, who in the seven years' war had acquired so brilliant a military reputation at the head of the allied armies.

The king never failed to be one of her guests on the birth-day of this respectable queen. He generally staid about half an hour, which he passed in conversing either with his consort or the company. This

was the only day of the whole year when he appeared without boots. He kept for this occasion a pair of black silk stockings, which not being kept up by garters, fell commonly in folds down his legs.

It was generally believed that the king's attentions to the queen were merely those of decorum: but a convincing proof of the contrary was, that learning at Potzdam that some wounds in the queen's leg that had been kept open for many years had closed up, he became so uneasy as to send a note, written with his own hand, to doctor Musselisn, conceived in the following terms: "I learn, Sir, with extreme uneasiness, that her majesty the queen is indisposed, and that her complaint may become extremely painful and serious if not immediately attended to. I therefore request you will see her without delay, and that you will consult with two other physicians of Berlin, in whose prudence and skill you can best confide, so as to administer to the queen all the assistance that depends on your art. Recollect that the object of its exercise is the person most beloved and most necessary to the state, to the poor, and to myself."

The queen's chamberlain was Baron Muller, a man advanced in years and a native of the frontiers of Mecklenburg. He was the most incorrigible gambler of the country. His acquaintance was much desired, as he had in his youth acquired considerable knowledge by study. He had succeeded to a revenue of a hundred thousand livres. All this he sacrificed at the gaming-table. When he received any money he never

took it home, but returned to his gambling associates, and parted from them only when he had neither money nor credit left. The habit of passing his nights in this manner made him a victim to premature infirmity: the gout having left its most direful traces over his whole frame. He could no longer walk but on his toes; his whole person, except his face, was disfigured; and nothing remained of what he formerly was, in the minds of those who knew him as an extremely handsome man, but the recollection. Being, however, a man of good understanding and respectable by birth, and in addition prominently situated on the queen's establishment, he was necessarily received in all societies, though always with distrust; nor was it seldom that he underwent the mortification of experiencing marks of sovereign contempt. On the first wedding-day of the prince royal, nephew to Frederick, I was walking in the park, when the baron, who was sitting on one of the benches, called to me, begged me to sit down by him, and soon after requested me to lend him fifteen hundred livres. I represented to him how much such a request was unreasonable towards a stranger who had scarcely had time to make his domestick arrangements, who was the father of a family, and in the receipt of no more than a moderate stipend. "But," said he, "you have countrymen here who are rich financiers, and who certainly would not refuse you such a trifle." .... "I would not, Sir, apply to them on such a subject even for myself. If I wanted money, it is not to them I should address

myself."...." Why not? are they not your friends?"...." Because I value their friendship, and would not run the risk of losing it. Believe me, Sir, for no consideration would I be guilty of an act of such imprudence."...." Well, but you will lend me four hundred; this is quite a trifle!"...." I could as soon lend you fifteen as four hundred livres."...." But a man like you, regular in all your affairs, must surely have money at command, and what I ask cannot possibly inconvenience you."...." I will give you, Sir, a specimen of my manner of going on. When I receive any money, I deliver the whole into the hands of my wife, who possesses a spirit of order that is wanting in myself; she takes the charge of our expenditure on herself, and I do not touch a single penny."...." But you surely do not mean to say you have not a few louis in your pocket, and you would lend me one or two."...." A few louis! I have no such thing, I assure you. If I expect to take a coach, or to have some other occasion for money, I take as nearly as possible the sum I shall want before I go out."...." In that case, be kind enough to lend me a vingt-quatre sous piece to enable me to take a coach and return home."...." Unfortunately, Sir, your request finds me quite unprovided; as the weather was so permanently fine, I came out without any money at all." I then quitted him, more indignant at the excess of his meanness than I can describe.

Eight or ten days after this disgraceful scene, I again found myself in company with him, together

with all the members of the diplomatick body, at a dinner given by prince Dolgorouki. There was a levee held the same day at Schonhausen. During the dinner, one of the guests said to baron Muller, "If an angel were to come and say to you, *Renounce the gaming-table and I will restore to you the whole of the fortune you have lost, together with the personal advantages, agility and health, you enjoyed when young*, what do you think, baron, would be your determination?".... "Oh!" replied he," you know the force of habit; I should continue to frequent the gaming-table." His answer filled every one with disgust, which by some of his auditors was expressed in the affronting language they used. While we were still at dinner, a heavy rain came on that threatened to continue for the rest of the day. The baron, being obliged to return to Schonhausen, had necessarily a claim to a seat in the carriages that belonged to the court, but to obtain it he must get conveyed to the castle. He addressed himself successively to each of the gentlemen to take him in his carriage: but each refused under various pretexts, and even with very little delicacy. In short, they set off without him. I was at last left alone with him, and felt an inclination to pay for a fiacre to convey him to the castle. I accordingly proposed his playing a game at trictrac with me, which he accepted, and I lost: upon which he sent immediately for a coach to take him to the castle, where he might claim his place in one of the carriages of the court. The baron Muller was so well known,

that one day, as he was taking an airing in a carriage with M. Toussaint, some one said to me, "I will lay any wager your colleague will not come off so easily as with only the loss of the hire of the carriage." I happened to repeat this jocosely to M. Toussaint, who acknowledged he had paid for the carriage, and lent the baron twenty-five rix dollars. He was much more considerably indebted to M. de Launay: but I might ask, to whom was he not indebted?

When any stranger was presented to the queen, the baron immediately after laid hold of him for the gaming-table. He seldom lost himself. Whether fortune relented of her rigorous treatment of him now that he had nothing more to lose, or whether he had acquired the means of repairing her unkindness, I cannot determine. He usually addressed his antagonist with some phrase of courtesy. "You understand the game, Sir, perfectly: but, I know not how it happens, you have lost." When he lost himself, he never paid, and even found means to be the winner. The countess of Bredow won two crowns of him one evening, and one of a third person, who put a ducat on the table to pay his loss. M. Muller took up the ducat, and said to madame Bredow, "I shall now owe you, madam, a frederick-d'or, the two crowns I have lost to you, and the three I borrow." In this manner the lady, instead of winning, really lost two crowns, which she paid to the gentleman who laid down the ducat.

M. de Werels, the Dutch envoy, observing that the baron's linen was all in tatters, took him aside and gave him money enough to buy some dozens of shirts. M. Muller thanked him with great emotion, and left him to take the money to the gaming-table, and procured himself no shirts. The Dutch envoy reproached him for his conduct, and gave him some shirts.

The queen was well informed of all these facts.... "He is an old servant," said she. "Who will have pity on him if I abandon him? He must be assisted, and all thoughts of his amendment given up." Agreeably to this idea, she prevailed on him, though with great reluctance on his part, to empower her to receive his salary. When she had gained this point, she immediately made him choose a proper lodging for himself, and paid the rent regularly. She next procured him two servants, who received their wages every month, and in like manner provided him with articles for his table, wood for firing, apparel, washing, &c. She directed the minutest articles, and at the end of each month called in all the bills, examined and paid them carefully. She generally found herself with a few crowns remaining at the end of each month, and these she delivered to the chamberlain for cards, or other amusements. She continued this extraordinary kindness, to a man equally contemptible and incorrigible, till the period of his death.

WILLIAM-AUGUSTUS, THE ELDEST OF THE BROTHERS OF FREDERICK.

WILLIAM-AUGUSTUS was a prince of excellent understanding and of an amiable character. The good qualities he possessed were enhanced by a modesty natural to his temper, which sometimes, however, degenerated into a singular timidity. With strangers he was constantly embarrassed, that is, with persons he had never seen before. He married a princess of Brunswick, sister to the queen of Prussia, a woman of the mildest and kindest temper, and, like her sister, an enemy to every sort of intrigue. Their issue consisted of two sons and a daughter: that is, the deceased king William the Second; prince Henry, who died young; and the consort of the prince of Orange, at the time stadtholder. I will endeavour to give some account of his quarrel with the king his brother, and of his death. This prince was his father's favourite: an advantage he enjoyed also in the affections of Frederick, at least for a time, as appears by the works of the philosopher of Sans-Souci.

In the different wars in which he had been employed, it was principally in the army commanded by the king that he had served; a circumstance that resulted from his being heir to the crown still more

than from the friendship that subsisted between the two brothers.

After the battle of Collin, which took place on the 18th of June 1757, the king having rejoined the troops that were encamped before Prague, ranged his army into two divisions; and putting himself at the head of one of them, he maintained his ground as long as he could in Bohemia, and afterwards made good his retreat into Saxony; while the other, under the command of prince William, was ordered to fall back upon Lusatia, but after he had maintained his post as long as possible near the enemy, and at a short distance from his brother. In this march the prince found himself on all sides beset and surrounded by the Austrians. His provisions failed; his wagons were attacked, and for the most part destroyed; he lost some of his men, and a certain quantity of baggage; and it was only with infinite trouble that he was at length able to get clear of Bohemia, and make footing in Dresden for the purpose of obtaining the necessary articles of subsistence.

If the accounts related by the author of the Life of Frederick the Second, who states that he obtained them from the writings of the prince, are to be depended on, William as well as his generals were extremely ill received by his brother. The king turned his back upon them for nearly a quarter of an hour, and afterwards he neither took off his hat nor addressed to them a single word of conversation. Some days after he sent them word by general Goltz,

that if he had done rightly he should have caused all of them but general Winterfield to be beheaded. The prince retired to Buddissin, from whence he wrote to the king that grief and fatigue had entirely ruined his health. The king's answer contained the most humiliating reproaches, and he was permitted to retire to Dresden.

According to this statement it would be natural to infer that the two brothers had afterwards no intercourse with each other. I have, however, an anecdote to lay before the reader that is equally authentick and important, and which necessarily supposes that they had an interview with each other, and that it must have taken place at this very time. I shall relate it in the manner in which I obtained it from different well informed persons, and which was further confirmed by other unquestionable circumstances.

In this war, the king of Prussia had to contend with more than two hundred thousand Austrians; one hundred and twenty-five thousand French; one hundred thousand Russians; forty thousand Germans, furnished from the circles; and thirty thousand Swedes; in all, five hundred thousand men. And what were his means of defence? Less than three hundred thousand men; a feeble population; states of small dimensions and remote from each other, for the most part destitute of garrisoned places; his subjects poor, and without commerce; and, in addition, slender subsidies. In a word, he had no other re-

source than a treasure that was every day exhausting itself, and which the strictest economy could repair only in times of peace. Frederick could save himself only by miracles. Would his indefatigable activity, his extraordinary courage, his fertile and ready genius, have sufficed if fortune had not seconded those advantages? This was the miracle, that those who admired him the most, and even his nearest relatives, dared not to presume in his favour. They had no pledge that fortune would prove thus constant in crowning their efforts. What happened, therefore, to these relatives was what always happens under the same circumstances. They wrote frequently to each other, and their letters were filled with the most grievous reflections, sinister prognosticks, alarms and despondency. By degrees they exhorted and encouraged each other; till at length all, as if in concert, addressed themselves to the king, exposed to him their apprehensions, and conjured him to demand a peace, and particularly with France. The king answered them drily, and condemned them to silence. They next applied to the heir apparent, as being the person most interested in the concerns of the nation, the highest in the king's considerations and affections, and who, more than any other, had the means of pleading to advantage the common cause. What was now the situation of this prince? Timid by nature, and particularly so in relation to the king, whom he at once feared, loved, and respected; estranged from his affection on account of inevitable misfortunes, which

the king had unjustly imputed to his incapacity; separated from his person, perhaps for ever, and that in the most publick and disgraceful manner; this prince did what all persons of the same timid character would have done in the like extremity. He became capable of the greatest courage, and determined to fulfil the wishes of his whole family. He demanded a last interview, but desired it might take place without witnesses; he weighs maturely the contents of all the letters he has received, resolves to suppress no one of the considerations they recall to his mind, forms his plan resolutely, and arrives. The king received him standing, with a serious composure of manner, but with no appearance of displeasure, and said, "What have you to say to me, brother? Pray inform me." The prince, extremely agitated, began his discourse with considerable hesitation, but by degrees recovering his composure, he proceeded to describe forcibly their past, present, and future situation; he submitted to his view the unanimous dispositions, and the interests of the house of Prussia; the entire ruin of all the provinces, and of the monarchy. He recalled to his recollection the maxims of noble souls, and the glory attached to sacrifices made in favour of humanity; he entreated, conjured, shed tears in abundance; he embraced his brother's knees, who remained perfectly unmoved, exhibited no sign of emotion, while he listened to the prince with the profoundest attention, and at length interrupted him, and terminated the interview

with these words: "You will return, Sir, to Berlin to-morrow morning; employ yourself in begetting children, you are fit for nothing else."

It was with this dagger plunged in his heart that prince William left the king. To which of the two can it be disadvantageous to relate this secret anecdote? Certainly to neither. The prince had for his justification all appearances; the rules of the soundest reason, the eager desires of his whole family, and the desolation of the people. Could a man of understanding, of sensibility, of rectitude, and of reflection, do otherwise than yield to so many united authorities? If we consider the character of this prince, and his attachment to the king, we cannot disallow that he did a heroick action, an action peculiarly calculated to gain affection and esteem. But are we then to blame the conduct of the king? Who shall dare to pronounce this judgment? Who so much as Frederick could be susceptible of the shame of an act of humiliation, however indirectly made by himself towards France? Who so well aware as he of the animosity existing against him in the bosoms of la Pompadour and Choiseul, and of the weakness of Louis the Fifteenth? And is it then no praise to the director of the scene that his courage was equal to every trial, and his act superiour to every fear? Did not his genius present him with a thousand resources unknown to other minds? Did it not inspire him with the confidence of being able to surmount every obstacle? Did he not perceive the chances which

unforeseen events might furnish in his favour? And even supposing fortune to be adverse, was it not more gratifying to a candidate for glory to fall without shame, than thus to crouch before the enemy? If we recollect Frederick's greatness of soul, his infinite superiority over ordinary men in every point of character and intellect, we shall perceive that he acted on this occasion precisely as he ought to act. The misfortune is, that ordinary men have no other standard for estimating the actions of others than the measure of their own capacity or personal worth. For this reason it is, that no one would at present venture to plead the apology of Frederick if the astonishing successes he has obtained did not so powerfully concur in his justification.

While this hero with his exhausted armies marched against the French at Rosbach, and the Austrians at Issa, the prince, his brother, indulged his sorrows and misfortunes at Berlin, in which place he resided for some time; and afterwards at the castle of Orangeburg, which had been allotted him. He passed a year in this manner, having, besides his attendants, no other persons with him than M. Hainchelin and M. de Francheville, both of whom entertained the warmest attachment to the prince; the first in quality of quarter-master of his regiment, and the last in that of his reader or secretary. They both accompanied him to Orangeburg, where they spent several months almost always in his presence, and constituted the whole of the society he chose to admit. They took

on themselves the entire care of his person, shared his sorrows, deplored the daily decline of his health, were the sacred depositaries of his thoughts and of all his secrets, and at length closed his eyes for ever. They it was who administered to his every necessity, and in their arms he breathed his last.

WILLIAM THE SECOND, NEPHEW OF FREDERICK.

PRINCE Frederick-William of Prussia, eldest son of William-Augustus, and consequently successour to the crown, was very young when his father died. The king had appointed M. Beguelin to be his preceptor, from the time of his being only four years of age. This M. Beguelin was a native of Bienne in Switzerland, and by the soundness of his understanding, the gravity, rectitude, and tranquillity of his character, his mild and uniform manners, his extensive and general acquisitions, was well calculeted to fill the office he held. As the prince grew older, a governour was also appointed him: this was the count de Borck, a man who was well entitled to the esteem he enjoyed. The governour and the preceptor were always of the same opinion, and more closely united by the sentiments with which they mutually inspired each other than even by the office in which they were engaged. Frederick obliged his young nephew to make different campaigns towards the end of the seven years' war. It is related of this prince, that he had his horse killed under him by a cannon shot as he was galloping after his uncle. The king, happening to turn his head,

saw the prince and his horse falling into a sort of ditch, and exclaimed, still galloping, "Ah! the prince of Prussia is killed! Let some one take off the bridle and the saddle of his horse!" This fact has been cited as a proof of the insensibility of Frederick, and his indifference towards the prince; but this is to mistake the character of that great man. In the heat of the battle he could have but one object, one design. Every affection that did not immediately relate to that object was for a time suspended. No man is capable of great actions who is unable thus to fix his attention exclusively to one point. Whatever is said or done which has not this point for its object, should be considered as the effect either of absence of mind, or of an impulse purely mechanical. The insensibility and indifference here mentioned were falsely imputed to Frederick on this occasion. Fortunately the horse only was killed; the young prince got on his legs, mounted another horse, and rejoined his uncle.

In 1764, about a year and a half after the peace of Hubertsburg, the king appeared extremely dissatisfied with M. de Borck and M. Beguelin. They were both dismissed. The first was sent to his estates in Pomerania, where he enjoyed the well-merited and universal esteem of all who knew him; and the other to Berlin, where he spent his time in the duties of an academician and a father of a family. It is said that the reason of this double dismissal was, that one day the count being asked at a dinner whether he would give the preference to a king fond of war, or to a king

who cultivated the arts of peace, his answer was in favour of the latter. It is, however, affirmed, that he endeavoured to qualify this decision, by observing that such general questions were either dangerous or insignificant, and that their solution must depend on the circumstances attached to particular cases; but that returning to the question as it had been proposed to him, he declared, that if merely the interests of the people were considered, peace was to be preferred to war, and consequently the prince who should love peace more than war. It has never been ascertained who the person was that related this conversation to Frederick. At one time the suspicion fell on one of the guests, at another on some other individual; but would it not be idle to spend one's time in forming mere conjectures on such occasions? Who is ignorant that kings have a hundred unknown means of penetrating the secrets they wish to know? The late prince royal, William-Augustus, had a valet-de-chambre who was a native of France, and a protestant; his name was Sperandieu. This person had a wife at Berlin, and had always conducted himself with great rectitude, simplicity, and regularity. Frederick, persuaded that he had been sincerely attached to the father, believed he would be no less so to the son. Instead, therefore, of dismissing him with a pension, he placed him near the person of the young prince royal; but under two conditions, which Sperandieu ever after considered as inviolable. The first was, that these conditions should be kept a profound se-

cret; and the second, that Sperandieu should come regularly and *incognito* to the king, and give him an exact account of every thing that should be said or done at the residence of the prince. I heard, from the lips of Sperandieu himself, that for a great number of years he strictly fulfilled these conditions. In the sequel Frederick, it is true, suspected him of having, at the earnest desire of the prince, assisted in some purchases and other expenses of which the king did not approve, and that returning from Paris to Berlin with some of the former, he fortunately received notice at Frankfort that he would no doubt be committed to the Spandau if he made his appearance in Berlin; on which account he returned to Paris, and there awaited the death of the old king. Frederick considered his nephew extremely backward in his application to study, and in his acquirements. He was too little of a Spartan, and this deficiency was consequently attributed to both his governour and his preceptor. What renders this conclusion extremely probable is, that Frederick appeared to retain some rancour towards both the one and the other during the rest of his life. When his nephew came to the throne, he endeavoured to make amends for the injury they had sustained; he went to see the venerable Beguelin in his retirement, and conferred on him letters of nobility. M. de Borck could not refuse himself the pleasure of going to Berlin to pass some time with his pupil, now become his sovereign; but, notwithstanding every offer and solicitation possible, he could not

be prevailed upon to renounce his retirement, in which he died.

Prince William was more fortunate than his father in the military command he enjoyed. His uncle, during the petty war for the succession of Bavaria, had resolved to march his army back to Silesia for winter quarters. This army consisted of one hundred thousand men. These he ranged into three divisions, which were to proceed in three different directions. The king was the first to enter Silesia at the head of one of them, which he marched on to Breslaw; the duke of Brunswick headed the second, who no more than the king received interruption from the Austrians: but the prince royal, who had charge of the third, was on all sides beset with them. They had harassed him during a part of the march; but the prince adopted such prudent and active measures, that all their attempts to impede his progress, or materially to do him injury, were fruitless. After marching his troops to their respective stations, he proceeded to Breslaw, where he arrived precisely at the time of the parade. On going up to his uncle, the latter said to him in a grave tone, in the presence of his generals, "You are, Sir, no longer my nephew;" and embracing him, he added, "you are my son."

This well-deserved distinction was followed by an encomium no less gratifying from the lips of the king, which at the time excited considerable attention, and seemed to explain a sentiment of the same nature. About a year after this war, Frederick was attacked

in the winter by a violent fit of the gout. Being well aware with what impatience Joseph the second watched for the moment of his decease, he said, "This time it is possible enough that he will not be disappointed; but he will gain nothing by such an event, for I leave behind me a nephew who will be another Frederick."

William the Second in kindness and mildness of character resembled his father; but in his stature he was unlike the princes of his house, who, for the most part, were under the middle size. In this respect he resembled the princes of Bevern. He was more than six feet high, German measure, and was well proportioned. Like his uncle, he had cultivated the science of musick. He played tolerably well on the violoncello, so as to be heard with pleasure even after the two Duports, brothers, the eldest of whom was his organist.

It has been uniformly observed of this prince, that though occasionally subject to sudden fits of passion, he possessed a kind and indulgent temper. His expedition into Champagne was an errour to which he was indebted for the glory of being the first to withdraw himself from a coalition that could not but be fatal to all who engaged in it. He was more fortunate in the last partition of Poland. But it is for a system of pure politicks, of morality, and of future times, to decide whether the project concerning it should have been admitted; whether it became the prince to conceive it; and whether the means he used for

its success were justifiable. It will appear, in another part of this work, that I have had the honour to approach this prince, and to have been several times in his company, when I constantly observed in him a kindness and mildness of manners no less genuine than interesting. A good deal has been said of the amours of this prince; a subject that cannot possibly lead to any details of importance, and which, for that reason, I am but little inclined to treat of. I will, however, relate a small number of anecdotes that are curious enough, and in which Frederick will be seen to figure in his true character.

There came to Berlin a lady of exquisite beauty; she was remarkable also for her understanding and elegant manners. She was sent thither, as was reported, with proper letters of introduction, by a Mr. Paris, who had formerly been a royal valet-de-chambre, and resided at Paris. This accomplished personage passed at Berlin by the name of Valmore. She was seen but little, and her existence was scarcely heard of. One day general de Ramin, governour of Berlin, waited on her with notice to quit the city in four and twenty hours. The lady expressed great concern at this event, and protested she had done nothing to deserve such an order. But of what avail were remonstrances which the fiat of the monarch in a moment overturned? Ramin was perfectly in form; as courteous as courtesy herself, being able to be so without risk; and as to what was essential, having to allege his *orders* as an insurmountable obstacle. The

lady accordingly confined herself to a request of being allowed a longer time. Ramin urged his want of power to comply. She observed that she had no means of conveyance. Ramin replied that, foreseeing that difficulty, he had procured a convenient carriage for her use. She further stated that she was without pecuniary means. "This I equally foresaw might be the case," continued he, "and for that reason I brought with me two hundred louis, which I entreat you to accept."...."But, Sir, you perceive that I have furniture of some value; at least allow me the necessary time for disposing of it."...."That care, madam, you may transfer to me; depend upon it I shall sell it to more advantage than you could do, and that I will faithfully transmit you the amount." It was of no use to expostulate; the lady was reduced to the necessity of promising that her departure should take place early the following morning. So much courtesy is rarely met with. Ramin too was the last in whom one would have expected to find it. Did he act thus by the king's orders? In this case, who was this madame Valmore, who has never since been mentioned, and who was unknown to the publick? Did Ramin know, on entering her apartment, that the prince was there concealed behind a glass door, from which he saw and heard all that passed? Or are we to attribute his extraordinary politeness to his knowledge of this circumstance?

The idea that commonly prevailed at the time was that Frederick, being informed of the arrival of this

lady, had determined on sending her away, saying to himself, "I am willing to shut my eyes to deviations of this kind, when they have for their object only German women, such as La Hencke; they can be but little dangerous; they will get all they can from their lovers, but will not meddle with politicks; they are too ignorant and lethargick for this. But with French women the case is different; they have a decided taste for intrigue, and gallantry with them is often the vehicle that enables them to cabal the more successfully. I will have none of these in my territory. Let her be sent away immediately."

The apprehension entertained by Frederick concerning the French ladies was founded on his having studied the history of France, and in particular that of the mistresses of our kings. He one day conversed much at large on this subject with M. de Lahaye de Launay, when he proved that almost all these mistresses had been enemies to the glory of their lovers. Of all the mistresses of Louis the Fifteenth he excepted only madame de Chateauroux. "This mistress," said he, "persuaded the king to head his army in person. She made him sensible that this was his duty, and she gave this advice at the risk of losing his affection. She was truly worthy of being the mistress of a king; and you see I have her portrait in my cabinet. All the others are publick plagues, &c."

Madame de Valmore was not the only person he sent away with the same celerity. I remember, in

1767, he sent off a whole company of French players, in publick wagons, in the depth of winter, because he had been informed of some amorous intrigues carried on by the actresses, particularly by two sisters, one of whom was very young.

PRINCE HENRY, SECOND BROTHER OF FREDERICK.

A SHORT time after my arrival at Berlin, M. Reclam, a friend of M. Bitaubé, conducted me one day to the church of Du Verder, to hear M. Hachard, who was esteemed the best French preacher in Berlin. When the sermon was ended, my conductor desired me to wait a little till the princes, princesses, and other persons of the court, who were very numerous, had had time to go out. We accordingly waited, but not long enough; for upon proceeding on our way, we found the passages still obstructed by ladies who had not yet got into their carriages. By degrees, however, the crowd dispersed, and I saw nothing further in my way but some persons in blue coats, who seemed to be loitering about the door of the church. As I was tired of waiting, I resolved on making my way through them; but one of the officers, between whom and another there appeared an opening the most favourable to my purpuse, and whose back was towards me, had his sword so placed as to form an obtuse angle in my way. I determined to remove this obstacle, and to this effect I put my right foot on the point of the sword, and endeavoured to direct it from the position which obstructed my pass-

age; upon which the person to whom it belonged turned round his head, and even a part of his body, seeking as it were the person who had the courage to venture on such an act of temerity; while I at the same time observed the order of this officer embroidered on his coat, and his ribbon on his waistcoat. My *cicerone*, who was behind me, alarmed at the liberty I had taken, pulled me by the coat, and hastily whispered, *It is prince Henry*. At the same moment the carriage of the hero of Frideberg drew up; he got into it; and I left the spot more satisfied at finding myself once more in the open air than affected by the adventure. It was thus I saw, for the first time, a prince who has since honoured me, for a long time together, with the most flattering marks of kindness.

I remained for some years without frequenting his palace, because I wished to live in amity with M. Toussaint, my colleague, who tried every means of ingratiating himself, and would not have pardoned me either for sharing the favours he received, or for being a witness to the neglect he occasionally experienced. In addition, I have always been of opinion that a man loses more than he gains in betraying great eagerness to obtain the notice of his superiours.

It was at the academy that prince Henry addressed me for the first time. I had been commissioned by the king, about the end of the autumn of 1766, to read in a publick sitting the eulogium he had composed on the young prince Henry his nephew, and younger brother to the prince royal. The court, the minis-

ters, and ambassadours, were present at this sitting. When I had finished my reading, prince Henry approached me and said, "It is, Sir, on a melancholy occasion that I procure myself your acquaintance, which, notwithstanding, is extremely gratifying to me; and I trust I shall have opportunities of cultivating that acquaintance under less afflictive circumstances. I thank you, on my particular part, for the interest you have evinced in the reading of the eulogium on my nephew."

I was at this time perseveringly employed in using means for obtaining of this same prince Henry the liberation of a young man who had enlisted himself as a soldier in his regiment. The young man, who had been a second lieutenant in France, found himself in his present unfortunate condition, owing to a fault that at his age is extremely pardonable. He belonged to a respectable family, and his conduct previously had been prudent and regular; he was a native of a province in France contiguous to my own, and was the much-loved brother of one of my most intimate friends.

It is easily understood that the more earnest my desire of success, the more necessary it was to be circumspect in my conduct. If I had taken advantage of the occasions that presented themselves of ingratiating myself with the prince, and had myself solicited the liberation of my countryman, I might have appeared too ready to become importunate, and my project might thus have failed.

Among the persons sincerely devoted to prince Henry, and who enjoyed with him the greatest intimacy, was the baron de Kniphausen, who had been Frederick's minister at Paris and London, and who was commonly denominated the Tall Kniphausen, or the Old Kniphausen, to distinguish him from one of his relations who was groom to the prince, and commonly called the Handsome Kniphausen. I shall confine myself to observing in this place that the baron was one of the first who paid me attention, or did me particular kindness, at Berlin, which determined me to try my fortune with him. I was dining at his house, in company with most of the foreign ministers, when, towards the time of the dessert, I forced an opportunity of speaking on the subject of my unfortunate young soldier. I related in what manner he had been brought into this situation, and how much he was deserving of compassion. I compared his present condition with that he had previously held, and the education he had received. I delivered all this with considerable animation and emphasis. The baron Kniphausen having listened attentively to the end, said to me with a smile, "Can you procure me the extract of the baptism of this young man, and the brevet of his having been a second lieutenant in a regiment of France? I cannot promise you his liberation; but if you can procure these testimonials, I will promise you to lay them before the prince."

It is easily conceived that I was overjoyed with my success. A short time after I delivered the papers which the baron had required; and the prince gave for answer, that he would write to the recruiting officer to procure another man in the place of mine; and that as soon as this should be effected the latter should be at liberty. I, as well as the young man, imagined that the condition stipulated by the prince would be fulfilled at furthest in two or three months: but we found, by sad experience, that events are for the most part far from taking place in reality with the rapidity with which they are imagined in the mind of man. Month after month passed away, and the recruit was not yet procured, till at length both he and myself experienced the deepest anxiety. Nearly a year had elapsed in this manner, when, fearing our case might be wholly forgotten, I ventured on a step calculated to recall the recollection of the promise that had been made us.

To explain this step, it is necessary to premise, that there are regiments in Prussia the recruits of which are paid by the king, and that of prince Henry was of the number; while those of other regiments are paid either by the officers or from the military chest. The consequence of this is, that the mania for handsome men induces the latter to pay their recruits according to their height, and that such a general has been known to give three and even four hundred rix dollars to certain subjects; while the recruits who enlist in the king's regiments are paid, one

and all, the sum of twenty five rix-dollars. The knowledge of these facts convinced me that the prince might pass whole years before any recruiting officer would send him a man five feet nine inches high, German measure, which was the height required in the person who would be accepted as a substitute for my friend, he being tall of stature, and one of the finest men in the regiment. To obviate this difficulty, I determined to apply to captain de Schwerin (at this time a general, and since the last partition of Poland disgraced) then first adjutant of infantry to the prince, and entreat him to obtain for me permission to add what would be deficient to the common pay of recruits in the king's regiments, were it to amount even to three or four hundred crowns, so that a man might be procured out of hand in the room of my young friend.

M. de Schwerin, who was still in the prime of life, and handsome in his person, had apartments on the ground floor. His three tall footmen left me standing in a room, situated between their own apartment and their master's sitting room. All the doors were open, the footmen passed and repassed without taking the least notice of my standing there, and M. de Schwerin at his toilette appeared in my view during a full quarter of an hour that I was left in this situation, without being admitted to any audience, and reduced to the necessity of bridling every movement of indignation; convinced that the smallest exhibition of ill-humour would infallibly deprive my unfortunate countryman of every resource.

I did well to exercise myself thus in a lesson of moderation, for M. de Schwerin put my whole stock of patience to the proof. When he was completely dressed, he darted like lightning through the apartment in which I was, saying as he passed, without once stopping or turning his head towards me, "What is your business? Pray be quick; the prince is waiting for me." I confess my first impulse was (and I know not how I resisted it) to reply: that I had no business with him; that I had come on an honourable errand; but that I found I was mistaken in the person I had to deal with, and should withdraw my suit..... Fortunately I recollected my resolution, and contented myself with quietly following the adjutant who ran rather than walked, and explaining to him, as he hurried on, the nature of my business, while his footmen followed us with their eyes through a corridor of considerable length, and did not restrain their laughter at the figure I made, without knowing who I was; the whole scene having afforded them an admirable lesson of attention and respect. In this manner we reached the vestibule of the palace, and next the great staircase. M. de Schwerin had ascended three steps, when, by an impulse of good-breeding which I know not how to account for, he turned towards me, inquired my name, promised to lay my request before the prince the same day, and to send me his answer in less than four and twenty hours. He kept his word, for the next day his servant brought me a note of his writing, con-

ceived in the following terms: "I laid your request, Sir, before the prince this morning; his highness directs me to inform you, he never sells the favours he bestows."

I do not remember to have been more painfully agitated than I was after reading this billet. I discovered in it a prince under the influence of displeasure; and a deserving countryman the victim of my zeal, of my want of skill, or rather of my own misfortune. I was truly wretched. The step I had taken did not, however, produce the mischief I apprehended. My proposition had in reality occasioned the prince some uneasiness, but it had served rather to mortify than provoke him. The only person against whom he was irritated was the recruiting officer, who, in consequence of a letter he received from the prince, sent us my young friend in less than six weeks.

I had taken the precaution of having a coat made for him, which I had sent addressed to the captain of the company to which he belonged, which, in a country where the laws condemn even those who connive at desertion, either to be a soldier for life, or to confinement for several years in some fortress, was highly necessary. As soon as the new recruit arrived, the prince, who was then with his regiment, sent for my young friend, informed him he was at liberty, and directed him to leave the regiment in two days. The poor fellow, after expressing his gratitude, requested permission to come to Berlin. "On

what account would you go to Berlin?" inquired the prince. "It is necessary that I should receive some money of M. Thiebault to enable me to pursue my journey."...."Very well; I give you the permission you ask, but on condition that you show yourself as little as possible in Berlin; that you conceal from every one that you belonged to my regiment; that you request M. Thiebault, at the same time presenting him with my compliments, to make no mention whatever of what I have done for you; and that you return to this place on the day after to-morrow, my plan being for you to set out on the following day accompanied by a subaltern officer in my confidence, who will conduct you as far as Saxony by a way but little frequented, so as to avoid the garrison towns, and the probability of being questioned." My countryman immediately set out, dressed in the coat I had sent him, and joined me in time for us to dine together.

When I thanked the prince some time after, he said with a smile, that my client was not the only person he had had the pleasure of liberating: that he had very recently sent off another in the same manner, that is, by inscribing him as dead upon the muster-roll. This latter was a handsome man forty years of age, and tall of stature: he was professor of a college in Germany, and forcibly kidnapped by a crafty recruiting party from Prussia.

My intimacy with prince Henry continued to increase for a great number of years, and was consider-

ably promoted by some particular circumstances: such as the queen of Sweden's journey to Berlin, and the friendship I entertained for M. de Troussel and his family: a predilection to which the prince was no more a stranger than myself.

This prince has been accused of a propensity to be easily fascinated with strangers, and consequently of the changeableness of character which is its natural attendant. I never was the object of the one, nor should have been of the other but for the thousand calumnies invented by hatred against me, and which with crafty skill were rendered credible to the mind of the prince. He yielded to the imposition, because not to have yielded, under the circumstances, would have been nearly impossible. He was misled, and his subsequent conduct towards me has been such, that in that term is included every thing of which I can reproach him.

The publick has often been surprised at the choice of the persons the prince attached to his service; and it must be confessed that, among those I have seen about him, there were some but little deserving of the place they filled. But should he be blamed for what is probably no more than his misfortune? The great have seldom the talent of knowing how to study mankind. Those who like prince Henry possess the talent, want the leisure necessary for its exertion: besides that, to use it to advantage, the object should be often, and long at a time, within our view. This cannot, consistently with the dignity

of a prince, happen between him and his inferiours. It is however certain, that towards a few persons only of this class did he betray any unreasonable partiality and afterwards inconstancy. Hence it is easily to be imagined that the publick opinion in this respect was founded on the ignorance of a thousand particular circumstances, which would have justified the prince, but which his disinterested generosity, and no less his vanity, tended to conceal.

Prince Henry early determined never to marry: being unwilling (these are his own words) to expose himself to the risk of leaving behind him a race of useless and indigent princes, who consequently must become burdens on society. He acknowledged himself too proud to contemplate such a prospective with composure. To be a prince in the collateral line was, in his estimation, to be one too many in the world: but the policy of the heads of dynasties cannot sympathize with this morality. Frederick wished his brothers to marry, because it could not but be advantageous to the throne to be surrounded by a greater number of persons, who are necessarily so many props for its support if each be stationed in his proper place.

To overcome the repugnance of his brother to the marriage state, the king found means to throw considerable obstacles in the way of such indulgences as he would naturally be tempted to fall into, and contrived to make him consider the connubial life as

the only means by which the restraint he laboured under could be terminated. Potzdam, the scene of happiness to Frederick, which indeed he never quitted but to attend his reviews, or to pass a month at Berlin in the winter, to all but himself was little better than a prison. Of this he could not well be ignorant, since, during the life-time of his father, he himself conceived so great an aversion to it, that at the time of his ascending the throne he had scarcely any other residence than Charlottenburg, and would even have determined to continue there if he had not by experience been convinced that he should in consequence be too much exposed to importunity and busy observation. The circumstance that induced him to change his resolution was his being one day unexpectedly surprised by the appearance of some persons at the extremity of one of his avenues, when he was arranging a plan with field-marshal Schwerin for his first campaign. "Your majesty," said the old officer, "can easily forbid the entrance of any one into these gardens at such times as you are here yourself."..... "Oh no," replied he, "such a novelty would bring the country about my ears! I had rather go away." At Potzdam, however, the king rigorously enforced the custom of retaining all the unmarried princes at the castle; and it is easily imagined that the inhabitants of the town, having on the one hand no other spectacle than the lion's den, and on the other, soldiers and bayonets, had no greater pleasure than that of making excur-

sions to Berlin, or to other places: nor was it in the least uncommon to see princes and officers expose themselves to every risk, by leaving the town secretly to procure themselves this gratification, when they either dared not solicit the necessary permission, or had failed of obtaining it. Prince Henry, like the rest, yielded to the general temptation; and his brother, who all the while knew what was passing, conceived it absolutely necessary to surround him with spies of different descriptions: a line of conduct that could not long be concealed, and served to render the royal abode a thousand times more odious.

On different occasions of the prince's having secretly absented himself in this manner, he was condemned by the king to confinement for the space of one or two days. It is not difficult to conceive the effect of such a punishment on the mind of a prince. His resentment exceeded common bounds, complaints escaped him in language of some warmth and bitterness, and not unfrequently mingled with the most pointed sarcasms. In such a situation he naturally had recourse to confidants; and these could not well fail of being sometimes chosen among persons who were secretly spies upon him. The prince yielded to one of these fits in the presence of Baron de Poelnitz, who was constantly with him, and who to the insinuating arts of a courtier added all the hypocrisy, treachery, and baseness, that are still more necessary to form that character. He communicated to the king all the exasperating reproaches he had heard from the lips of

the prince, under the mask of sympathy for the wrongs he endured. The king became indignant; he prolonged his brother's confinement to more than a week, during which Poelnitz scarcely left him for a moment.

The prince had too much sense not to penetrate at last the real character of this genuine chameleon. He was not ignorant of his talents for intrigue and hypocrisy; and, in addition, he was struck with the daily practice of this miscreant in relating to him all the unfavourable prognosticks he observed in the king towards him. He was sensible that this man must have a dearer interest in serving the one than the other, and justly concluded that, in playing the part of a traitor to himself, he must infallibly be playing a faithful part to his employer. As soon as he was confirmed in the truth of these conjectures, he refused to admit Poelnitz, who, supposing his prospects would in consequence be ruined, endeavoured to make his peace with the prince by prevailing on the king to sign an order for his liberation.

The frequent repetition of such scenes as these at length succeeded in determining the prince to enter the marriage state, and thus ensure his liberty.

The king left him the choice of the princess he would marry; and the prince accordingly fixed on a princess of Hesse d'Armstadt, who was young, well shaped, had a fine complexion, and was dignified in her deportment. In short, a woman of considerable beauty. On the event of this marriage, Frederick

bestowed the castle of Rheinsberg on his brother, who had the same motives for distinguishing this residence with his preference as had before influenced Frederick himself in the life-time of his father.

From this time, to the year 1765, the prince lost no occasion of procuring the princess his consort every kind of entertainment that he conceived would be pleasing to her. His court was extremely brilliant, and the centre at once of the greatest politeness, the most refined elegance, and the most seducing gaiety. At Berlin, and still more at Rheinsberg, every succeeding day was a repetition of different pleasures, and, so to express myself, a garland of new and ever fragrant flowers. The best modern pieces were represented at the theatre, and the prince, and all the gentlemen of his household occasionally played a part in them with the actors and actresses he had engaged. The play was frequently succeeded by a supper, at which the spectators were mingled with the persons who had courted their applauses. During the fine weather of the summer months, large parties were formed, who made excursions into the forest. Each person had his hut, which was constructed of the bark of a tree, and decorated on the inside with equal taste and simplicity. There were, besides, several rooms in common, constructed of the same materials, which served for kitchen, saloon, and eating room. In general, each person cooked his own dinner, which, when the weather was fine, was served on the grass. The spaciousness of the forest did not fail to present

the most various and pleasing views. Here, gardens filled with flowers; there, avenues in every direction, the beauty of which was increased by two extensive lakes, in one of which there were several islands, and among them the island of *Romulus* and that of *Remus*.

The castle was an old pile of building, and had nothing striking in its appearance; but it was sufficiently commodious for the reception of as many guests as the prince might wish to receive in it. Its distributions were particularly well designed, and the furniture left nothing to be wished for. The morning was, at the castle, consigned to solitude, to liberty, and to paying and receiving visits. All strangers were sure to receive, at that time, a visit from some one of the prince's household, who waited on them with a message of inquiry on his part concerning their health, and any thing they might stand in need of. About twelve o'clock the visiters and others waited on the prince, and accompanied him to the apartments of the princess, where they generally stayed till dinner time, which was punctually at one. About four, if no excursion was proposed, they might again be admitted to the prince, who usually employed two or three hours about this time in reading. His studies were, for the mo t part, confined to works of eminence, such as Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, general history, travels, and others. The reader had a certain place assigned him, and the auditors were at liberty to interrupt him to communicate such reflections or

doubts as might arise. They were ranged in the form of a semi circle round the reader; and before each of them was placed a small table, upon which was a pair of scissors, and coloured flowers and animals, which the company cut out for the purpose of being stuck on the walls of cabinets or other apartments; and such persons as were not inclined to attend to the reading, might visit the ladies, or pass their time alone.

When a play was to be performed, or an excursion was meditated, there was no reading. In the first of these cases, the afternoon was spent in preparations for the respective parts that were to be played; an object to which the prince himself paid the most assiduous attention, and not unfrequently even presided over the dresses of the performers. At six o'clock notice was sent to the princess, and the curtain drew up as soon as she made her appearance; for the princess was the principal object of every entertainment. She it was who received the homage of all; and to such lengths were the prince's attentions carried, that if any amusement was proposed at which she could not be present, it was infallibly postponed.

An affection so manifest might naturally have been expected to be durable: but this was not the case. Some time after the seven years' war, a cloud of darkness intervened between the prince and princess, which was never afterwards dispersed. The princess returned no more to Rheinsberg; the prince never

after entered her apartments, nor the princess those of the prince, nor were they ever known to exchange a syllable with each other either at the queen's or any other place of resort. The queen of Sweden, during her stay at Berlin, gave the princess no invitation whatever. The apartments of the latter, at Berlin, were situated on the left, and those of the prince on the right, and were entered by different staircases, so that neither party was liable to the interruption of meeting the other.

The prince's household was divided into several classes, and frequent changes took place in all of them. I do not at present recollect the name of the second marshal of the court whom I saw there. The first was a Mr. Boden, who was rather a handsome man; but the prince was obliged to dismiss him on account of his elopement with a young lady in Pomerania, which excited an odium against him in the country that was the more notorious, as the relations of the young fugitive carried their vengeance into a court of justice. The unfortunate Paris had the prudence to abscond. He was afterwards for a long time a resident in the capital of France, in the quality of envoy from a German prince.

After the marshal of the court came the grooms and aid-de-camps. First, baron de Kalkreut, first aid-de-camp of the cavalry, one of the tallest men in the whole country. Secondly, the baron de Kaphensk, second aid-de-camp of the cavalry, nearly as tall as the former, but considerably more corpulent,

and also much younger. Baron de Kalkreut is at present a general. The second who succeeded him, and got his own brother appointed to the place he had left, died some years ago. Thirdly, M. de Schwerin, aid-de-camp of the infantry. The other persons in the service of the prince were the abbé de Francheville, his reader; Richer de Louvain, his librarian; Toussaint, who succeeded each of them in their offices; and next, his musicians, valets-de-chambres, players, &c. His court was, in reality, a little world. "Let us consider," said he jocosely one day to me, "if I ought not to be extremely economical! I have a revenue not exceeding a hundred thousand rix-dollars, and I maintain a hundred and ten persons." This economy is a secret peculiar to the princes of that country. Of this I have known many examples.

It has been affirmed that prince Henry was indebted for the glory of his military character to M. de Kalkreut. Thus much is certain, that they never separated during the seven years' war; and no one has attempted to deny that the latter was a man of considerable understanding, talents, ambition, courage, and activity. He was not, however, beloved in the court of Henry, because his empire over the prince was universally felt: but he was generally esteemed; a circumstance that seems to be a proof in favour of his talents. For the rest I should be at a loss to imagine how the merit of the servant could render that of the master doubtful, were it not that

all men, and most particularly the great, have infallibly their enemies.

The well known disposition of prince Henry towards the majority of the Prussian generals, was more than sufficient to excite in the minds of those, and also of the subaltern officers, the passions of revenge, animosity, detraction, and calumny. If, in reality, the merit of the prince was to be ascribed to Kalkreut, still that of distinguishing the man who could be the most useful to his army, and the most worthy of his confidence, must be ascribed to Henry; to which should be added, that of selecting and adopting his most judicious counsels. And what general is there, truly worthy of commanding an army, who does not in like manner assemble around him a certain number of military officers, distinguished for their skill, learning, activity, and bravery? And how long is it since we have withheld our commendation from those men, who, placed in the foremost rank, have by their counsels or example been the means of producing good in others, while we bestow it on those who have produced that good of themselves? Was not Louis the Fourteenth surnamed *The Great*, much more because he had the art of discerning, employing, and maintaining in their places the Louvoises, the Colberts, and the Turennes, than because of any achievements properly his own? In short, has not prince Henry performed, independently of Kalkreut, an infinite number of memorable actions, which fully demonstrate, that though this general

was useful to him, it would be wrong to imagine that he was absolutely necessary? He will be found to have been the same general, and to have possessed the same talents, during the campaigns when Kalkreut was not with him; such, for example, as took place in the course of the short war for the succession of Bavaria; his two entries into Bohemia; his two campaigns, and his two retreats in the affair of field-marshal Laudohn. Never could even this celebrated Austrian general succeed in attacking him or interrupting his march; and I may add, that this prince fully justified the handsome compliment paid him by Frederick, his brother, after the seven years' war. The king, who when he chose could be so great a king, after his return, upon the signing of the treaty of peace at Hubertsburg, gave a splendid entertainment to his generals, when, speaking of the long and disastrous war that had just been terminated, he made a frank and exact enumeration of all the errours he had himself been guilty of in the management of his troops, and then proceeded to do the same of all those committed by the generals who had commanded, whether for or against him during the seven years. As he had by no means spared himself, neither did he spare any other person. Prussians, Austrians, Russians, Swedes, English, Brunswickers, French, all passed in review before him; and were judged with equal impartiality. When he had concluded, he said to his guests, "Come, gentlemen, to the health of the only general who during the whole war,

did not commit a single errour: it is yours, brother." In fact, what memorable actions might be cited of his achievements? I am not speaking of his military exploits: this I leave to men of his own profession. I shall mention neither the battle of Rosbach, the fate of which he turned at the head of six thousand infantry, supported by the corps of royal guards, and by another regiment of cavalry commanded by general Zedlitz; nor of the battle of Friedeberg, which did him so much honour, and which also was decisive. I am not speaking of that glorious campaign, when, with so inconsiderable an army, he protected Breslaw and Silesia from all the evils which a powerful Russian army might have effected there; of his having even compelled that army to repass the Oder: nor am I speaking of another campaign, when, in concert with prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, he obliged all the advanced posts of the French to fall back: nor of that in Saxony, when, having only the vestiges of a certain number of regiments entirely ruined, he kept at bay, for four months, a prosperous army commanded by general Daun, and found means, by dint of certain movements, positions, marches, and countermarches, to evade so formidable an enemy without experiencing the smallest want of provisions; all the time occupying a district of country not exceeding eight leagues in diameter. But what I wish to bring forward to observation in this place is, that having for the most part commanded in Saxony, he there obtained, by his justice, benevolence, and the discipline

he maintained in his army, the entire esteem and adoration of the inhabitants. I will mention only three facts in support of what I have advanced. A noble Saxon being unable to pay the contribution at which he was rated, in a fit of despair destroyed himself. Every one was struck with the distress of the prince on this occasion. He shed tears over the memory of this unfortunate father of a family, and often repeated, "Unhappy man! why did he not inform me of his situation? I would have assisted him!" His family paid no part of the contribution. The day after the battle of Rosbach, the prince, who was wounded, was left with the command of Frederick's remaining troops, and it was in this quality of commander in chief that he was presented with three hundred French prisoners. On their being brought into the prince's presence, he expressed the utmost indignation at finding that their swords had been taken from them, and immediately ordered them to be restored. "They are men of honour," said he, "and I will have them treated as such. The chance of war which deprives them of their liberty, is in no way unfavourable to their characters as men." He then commanded that the greatest attention should be paid to those who were wounded, and had them treated as though they had belonged to his own army. He found means to inform himself concerning their pecuniary circumstances, and found fifty among them who had lost their all, and had no means of supplying their necessities. The prince, who at this time was himself

without money, borrowed of some merchants in Leipsick the sum he conceived they must stand in need of, and divided it among them previous to their being sent from Berlin. When his army had to march through cultivated grounds, where the harvest had not yet been gathered in, if a single soldier placed his foot out of the path prescribed, his captain was infallibly put into a state of confinement. One day, in harvest time, perceiving some labourers running to save the corn from the approach of a heavy storm, he instantly ordered all his horses of burden to be harnessed and sent to assist the cultivators, who at first perceived them with alarm, and afterwards did not cease their surprise at finding such zeal and kindness in a general who was then their enemy. By such acts as these, and a thousand others, he gained the esteem and gratitude, attachment and veneration of the Saxons, in no less a degree than if he had sprung from the blood of their own sovereigns.

M. de Kalkreut remained in the service of prince Henry till about the year 1765, at which time they had a quarrel, which terminated in their abandoning all further intercourse with each other. The subject of this quarrel was, no doubt, of a serious nature; but it was kept a secret from all but a small number of persons.

At this epoch, the prince wrote to the king, and gave him a minute account of the services and talents of M. de Kalkreut, and solicited for him a higher rank in a regiment of cavalry. The king granted his

request, and M. de Kalkreut, on being appointed commandant of a regiment stationed at the extremity of Prussia, came, as is customary, to Berlin, to receive in person the commands of his majesty previous to taking possession of his post. Frederick, on entering the audience chamber, said to him in German, and with considerable austerity of manner, "I have appointed you to the command of such a regiment; you know the duties you have to fulfil; take possession of your post, and see that you fulfil them." He had no sooner pronounced these words than he turned his back on him and left the room.

From this time Kalkreut was no longer thought of at court. He remained with his regiment, and was made a general in his turn. When prince Henry and Kaphensk went into Russia, he was obliged to exercise his regiment in their presence. The prince, that he might avoid occasions of conversation with the commander, staid but a few minutes, so that Kalkreut had the mortification of doing the highest military honours to Kaphensk, who was his younger officer, and considered by him as an enemy.

Prince Henry was seldom on good terms with Frederick his brother. I have known them pass whole years without the least intercourse, and whenever they became friends it was always the king who made the first advances. "They are men of equal haughtiness of character," said I often to my friends; "if the prince were a king, I am certain it would be he who would make the advances, since such conduct

is always noble and generous on the part of the superiour. And if Frederick were the prince, I am also certain he would act like him, because advances on the part of the inferiour are always liable to being construed into selfish views, or some other disreputable motive. Thus, in my opinion, each acts precisely as he ought to act." What rendered their differences the more easy was, that the prince nourished too keen a recollection of the different confinements he had experienced at the hands of the king previous to his marriage: nor could he pardon his having forced him into a state for which he had no predilection. He did not forget that Frederick had resisted the earnest solicitations of his whole family, during the seven years' war, to make a peace; nor the manner in which on that occasion he had treated the prince of Prussia, his eldest brother. So many causes left the prince without much inclination to treat the monarch with common deference. Previous to the prince's going into Prussia, they had been for two years at variance, in consequence of Frederick's having said to him in conversation, "My dear brother, this is what you do not understand!" Henry turned his back upon the king, saying, "I am at an age to understand what I say." One day, conversing with the prince on the subject, I represented to him that the expression which had given him offence was so extremely familiar to the king as to be used by him without the least significance. The prince replied with warmth, "I do not choose to be the object of

such affronting insignificancies; let him correct this fault." The ill-humour and haughtiness of this remark are apparent. It must also be observed, that the two brothers did not entertain the same principles with respect to politicks. The prince loved and esteemed the French; he considered them as the most considerable and the surest allies of Prussia, and had accordingly ever been desirous of promoting between that country and his own a strict alliance, and would have been happy to be himself the means of its accomplishment; while, on the other hand, Frederick was of opinion that the French, destined to be the allies of his successours, when his kingdom should have sufficiently extended itself, could not, while there yet remained some conquest to be made, be other than his enemies. In other respects they were equally devoted to the interests of the state. It was on account of some political views of high importance, which at the time were kept a profound secret, that the prince made two journies to Petersburg. His object was to obtain for Prussia Swedish Pomerania, in exchange for an equivalent in Finland; Mecklenburg for We tphalia and Guelder; Lusatia for Anspach and Bareith; the small portion of Bohemia, on the right of the Elbe for a part of Poland; in short, the towns of Dantzick, Thorn, and Elbing, with their respective territory. It is evident that the first partition of Poland was the invention of this prince; but he did not wish to see a neighbouring kingdom wholly annihilated. Accordingly he openly condemn-

ed the last and even the second partition of that country.

The political reasons that made him averse to the total annihilation of Poland, led him to conceive a plan, by means of which he was persuaded he could place that country in a situation to oppose a powerful barrier to the innovations of Russia, Turkey, and Austria, in case of need: he accordingly regarded Poland as a useful ally of Prussia, of Sweden, and of Denmark. Such are the secret motives of his implacable animosity towards his brother for having prevented his nomination to the crown of Poland, and towards his nephew for having made the last partition of that country.

The heart burnings that existed between the two brothers were the cause of the king's including in the class of persons devoted to certain disgrace those who betrayed any attachment to his brother, or sought his favour. He considered them as persons who must infallibly speak ill of himself. He always made a point of doing them as little service as was possible. For this reason I never went to Rheinsburg, though the prince had given me the kindest invitations, alleging in excuse the little good will entertained by general Buddenbrock in my favour, the necessity I should be under of obtaining leave of absence from him and the fear I had of being refused: but my true motive was, that I wished to avoid every occasion of exciting the suspicion of the king, whose favours were still more essential to my interests than even those

of the prince, for whom, notwithstanding, I felt the greatest respect.

I have remarked that prince Henry had a haughtiness of temper; but this haughtiness was of a nature rather philosophical than vain; and, properly speaking, originated in the desire he had to think of himself with respect. Accordingly it manifested itself only towards his brother, or such persons as had appeared to fail of paying him that respect. In society no man could be more polite, attentive, unassuming, simple and indulgent. Nothing could be more natural than the tone of his conversation, and it was impossible to be under the least restraint in his company. It is true that in this respect he did not at all resemble his brother. The king was gay and animated; every word he uttered was a sally or an epigram; while prince Henry, on the other hand, was a man of a more serious temper; a man who examined what he said, was always consistent, and believed himself in what he advanced. I ought to do him the justice of observing, that I never knew him give a sophism for a solid reason, nor receive a bad reason without exposing and rejecting the sophistry it contained; and I will add, that he is, perhaps, the only man of rank I know who may be deserving of this eulogium.

I was with the prince in the street and hotel of the university at Paris, in company with my old friend and colleague M. de Bitaubé, the day on which Mirabeau's *La Monarchie Prussienne* was first published, a work in which this prince is extremely ill

treated. "I will inform you," said the prince, "by what means I incurred M. Mirabeau's displeasure..... You must have perceived," continued he, "before you left Berlin, that my brother's health was on the decline. This decline became every day more perceptible, till at length I was convinced we were about to lose a man whose influence was preponderant in the scale of Europe. I imagined his death would naturally give occasion to various intrigues of a dangerous nature, particularly at Berlin; and it appeared to me that France alone would be able to prevent or defeat such an evil; but the upright and worthy count d'Eterno appeared to me to be possessed of a character neither sufficiently decided nor active for the existing circumstances; and, in despite of the attachment and esteem I bore him, I wrote to some friends in France, that it would be highly necessary to send out a person of a different description, who at a critical moment would display greater resources and greater energy. My letter was transmitted by the council to M. de Calonne, and M. de Calonne named M. de Mirabeau, who accordingly left Paris with the necessary credentials, and was directed to take no steps but in concert with me. I was well acquainted with the talents of M. de Mirabeau, but I was equally acquainted with his principles of morality. The choice did not satisfy me, and I resolved not to expose myself to his indiscretions. He took every occasion of visiting me, but I received him with mere politeness. He communicated the intelligence he received, accom-

panied with billets from himself, conceived in the most courteous terms. I returned the official papers with the simple addition of my compliments; nor did he once succeed in obtaining my signature, or even a syllable of my writing. He has too much penetration not to have perceived that he did not enjoy my confidence, and I on my part too strictly watched his motions to be ignorant that his aim was to oblige me to write to him, though I could never ascertain the use he intended to make of any notes or letters I might have sent him. His having failed in this project is the ground of his furious exasperation against me, and of his ill treatment of me in his *Monarchie Prussienne.*" In fact, the count de Mirabeau, but little anxious to obtain the reputation of a man of delicacy, observed of the prince royal, nephew to Frederick, *My bristles perplex and confound him.* He also flattered himself he should make prince Henry appear in a contemptible light, by uniting in respect to him the absurdest calumnies, and the most puerile reproaches; for instance, saying of him, *Little in stature, little in mind, &c.* The marquis de Luchette, who at that time belonged to the household of this prince, came in the same morning, and in the utmost agitation announced that M. Mirabeau's work was just published, and contained an article replete with insolence towards his royal highness. The prince, infinitely superiour to such attacks, with the calmness of a true philosopher, replied to the marquis: "Why should I suffer any thing of this sort to make me uneasy? My birth,

whether fortunate or unfortunate, is in a rank that inevitably condemns me to be a subject for history. If what M. de Mirabeau says of me be true, he only anticipates what would hereafter be recorded. There is nothing very grievous in this. If what he asserts be false, still less should I give myself any concern about it. History will avenge my cause. Be so good as to procure me sixteen copies of the work immediately." On the copies being brought to him, he kept one to read himself, and took the rest with him, when he went out for the purpose of distributing them to his friends, to whom he said: "In this work I am extremely ill spoken of; do me the favour to read it, and to examine attentively whether I resemble the portrait it contains of me." The next day, as the prince was entering the king's apartments at Versailles, he met M. Seguier, the advocate-general, who said to him, showing a copy of the work: "Here is a criminal on whose execution I am this moment going to attend."...."I am at once grateful and concerned," answered the prince, "for the solicitude this subject occasions: for is not all this conferring on the culprit an honour of which he is not deserving?" It appears to me that nothing could be a better refutation of the sentiment of Mirabeau, or a stronger proof that the prince was not so little as he had described him.

I have been a hundred times asked which of the two princes, Frederick and Henry, possessed in my opinion the most of the qualities that constitute a

great man ? There is no doubt that they were both of the small number of men who are worthy to serve as models to the rest of their species, but who, notwithstanding, obtain the fewest imitators. Never however, did two men less resemble each other. Frederick was the most robust in form, yet his life was the shortest*. The physiognomy of each was strongly marked and considerably characteristick ; but the whole head of the king was strikingly handsome, which nevertheless did not prevent his assuming at times extreme severity of countenance ; while the prince, who was far from being handsome, had an exteriour that never failed to be engaging. No eyes perhaps were ever more penetrating, intelligent, animated, and agreeable, than those of the king, though they could so suddenly assume an expression absolutely terrifick. Those of prince Henry, on the contrary, at first sight conveyed the idea of harshness of character in the possessor, and inclined somewhat to a squint; but an intercourse with him of two minutes only, was sufficient to produce a contrary opinion. The eldest brother had a ready flow of wit, a turn for repartee and epigram, and was by nature prone to high spirits and a sarcastick kind of humour: he was at the same time penetrating, and as it were prophetick ; possessing in an eminent degree that sort of subtlety which deceives others, and is somewhat allied to cunning.

* The king lived to the age of seventy-five, and the prince to that of seventy-seven.

The mind of prince Henry was of a more sober cast, but by no means deficient in quickness. He was habitually a reasoner, but without pedantry; severe in his judgment, without unkindness; upright and equitable, without harshness or dejection. His art was the sister of prudence, which confined itself to discovering artifice in others, and enabling him to escape its effects. Every man of taste and judgment would have highly valued opportunities of approaching and listening to the king, to whom they would have given their utmost admiration; but all men of rectitude and sensibility would have wished to live with the prince, on whom they would have bestowed their affections. The first dispensed delight in the society in which he engaged with a sort of profusion; the latter, the most delicate attentions and the most obliging courtesies. They were both more than what is called men of understanding, they were learned men; in profoundness of thinking, extent and fertility of genius, they were equal. In war and politicks they have both been able actors; but what the one has done, as it were by inspiration, the other has done by dint of calculation and reflection. Hence it has happened that the one has performed the most achievements, and is the most chargeable with errours; while the other, whose achievements have also been great, has, on the contrary, no errours with which he could reproach himself. With respect to their faults, we may with truth ascribe to the king that of a mistrustful temper, and to the prince the

contrary defect of a too easy confidence. I am not now speaking of their discretion: the king has sometimes betrayed his political opinions from passion; the prince was never guilty of imprudence except when his personal concerns alone were in question; because the former was by nature irritable, and the latter by nature frank. Both possessed considerable haughtiness of temper on certain occasions; the king, for example, when he suspected a person of intending disrespect towards him, and the prince when he had reason to think the disrespect had actually taken place. Considered in a military point of view, the king was brave from character, and the prince from principle. On the other hand, in matters of social intercourse, it was the latter who was kind and indulgent from character, while the former was so from principle. I am inclined to compare the king to Hannibal for subtlety, and to Condé for personal courage; and the prince to Turenne and to Gustavus Adolphus. They shared between them, so to express myself, the characters of Alexander and of Cesar.

PRINCE FERDINAND, THIRD BROTHER OF FREDERICK.

PRINCE Ferdinand, youngest son of William the First, was, of all his brothers, the one whose health was the least robust and promising. He, however, like the rest, went through the long and terrible campaigns of the seven years' war; but he held no station in the wars that preceded it, being then too young; nor in that concerning the succession of Bavaria, as he was then in a state of weakness, in which the necessary perils and fatigues could not but have proved fatal; and though he returned alive from the campaigns in which he had served, his health was in consequence visibly on the decline. He had escaped the attacks of the enemy, but was a victim to those of disease.

This prince, who, like his brothers, had so often fought at the head of the bravest soldiers, and of whom, as of prince Henry, Frederick said, "My brothers expose themselves too much; every battle covers them with glory: but while their valour excites my admiration, it makes me at the same time tremble for their safety." He was so fortunate as on no occasion to have been wounded; but his constitu-

tion was nevertheless much impaired, and his health considerably weakened by the fatigue he had undergone.

He married a princess of the royal house of Prussia, who was his cousin, and daughter of the Margrave of Schwedt. She was handsome, well-shaped, lively, intelligent, and extremely pleasing. They had several children who are alive, and at present constitute the principal ornament of the court. I saw them when they were very young, and gave promise of the brightest hopes.

As prince Ferdinand enjoyed but a feeble state of health, he was necessarily compelled to observe a moderate and tranquil course of life, which was indeed his choice. Accordingly, his whole life and conduct are marked with this character. His intercourse continually exhibited the same regularity and polish. On becoming grand master of the protestant Teutonick order, he passed his winters at Berlin, and his summers at the castle of Fredericks-feld, four miles from that metropolis; and in each of these abodes every thing around him wore the appearance of happiness and tranquillity. He was not, however, an enemy to entertainments, provided they were not too tumultuous. I remember he once asked me to compose two couplets for some such occasion, and wrote down the idea which he wished to be the subject, and also the measure and number of the verses; the air in which they were to be sung having been previously composed. His gardens at Fredericks-feld

comprised different decorations of which he was the author.

This prince had no other first aid-de-camp than count de Smettau, son of the field-marshal of that name, a man of considerable merit and extensive knowledge, particularly in the military art; nor was he less respectable for the firmness of his character and the soundness of his understanding.

However the health of prince Ferdinand might stand in need of different precautions, he never suffered it to prevent his fulfilling his military duties with the greatest exactness. He went every spring to Ruppin for the purpose of exercising his regiment, where it lay in garrison, while prince Henry went on a similar errand to Spandau. I have seen each of these princes on the days of the grand review support the fatigue it occasioned both at the head of their regiments and on foot.

I have had occasion to speak elsewhere of the consort of the prince; it may, therefore, be sufficient to repeat in this place that I constantly observed in her the most perfect kindness of temper, moderation, gentleness, and frankness. One day, when M. Borrelly had the honour of dining at her table, she conversed with him on the subject of the history of the Bastile by Linguet, which she had just read...." Your Bastile, Sir," said she, " is a most horrible kind of institution; proceedings the most abominable are practised in it under the mask of silence and concealment; proceedings one would not have expected to hear of in

a nation that ranks itself among the first of civilized nations. No where is despotism more formidable; and you must allow that among the Prussians, who are more modest in their pretensions, nothing like it is to be seen !"...." And does your highness maintain that the castle of Spandau is conducted with greater humanity and mildness ? Do the laws find easier access to it, and do we know what passes within its walls ? If its true history were known, would it offer greater consolation to the bosom of humanity ?"...." Ah ! Sir," rejoined she with vivacity and frankness, "you are right; I did not think of Spandau ! On this point perhaps all governments are equal."

PRINCESS ULRICA, QUEEN DOWAGER OF SWEDEN.

WHEN M. de Vergennes, ambassadour from France to Stockholm, had prevailed on Gustavus to take the royal authority out of the guardianship of the senate, one of the first precautions that prudence, as it should seem, dictated, was that of sending away the queen dowager, mother to the king, that celebrated Ulrica whose charms and understanding were so highly boasted of by Voltaire: in reality, such steps were taken as induced her to form the desire, and this without her suspecting the influence of any will but her own, of passing some time at Berlin, to embrace her family once more, and again behold the scenes of her infancy. The affair was accordingly negotiated by herself, while the court of Sweden appeared to be taking no other part in the arrangement than that of yielding to the desire of a much-respected and truly respectable personage. The court of Prussia could do no less than manifest the strongest solicitude to obtain an early and protracted visit from a relative of their sovereign, who had been so long the object of their affection. The queen therefore passed the Baltick, accompanied by her royal high-

ness, daughter to her majesty, aand now abess of Quedlinburg.

I had the good fortune to receive continually from the queen dowager the most flattering marks of esteem. Her custom was to appear in her saloon a long time before dinner was served, and to enter into a tête-à-tête conversation, in the presence of the company at large, with the person she chose to select for this purpose, and with whom she generally retired to one of the windows, so as not to be heard by others. It was in this way that I learned from her own lips, during her stay of nine months at Berlin, all the anecdotes relative to her reign, and that she discussed with me an infinite number of political questions, to which she was led by a natural predilection for such subjects. The young princess her daughter never left her side. She came with her, and retired with her, and at table was always seated between her and her mistress of the robes, unless one of the queen's brothers happened to be present, or some princess of the royal family; in which case her royal highness of Sweden sat below them, and her governess next her. The queen, for the most part, seated herself about the middle of the table, and the princes or princesses on her right and left hand. After these, came the ladies of the court, and then the gentlemen, who in this manner necessarily filled the two ends of the table, leaving the side opposite to the queen, to the marshals of the court and other foreigners, who by this means could hold a conversation with her ma-

jesty with the greater facility. The gentlemen of the household helped the dishes, and slices from each of them were handed in course round to the guests. When the queen withdrew from table, all the company followed her to the saloon, where she left them, to retire with her daughter and other relatives to a private apartment; for the etiquette which allowed her to sit and eat at the same table with us, prohibited her drinking coffee with us.

In the conversations I had apart with her majesty in the recesses of the windows, she had the habit of putting her face quite close to mine, a circumstance that rendered them extremely irksome; for these conferences were generally long, and every word she uttered brought with it an odour almost insupportable, but which, notwithstanding, I was obliged to inhale without betraying the least dislike. It was sometimes so offensive that I feared I should be absolutely unable to keep my legs; so that it may be imagined her communications, in my estimation, lost considerable of their intrinsick value.

It was after a certain number of these conferences that she requested me to undertake a work which, as it appeared to her, would be of the greatest use, and which she believed me capable of composing agreeably to her views. Her object was to collect, in one volume of an ordinary size, the proofs that existed, and that were the most convincing, of the superiority of a monarchy over every other sort of government. "I do not want a learned treatise," said she, "since

such a book would be designed for ordinary readers, who would be alarmed by abstract or profound discussions. What I want is a work which, by the clearness and justness of its reasonings, may be effectually striking and convincing: nor should it be long, for then it would be rejected by the indolent. It should be a small portable volume, just the size to lie on a dressing-table. But what is of more importance than all the rest is, that it should be simple and natural in its arrangement, and, above all, written in a pleasing style." She observed also, that such a work should not seem to have Sweden for its object; a circumstance that would not fail to inspire distrust, and would serve rather to alienate than to persuade.

At the end of two months I waited on the queen, and presented her with the work I had executed, and solicited her further orders respecting the use she wished to have made of it. She appeared well satisfied, and directed me to put the manuscript into the hands of Samuel Pitra, a bookseller, and at the same time to require of him a solemn promise that he would disclose to no one by whom or in what place the book had been composed; that the same secrecy should be observed with respect to the place in which it should be printed: in short, that every thing should be avoided that could furnish the smallest room to suspect that the queen had taken any part in the publication, or even knew of its existence. The book was in a short time presented to her majesty complete,

when she paid all the expenses, took a hundred copies for herself, and sent Pitra to me with fifty, which I afterwards distributed among my friends. Pitra sent a certain number of copies to the booksellers at Stockholm; and the queen, on leaving Berlin, about two months after, made me a present of a handsome case, made of mother-of-pearl, the divisions of which were columns of solid gold, inscribed with these words: *The gift of friendship*. Such is the faithful history of the composition, and of the first edition of the volume in duodecimo, entitled, *Les Adieux du Duc de Bourgogne et de l'Abbé de Fenelon son Precepteur; ou, Dialogue sur les differentes Formes de Gouvernment; a Douai*, 1772. A second edition of this work, with considerable corrections, appeared at Paris in 1788, but under the same title.

I know not on what occasion it was that, conversing one day with the queen on the subject of the celebrated visionary Swedenburg, we expressed a desire, particularly M. Merian and myself, to know what opinion was entertained of him in Sweden. I on my part related what had been told me respecting him by chamberlain d'Hamon, who was still alive, and who had been ambassadour from Prussia both to Holland and France. It was that his brother-in-law, ambassadour from Holland to Stockholm, having died suddenly, a shopkeeper demanded of his widow the payment of a bill for some articles of drapery, which she remembered had been paid in her husband's lifetime: that the widow not being able to find the

shopkeeper's receipt, had been advised to consult with Swedenburg, who she was told could converse with the dead whenever he pleased: that she accordingly adopted this advise, though she did so less from credulity than curiosity: and that at the end of a few days Swedenburg informed her that her deceased husband had taken the shopkeeper's receipt for the money on such a day, and at such an hour, as he was reading such an article in Bayle in his cabinet: that his attention being called immediately afterwards to some other concern, he had put the receipt into the book to mark the place at which he left off, where in fact it was found at the page described. The queen replied, that though she was but little disposed to believe in such seeming miracles, she had nevertheless been willing to put the power of M. Swedenburg, with whom she was acquainted, to the proof: that she was previously acquainted with the anecdote I had related, and it was one of those that had most excited her astonishment, though she had never taken the pains to ascertain the truth of it: that M. Swedenburg having come one evening to her court, she had taken him aside, and begged him to inform himself of her deceased brother the prince royal of Prussia, what he said to her at the moment of her taking leave of him for the court of Stockholm. She added, that what he had said was of a nature to render it impossible that the prince could have repeated it to any one, nor had it ever escaped her own lips: that some days after Swedenburg returned,

when she was seated at cards, and requested she would grant him a private audience; to which she replied, he might communicate what he had to say before the company; but that Swedenburg assured her he could not declare his errand in the presence of witnesses; that in consequence of this intimation the queen became agitated, gave her cards to another lady, and requested M. de Schwerin, who was also present when she related the story to us, to accompany her: that they accordingly went together into another apartment, where she posted M. de Schwerin at the door, and advanced towards the furthest extremity of it with Swedenburg, who said to her, "You took, Madam, your last leave of the prince of Prussia, your late and august brother, at Charlottenburg, on such a day and at such an hour of the afternoon. As you were passing afterwards through the long gallery, in the castle of Charlottenburg, you met him again. He then took you by the hand, and led you to such a window, where you could not be overheard, and then said to you these words ....." The queen did not repeat the words, but protested to us they were the very same her brother had pronounced, and that she retained the most perfect recollection of them. She added, that she had nearly fainted with the shock she experienced, and called on M. de Schwerin to answer for the truth of what she had said, who in his laconick style contented himself with saying, "All you have said, Madam, is perfectly true, at least as far as I am concerned." I

ought to add, that though the queen laid great stress on the truth of her recital, she professed herself at the same time incredulous to Swedenburg's supposed conferences with the dead. "A thousand events," said she, "appear inexplicable and supernatural to us, who know only the immediate consequences of them; and men of quick parts, who are never so well pleased as when they exhibit something wonderful, take advantage of this to gain an extraordinary reputation. M. Swedenburg was a man of learning, and of some talent in this way, but I cannot imagine by what means he obtained the knowledge of what could have been repeated to no one. However, I have no faith in his having had a conference with my brother."

M. de Gualtieri, an extravagant enthusiast in all his opinions, had praised to the queen in the strongest terms the understanding and talents of the eldest daughter of M. Formey. "By heavens! Madam," said he, "her most trivial billets are equal to the best of Sevigné's Letters!" It was in consequence of these extravagant encomiums that the queen said to M. Formey, "I have been assured that your eldest daughter possesses an excellent understanding, and that her style of writing is admirable." .... "I trust, Madam, my daughter has sense enough to write in a natural and easy manner." .... "But I have heard her so highly spoken of! I have been assured she is another Sevigné." .... "Her merit has been exaggerated to your majesty." .... "This

is of no consequence: I beg you will bestow her on me; she shall be my secretary." .... "There is, Madam, a way in which this can be arranged. Your majesty has only to bestow on me her royal highness (pointing to the princess of Sweden who was seated by her mother's side); we shall then have made what one may call an exchange. You will treat my daughter with kindness, while I, on my part, will take every possible care of the princess. She shall want for nothing, and I will consider her as my favourite child." The astonishment of the auditors, on hearing such language addressed to the queen, may easily be conceived. From this time her majesty never again repeated the name of Mademoiselle Formey.

I do not recollect what piece was to be played at the French theatre, one day when Merian, Formey and myself, and I believe some other persons, were dining with the queen. "I intend, gentlemen," said she, "to go to the play this evening; shall I have the pleasure of seeing you there?" .... "That was precisely my intention," replied Merian .... "It was also mine," said I in my turn .... "I Madam," added Formey, "have no ticket." When we had left the table, and the queen, as was her custom, had withdrawn to take her coffee in a private apartment, the young princess came running to us with a ticket in her hand, and said to M. Formey, "Here, Sir, is a ticket my mother sends you for the theatre." Formey replied, "May God return you both the like kind-

ness, Madam, in his holy paradise!" A prayer like this from the lips of an old ecclesiastick, who asks God to give the queen and the young princess a ticket for the play in paradise, threw the whole company into a burst of laughter, and her royal highness ran to report the result to her mother.

The queen requested M. Formey to preach in her chapel, and the following Sunday was accordingly fixed on. On the Saturday we were dining at prince Henry's, with the queen of Sweden, the princess her daughter, the then reigning dutchess of Brunswick, eldest sister to the queen, the mistresses of the robes, ladies of honour, &c. During the dinner, the queen said to her future preacher, "On what text, M. Formey, shall you preach to-morrow?".... "To-morrow, Madam, I will inform you."...."And why not to-day?"...."Because it is not till to-morrow that I am to have the honour of preaching before your majesty."...."But your telling me your text is not preaching your sermon."...."Would your majesty steal the maidenhead of my sermon?".... The whole company instantly cast their eyes on the ground, that they might not increase, by ill-timed observation, the confusion of the queen and the other ladies. On the following day, the queen again engaged M. Formey in conversation, and in all probability not without a desire to be revenged of the liberties he had allowed himself. She attacked him on the doctrine of the resurrection, principally on some arguments which she had heard him deliver on

the subject, and especially a deduction he had broached in favour of the resurrection from a comparison with the chrysalis. M. Formey listened with profound attention without replying a single word. The queen at length said: "But, M. Formey, you make no reply. Will you not have the charity to instruct me? If I go astray, Sir, you ought to combat my errours. I therefore beg you will answer me."....
"There was, Madam, thirty years ago, at Berlin, a French preacher whom your majesty might know when very young: his name was N."...."Yes," replied the queen, I well remember the name."....
"He was, Madam, the president of the consistory when a preacher of the colony was guilty of some scandalous misdemeanor, the particulars of which I do not recollect, for which he was summoned and reproved. Six months after this admonition the preacher N., who in his quality of president had taken the lead, was walking near Stralow, a short distance from Berlin, where the Spree is full half a league in breadth. He recollected that he had some business to transact on the opposite side of the water. He applied to a fisherman near the spot, and agreed with him for a boat to take him across the Spree. When they had reached the middle, the fisherman put one of his feet against one side of the boat, and the other against the other, and began to rock the boat as if he would have overturned it. The poor preacher, no longer able to keep his legs, sat down, and clung with his two hands to the boat, crying,

'Villain! what are you about? would you drown me?' .... 'Ha, ha, Sir,' replied the fisherman, '*this is my consistory; it is now my turn to sprinkle heads.*' Thus, Madam, I held my consistory in the saloon; it is now your majesty's turn. You deigned to listen to me with kindness and indulgence, without even a single attempt to interrupt me. Can I forget such a benefit? No, nothing could prevail on me to dispense with the respect with which I on my part am now bound to listen to all your majesty may have to say. You are in your consistory, and I am silent." The anecdote was aptly introduced. It produced a general laugh; and all that had gone before was forgotten. By such ingenious artifices as these M. Formey was sure to appease the queen when, by any inconsiderate language, he had incurred her displeasure. He was unguarded in the extreme in his conversation, but had the happiest resources for repairing his indiscretion. The misfortune, however was, that it was much more difficult to imitate his resources than his imprudence.

PRINCESS AMELIA OF PRUSSIA, ABBESS OF QUEDLINBURG.

THE princess Amelia of Prussia, the youngest sister of Frederick, was in her youth the object of almost universal adoration; no less for the extreme beauty of her person and the excellence of her understanding, than for the mild and benevolent virtues which formed her character. She at the same time possessed many distinguished talents; and it was in my time still recollected that at Berlin, where the science of musick is generally cultivated, there was no one who had surpassed her in the knowledge and perfection of that difficult yet delightful art. Different pieces of musick of her composition have been carefully preserved, and I was myself a witness to the admiration they excited at a period when certainly there existed no predilection in her favour.

Amelia, more perhaps than any other member of the family, possessed an understanding that resembled that of Frederick. She had the same subtlety, the same vivacity, the same propensity to sarcastick satire. With respect to the last of these qualities, I allude to the time in which I knew her; for in her youth, this feature of her character had on no occasion made its

appearance. Her library, whichwas considerably extensive, was rendered particularly curious from the circumstance of her having set down her own reflections in the margins of all the books she had read.

The first conversation I had with this princess happened in the following manner. The dutchess of Brunswick, the eldest of the sisters then alive, had come to Berlin to visit her sister Ulrica, queen dowager of Sweden. She had sent me an invitation to be with her between twelve and one o'clock on the day after her arrival. I obeyed, and found her still in her morning dress. A few moments after my entrance the princess Amelia was announced: "What, my dear sister," cried the dutchess, "you have taken the trouble to come up to me; I cannot but be both concerned and grateful: but, dear sister, will you allow me to leave you for a moment just to put on my gown, and will you allow M. Thiebault in the mean time to keep you company?"...."Willingly," replied the princess, in her accustomed harsh and sepulchral voice. The dutchess then left us, and the princess Amelia, addressing herself to me, said, "In my way hither I observed a priest in the anti-chamber, whom I do not remember to have seen before; do you know who he is?"...."It is, madam, the pastor Reclam." ...."Is he a preacher of merit?"...."I do not know, madam, for I never heard him."...,"Neither have I; but I imagine we need not much regret our loss."...."I know nothing of his talents in the pulpit, but in other respects I consider him as a man of learning and

understanding."...." He is not a man of talents ; this is easily perceived. See how short, thin, and insignificant he is! He can have no strength of voice for speaking ; he must be a wretched preacher." As I made no reply to this part of her observation, being sensible how little M. Reclam's ability as a preacher was suited to his understanding, she changed the subject, and asked me if it were true that M. Toussaint, my colleague, was so ill as was reported ? " It is true, madam," replied I ; " his complaint is a slow fever, which has been preying on his health for more than six months, and which baffles the art of the physicians."...." He is, then, Sir, a dead man."...." This, madam, is what is apprehended."...." He is a dead man, I tell you. But he will not leave a vacuum in the literary world, for he has produced nothing remarkable."...." He has given us, madam, the book entitled *Les Mœurs*."...." He never wrote that book; an old priest who had composed it, but had no mind to bring either his benefices or his tranquillity into danger, made a present of it to M. Toussaint, who was still young, on condition that the latter should prefix his own name to it."...." I have before heard the circumstance your royal highness has related, but no proof has been brought of the fact, nor is it supported by any of the details that must infallibly have come to light if the story had been a true one."...." The fact however is certain, and the proof of it is, that M. Toussaint has never since been able to produce a work of equal merit."...." It is true, madam, that

his book entitled *Eclaircissemens sur les Mœurs*, and the memoirs he has given to the academy of Berlin, have neither of them equal merit with that entitled Les Mœurs: they however contain proofs of the same genius, the same cast of thinking, the same tone, the same style and fundamental doctrine; nor could we fail to discern the same author, did we but consider the effect which must naturally have been produced on the powers of a man somewhat advanced in years, and who has been a prey to misfortune."....
"But he is not old."...."He is, madam, turned of fifty by several years."...."A man of strong understanding does not so soon begin to decline. This, in a few words, is his true history. Being the proprietor of a work which he did not write himself, he studied it so incessantly while young, as to model his way of thinking upon it, and to retain forever the bent that was thus given to his mind. You defend him in vain; he is a miserable scribbler, who will leave behind him no vacuum, and no regrets."

To all appearance this princess took singular delight in tormenting those about her. For instance, when she had company to supper, she was not content that among the persons present there should be a victim to the ordinary attacks of malignant persons. Accordingly, she never invited madame du Troussel, one of her oldest acquaintances, and the one who was at all times the most ready to fall in with her humour in this respect, without inviting at the same time a widow lady of the name of Bonin, a woman of excel-

lent understanding, but who, from an inexplicable kind of weakness, could not lose a single game at cards without bewailing her misfortune in tears. The princess always contrived to place these two at the same table, and never failed to say before-hand to the former, "Do play as well as you can, that La Bonin may lose her money; recollect how much her crying amuses me, and do not spare her."

When the court received orders to escape to Magdeburg, madame du Troussel, whose mother was on her death bed, came to the castle to take leave of the queen and princesses. She found the princess Amelia in full dress and covered with diamonds. She manifested the greatest joy, and amused herself with seeing the court yard full of wagons, and baggage which, for the sake of greater despatch, was thrown from the windows. On seeing madame du Troussel, who was then madame de Kleist, "How is it," said she, "that you are not preparing to escape with us?" ...."I cannot, madam, leave Berlin; my mother is dangerously ill, and has no one but me to take care of her: I therefore will not leave her."...."Vastly well, my dear; but these Russians who are coming will set fire to the whole town, and sack and pillage every thing. They will put you to death, depend upon it! Such barbarians! Such savages! Nor will your being made a sacrifice be the means of saving your mother."...."They will do to me what they think fit, but I will not be deterred by fear from performing the sacred duties that detain me at Berlin."....

"Since this is the case, my dear, I shall see you no more: this is inevitable: so adieu, adieu, my poor unfortunate!" In this manner she embraced and dismissed her.

A circumstance that has been generally remarked, but of which few persons have divined the cause, is the constant and invariable attachment that subsisted between the princess and Frederick. Never did this brother, though in the habit of giving proofs of his attachment to his other sisters, bestow on any of them such marked attentions as on the princess Amelia. He never arrived at Berlin without immediately sending a page to inquire concerning her health. She continually had his first visit, or rather he visited no other person. If he had any novelty among his fruits or other articles, he never failed to send her a part. A story is told on this subject, that a page being sent to Potzdam to carry a certain number of cherries to the princess Amelia, had ventured to eat some of them on the road, not dreaming that Frederick, to the full as cunning as himself, had enjoined his sister to let him know how many she received, or that, being discovered, he should have digested them in a prison.

Madame du Troussel, who had a considerable predilection for fortune-tellers, has a thousand times told me that the princess was no less fond of the same amusement: that she frequently sent in private for all the fortune-tellers of reputation: that she herself had sent her a great number; and that having the same taste, she had become, if not the only, at least

the intimate confidante of princess Amelia in this respect. They conversed together on the subject with great interest, and for a long time together; and madame du Troussel has positively assured me that she knew at the time, if not from the lips of the princess, from those about her, first, that during the seven years' war, and particularly at its most critical periods, she had passed whole days in having cards drawn for the king, whose name, however, was not mentioned: secondly, that she transmitted the results and prognosticks to the king, which left room for conjecture as to the fact whether the king believed in the arts of fortune telling, and also whether she was led to this kind of divination by her own fancy or by the orders of her brother.

These facts are of sufficient importance to deserve a close and minute investigation. I include in them three points; first, the particular attachment that subsisted between the brother and sister; secondly, the predilection entertained by the princess for fortune tellers; thirdly, the weakness or condescension of the king respecting the last of these articles. I will now lay before the reader my own opinion with respect to each of these points.

First, The princess Amelia, in so many ways unfortunate, and particularly in her connexions, was sensible that from her royal brother alone she could expect the alleviation of her sorrows; as also that he alone could end them. If it be objected that he himself was the cause of those sorrows, I answer that she

was no less sensible that every evil she endured at his hands was the offspring of that severe political code, the laws of which could not but be indispensable, while they have at the same time no power of destroying fraternal tenderness and the most endearing commiseration. All these considerations were therefore calculated to make the princess throw herself into the arms of the king, and resolve to say to him: "Here is your sister, with her load of sorrows, at your mercy; dispose of me as you think fit; from you alone will I accept consolation; the blows you shall inflict I will receive without a murmur; but let me have at least the satisfaction of receiving them from you alone! Save me from the despair of seeing myself the victim of the insults and scorn of others!"

In this supposition, which is more than probable, and agrees so perfectly with the facts, what must the feelings of the king naturally have been towards her? Must he not have said to himself: "My poor sister! in every respect so amiable, so truly unfortunate; and this too at my hands! Ah! let me manifest the sense I entertain of her wrongs, and sooth her by sharing those afflictions that are inevitable! My friendship shall console her, though I am incapable of inspiring her with any remaining hope; and may that friendship repair as much as possible the injustice of an inflexible and cruel policy! Is not my sister worthy of such kindness? Let us judge of her by the patient gentleness with which she endures these evils, by her constant resignation, and by the affection she feels

for me who am the cause of all her sufferings." I conceive it is impossible to know Frederick, and to suppose of him, under such circumstances, otherwise than I have done.

Secondly, That the princess Amelia should have had recourse to the infamous impostors who pretend to foresee the future, and should have trusted in their art, I am not at all surprised. This is a snare, more than any other, calculated to allure the heart that is at once susceptible, unfortunate, and bereft of every hope. Its native rectitude is insufficient to restrain it, and, when least credulous, it still will yield to a temptation which for a moment will lull the soul and fill it with soothing images. It is not that we mistake a dream for a reality; but it is a dream that alleviates by suspending, as long as it endures, the evils that beset us; a dream that brings a respite to the pained and sinking soul, and, by an interval of joy, renews its strength. I have met with persons, and particularly with some of active imaginations, who never for a moment believed in such absurdities, but who have nevertheless given up, from time to time, whole hours to this practice merely as an amusement. Persons of this stamp resort to fortune tellers when their minds are under the influence of any particular agitation, in the same spirit in which they build castles in the air in their more composed and sanguine moments, while in reality they believe in neither the one nor the other.

Thirdly, Was the princess Amelia authorized by her brother to interrogate the book of fate with respect to the future destiny of his states? It is absolutely impossible to treat this question in any other way than as the greatest absurdity. The whole life of Frederick exhibits no one moment in which he could be suspected of such a puerile imbecility of mind. It was not to such contemptible resources he had recourse to foresee and frustrate the designs of Daun and of Laudohn. It is, however, compatible with the features of his character, to suppose that he received with toleration the notices sent him by a sister whom he had resolved to treat with peculiar delicacy, and who, no doubt, feigned herself incredulous, and perhaps was really so, to the intelligence she communicated. As, however, this kind of temporizing might, if known, have exposed him to ridicule, it is natural to suppose he recommended to her to use the utmost circumspection in such proceedings. This is the reason why this singular correspondence has been heard of by so few persons, and but vaguely even by these; a correspondence which, in my opinion, was pardonable in the princess, and did honour to the king's goodness of heart, without detracting from the superiority of his understanding.

The marked attachment which subsisted between Frederick and the princess Amelia produced this bad effect, that the court and the town considered her as a spy upon the conduct of the king; the severe criticisms she at times pronounced having served to justify

this opinion. The consequence was, that the princess at length was every where dreaded: even prince Henry himself spoke of her with open disesteem in the circles he frequented. Had he experienced from her any just cause for dislike? Of this I am ignorant; but what I know is, that he never spoke of her to me without calling her a malevolent fairy, or in some such disrespectful terms. For my own part, I never discovered in this princess any thing to justify the opinion of the prince and of the court.

It is easy to imagine that the princess Amelia become infirm, and dreaded as she was in consequence of the reputation she had acquired, must have lived principally in retirement, and for the most part without society. She never appeared at any levee, and received scarcely any visiters. It is extremely probable that but for the visit of the queen dowager of Sweden, I should not have had the honour of her acquaintance; nor did I even on this occasion meet with her any where but under her own roof; nor do I believe in my time that she ever visited her brothers. Her household consisted of madame de Maupertuis, her mistress of the robes, a good sort of woman of confined understanding; two ladies of honour, a chamberlain, and two pages. Such was the circle to which she principally confined herself: for, in general, she gave no suppers oftener than once a month.

Her revenue was but moderate. It consisted of her appanage, which in this country is inconsiderable; and the abbacy of Quedlinburg, which might

produce about a hundred thousand livres per annum.

That part of her history which has been the least known, and with respect to which the publick has entertained a variety of opinions, and some of them unfavourable, is the cause of the infirmities she laboured under. As the princess was well formed, though not tall, it would seem that she ought naturally, even at a more advanced age, to have escaped them; while she, on the contrary, had been their victim for many years before the period at which they might reasonably be apprehended. Nor was she the victim of only one or two infirmities; for in her they seemed to have accumulated their greatest force. In some instances she was, no doubt, the author of her own misfortune. Of this I will give an instance which is well authenticated. Being at one time attacked with an inflammation in her eyes, M. Mekel, her physician, ordered her a liquid composition, which was to be heated and held so as that the steam should reach the eyes. He enjoined that the liquid was by no means to be brought nearer than seven or eight inches from the eyes, and on no account to touch them, since such an act of imprudence would most likely prove the means of her losing her sight entirely. No sooner had the princess laid hold of this liquid than she immediately applied it to her eyes, which produced so fatal an effect that she narrowly escaped being blind for the rest of her life; and since that time her eyes have remained started half way out of their

sockets, and have become in consequence as hideous as they had previously been handsome.

Another of her infirmities, of a still more remarkable nature, was her having almost entirely lost her voice, so that she spoke with considerable difficulty, and was heard with the most painful sensations. The sound that came from her was a hoarse sepulchral kind of croaking, like that of a person in the act of suffocation, and who struggles to call out for help.

I shall not dwell on the subject of her other infirmities; such as the shaking of her head, which seemed barely able to sustain itself; the tottering of her legs, which appeared to sink under the weight of her body, emaciated as it was; of her hands and arms, the victims of the palsy. But let me ask what must be the power of the motive that could induce this princess to bring on herself such terrible calamities? What philosophy could inspire her with the fortitude to support such a fate without even complaining? Of what energy of soul must she have been the possessor? It cannot be denied, that to the eye of observation the princess Amelia presents a phenomenon at once extraordinary and worthy of attention. She died, or rather wasted in gradual decay, a short time after the death of Frederick.

THE DUTCHESS OF BRUNSWICK AND HER CHILDREN.

I HAD been but a short time at Berlin, when, walking one day with M. Toussaint, my colleague, I perceived two young men in regimentals, distinguished by the yellow ribbon, who approached us on horseback. They stopped and conversed for a few minutes with M. Toussaint, who, having been some months in the country previous to my leaving France, was already known, and, after looking at me attentively, took their leave in a language of the greatest politeness. They were the princes Frederick-Augustus, and William of Brunswick, nephews to the king by their mother's side, and to the queen by that of their father. They were both generals and commanders; the one of a regiment in garrison at Berlin, and the other of a regiment stationed at Frankfort, upon the Oder. We soon after received an invitation from the eldest of them, under whose roof the youngest had apartments, to dine with him. It appeared evident to me that the two princes had agreed with each other respecting the manner in which they would bestow their confidence on us, for prince Frederick, the eldest, consulted M. Toussaint on the subject of his

compositions, and with me avoided it entirely: while, on the other hand, prince William, the youngest, scarcely quitted me for a moment during the whole visit, and conversed of nothing but literature: nor was it long before he entered upon subjects of perfect confidence. "I have, Sir, a strong desire," said he, "which in your eyes will, no doubt, appear presumptuous: however, I cannot resist it, and I must consequently obey the impulse. Experience alone could prevail upon me to subdue this desire by proving to me the impossibility of obtaining my object: but I will not conceal from you, that should I succeed, I shall have attained to the summit of my wishes. I am, Sir, passionately enamoured of poetry, and, to try my skill in this art, I am determined to undertake a poem of an elevated kind. You perceive how much I shall stand in need of assistance, and you are the only person of whom I would receive it: indeed, I know of no one so able as yourself to bestow it. Will you condescend, Sir, to grant my request? I am sensible what I propose to you is no easy task. How many hours must you sacrifice, to what disgust must you submit, since I am inexperienced, young, and even ignorant of your language! But, I at least promise you, on the other hand, to compensate the painful exertions you will be obliged to make, to the utmost of my power, by my gratitude, docility, perseverance, and attachment. Have the goodness, Sir, to tell me what you think of my project?" After assuring him that I would devote myself with the greatest

zeal and sincerity to the object he proposed, I inquired whether he had yet chosen the subject of the poem which he wished to undertake. "Several," replied he, "have suggested themselves to my mind, but I have not yet determined. Can you recommend a subject that appears to you worthy of our united efforts?"

I know not why I settled with myself that the prince would begin with an ode. It did not once occur to me that he would all at once involve himself in the immense details of an epic poem. It was for this reason I replied, that I did not at that moment recollect more than one subject which had not been already treated by some French author, and that it was susceptible of great embellishments. I added, that the subject I alluded to was no doubt less known to him than to most other men, and would constantly remain so. In a word, my subject, I said, was that of *Necessity*. I proceeded to point out the vast scope it afforded if considered with relation to the philosopher, the man of sensibility, the moralist, and to the man of free and independent thinking. The prince agreed with me that an ode on the subject of *Necessity* would be an ample field for a poet filled with fire and genius: but he added, it was not to the ode style he had determined to give his attention; that his ambition had soared to an undertaking of longer duration; in short, that he had contemplated an epic poem. We then took into consideration a variety of historical events, more or less worthy of the epic muse;

and at length determined that the subject to be taken should be *The Conquest of Mexico*. "I shall certainly," said he, "devote as much time as may be necessary to make the work as perfect as my talents will allow: at the same time I confess I should hope an extremely long portion of time will not be necessary; a secret voice whispers me that I must have finished it by the time I have completed my twenty-fourth year. I am now about twenty, so that I allow myself from four to five years for its accomplishment, and these with the most arduous perseverance." Shall I be pardoned for making an observation in this place that presents rather a feeling of humanity than one of usefulness? I proposed to the prince to write on the subject of *Necessity*. He on his part would have his poem concluded by the time of his being twenty-four years of age, and at the age of twenty-four he died. This was a severe *Necessity* that conducted him to the grave! By what fatality does it happen that, without our own consciousness, we sometimes announce future events?

Prince William was certainly endowed with the most valuable moral and intellectual qualities. To a singular penetration of character, he united great facility in the use of his powers; to a rich imagination, considerable vivacity; and to an elevated soul, the most genuine sensibility. I will relate a few anecdotes in proof of my assertions.

He was about nineteen years of age when the king appointed him to the command of a regiment, and

stationed him near his person. The uncle, attentive to every thing that passed, was soon convinced that his young nephew had all the necessary qualities for becoming eminent as a man; and from this conviction it was that he was so particularly the object of his attachment, and so desirous of being in some measure the friend and confidant of the prince, that he might have a more favourable opportunity of taking a nearer view of his real character, and of directing him with the greater certainty in the path which he wished him to pursue. "My dear nephew," said he to him one day, "I have taken a fancy you would never have expected; it is that you should make me your friend and confidant. Consult your heart, and inform me whether you will have the courage to prefer, in such a capacity, an old uncle to some other man." The prince replied by protestations of joy, gratitude, and devotion. "You then accept my proposition? Since this is the case, I will put you, my friend, immediately to the proof, for at my age no time should be lost. As it is necessary to understand the true character of one's friend, I shall begin with asking you which are your favourite passions?".....“To the present moment, Sire, I have discovered in myself but three. I shall say nothing of that of which the fair-sex is the object. My constitution is too feeble to admit of the supposition that I shall at any time devote myself to such a pursuit: the passion for women is therefore to me as though it did not exist." .....“To what passions then are you subject?".....

"Sire, the least important of my passions, but on which, however, I lay a great stress, is that of being a good chess player."....."As to this article, my friend, I really cannot be of the least use to you, as I know nothing either of that or any other game."...."Secondly, Sire, and it is by far the most serious and most commendable of my passions, I would be a great commander."....."In this, my dear fellow, I can probably serve you; but your success must be preceded by several years of the severest study, and by a long series of experience. We will think of it as occasions may present themselves, and I will do the utmost in my power to gratify your wishes. But you have still another passion; what may that be?"....."My third passion, Sire, would be to make verses like those of your majesty: I desire to become a great poet."....."It is said that nature alone can make a poet. This art, however, has its rules; and as it has employed a considerable portion of my time, I can inform you in what they consist. Let us make an experiment of your talents for poetry, that I may the better judge of what you are capable. I propose every day, after dinner, to devote an hour to teaching you the rules of French versification; for I imagine it is in that language that you mean to write: it is, in fact, the language which of all others presents us with the greatest number of the finest models in every walk of literature. French productions are read more than any other throughout Europe. Our German is too harsh a language; it has a barbarous

sort of physiognomy of which it could not without difficulty be devested."...." You have judged rightly, Sire; it is French poetry that I wish to write."..... " Well, I will give you an hour every day, and we will begin to-morrow, and continue the practice as long as it may be necessary. If you prove to be no poet, still the lights you will have gained will not be wholly useless."

We accordingly now behold Frederick the Great, a hero so formidable to all Europe, fulfilling in the bosom of his family the duties of a tutor to a young man! For some days he acquitted himself in this character to admiration: but at the end of about a week he began to feel the inconveniences of the task he had undertaken: the lesson became irksome, and he found himself obliged to relinquish it. He therefore said to his nephew. " I have now explained to you the most essential rules of the art of French poetry; there are still many other things to be learned, but they would lead us into endless details, and fatigue your attention without adding much to your improvement. I should think what I have explained to you quite sufficient for the present. What remains can be brought forward as circumstances may require. You should now turn to a profitable account what you have already learned. For this purpose, compose a certain number of verses every day, and show them to me on the day after, and I will communicate to you the reflections which occur to me concerning them. Begin this very day, and we will see what

you have to show me to-morrow after dinner."..... "I make verses, Sire! how can I possibly make such an attempt?"....."My friend, you must begin at one time or another!"....."And what subject does your majesty recommend to me?"....."Take any subject you please. We are not considering the thoughts. My object is simply to make you familiar with the rules I have laid down: the subject therefore is of no importance."....."And how many verses does your majesty expect me to produce by to-morrow?" "Four, six, eight, ten, as your subject may give occasion: you should lay yourself under no restraint in this respect."

Our young prince repaired soon after to his apartment, which was on the ground floor under those of his majesty,* where he passed an hour at least in repeating to himself, "Four, six, eight, ten verses, on any subject you please! What subject shall I choose? What verses shall I make for him?"

He paced with irregular steps up and down the apartment; sometimes stopped to contemplate a centinel who passed and repassed under his window; he envied his apparent ease, and became more agitated than before. At length, losing all patience, he cried, *This is subjecting oneself to too much ennui!* The exclamation presented an idea, and at once relieved his distress. "*Ennui*," said he; "why not take this very word for my subject? Is it not sufficiently

* The same which was occupied by M. Voltaire.

poetical? Cruel and implacable daughter of hell, born to be the enemy of human kind! Hideous monster, clad in sable, and with bat-like wings! Who can escape thy influence? And where is the heart that eludes thy soporifick spells?" Such was the image he endeavoured to put into rhyme, and which he the next day presented to his majesty in a stanza of ten verses. The king read them with the greatest attention; but on coming to the last, which ran thus,

". . . . . and even
Hovers round the thrones of kings,"

the preceptor assumed a severe and serious air. He imagined this line might be intended as an epigram. "What, Sir, is the signification of this line?" said he. The young prince answered with his natural vivacity of manner: "I recollected, Sire, that I had seen your majesty yawn in giving audience to the ambassadour from Turkey!" Frederick could not suppress a smile; but he did not again set his nephew to writing verses, who on his part was equally careful to show him no more of his composing.

The prince, one evening, conceived a fancy to take a view of the different sovereigns of Europe. "We happen, Sir, to be alone," said he to me; "no one will hear us; let us abuse all the kings we know!"...."With all my heart," replied I, laughing, "let us take our revenge that we are not kings ourselves!"....."We will except Frederick, because we are under his protection, and he is my uncle; be-

cause he gives us both our daily bread; and because he is a great man."....." By all means; to except him will be both prudent and just; and of this he is really deserving."....." We will also except old Amadeus, because he has been a tolerably good king during the greatest part of his reign, constant in the accomplishment of his duties, faithful to the rules of sound political wisdom, and even great on certain occasions at its commencement."....." So let it be then; we will pardon Amadeus his disgraceful jealousy of old marshal de Villars in favour of his perseverance in doing all the good he could. Let us now proceed to some other."....." We will say nothing of Maria-Theresa, though it is not impossible to extract some good anecdotes in her favour from the long residences of Messieurs Van-Switen, Metastasio, and Kawnitz, at her court. But the epocha was so brilliant at the moment of her ascending the throne! She was at that period so truly great, that no other part of her reign should be considered; on the contrary, it is but equitable to draw a curtain over the rest, and the more so, as she was a woman, and a beautiful woman."....." I am glad, as we are to have a curtain at our disposal, to find your highness willing to use it on this occasion, though it is almost a pity, considering the beauty of Maria-Theresa."..... " We will also let alone Catherine the Second, for whom antiquity will furnish us with more than one comparison that would not be unjust; we will say nothing about her, not only because she has some

great qualities, but also because she is so near us, and holds the thunder in her hands."....." True enough, I think I even hear it roll: let us get away as fast as may be! We have, however, admitted many exceptions: if we go on at this rate we shall have no scope at all for our abuse."....." Never fear: we have done with the exceptions, therefore let us begin.....Louis the Fifteenth! Is he not Sardanapalus wallowing in the mire, insensible to shame?"...." You apparently make your portrait consist of but a single feature."...." I shall scarcely do more for his old cousin the king of Spain, who, however, does not resemble him in the least. Charles, being king of Naples, had been obliged to sign a treaty of neutrality at the beginning of the seven years' war, and this on the requisition of an English commodore, who presenting himself before Naples with only four men of war, had the insolence to declare he would bombard the town, if his demand were not complied with in the course of two hours. The king was never able, not even after being seated on the throne of Spain, to forget the affront, and the more easily to obtain revenge, at least in appearance, he took it into his head to consider the English as a nation of cats, and of course all cats as so many English. The consequence of this is, that a great number are on most days brought into his court-yard after dinner, which he kills from the window of his apartment; by this means Madrid is threatened with the danger of being left without a cat in all the kingdom, while he, on the other hand,

procures himself the gratification of saying, *I have this day killed so many English.*".....“ I can easily pardon this animosity in the king; it is well founded. As to his mode of revenge, it presents an allegory that is sufficiently emphatical, and which satisfies him till he can do better; he is at least sincere. In other respects, it is acknowledged that he has enriched Spain with many useful establishments, and that the country is more indebted to him than to his predecessors.".....“ And my dear uncle, the king of Sweden (consort to queen Ulrica) who is a truly worthy and kind-hearted man, who desires only to do good, but being destitute of both activity and energy, does in reality no more good than harm!".....“ Ah! your highness has named a truly good king!".....“ And my dear uncle, the king of Denmark [father to the present king] who is all day long so thirsty that he has no time for any occupation but that of drinking." .....“ There are greater faults than his, provided he drinks to the health of his subjects.".....“ And my cousin, the king of England, who has his speeches in parliament composed for him, in terms the most concise that can be framed; who has them repeated to him for a whole week together, then causes them to be written in large characters in his hat; who has a prompter behind him when he is to speak them; and who, after all this assistance, is unable to deliver them at last.".....“ His ministers must then be well satisfied, &c." After pursuing this critical examination much further than I have described, he stop-

ped suddenly as we were pacing the room, and taking me by the arm, he said, "You must, Sir, needs confess, that if God has any thing to do with human affairs, he must care but little for our interests, since he appoints such men as these to be our governours!"

The marriage of the successour to the throne of Prussia with the amiable sister of the young prince William seemed to promise to the latter flattering and honourable prospects. Alas! it proved, on the contrary, the cause of all his unhappiness and of his ruin. There are persons in whom the possession of delicate and noble sentiments is more fatal than would be that of the most odious and vulgar vices; of this description was his sister and the brother. The first conceived she had reason to complain of her husband; she was too lofty-minded not to feel a due resentment, and too ingenuous to conceal that feeling; she even went so far as openly to betray the most decisive marks of disrespect and hatred. What could a brother do, who loved his sister, and who in future would be her principal dependance? He left no effort untried to calm her mind and induce her to a conduct of greater moderation, and, at the same time, to veil her faults. I pronounce with considerable reluctance the word *faults*, the reality of which, in the course of the criminal proceedings, was brought to the proof. Thanks to the exertions of the brother, the husband had remained ignorant of what had passed, till one day, being one of the masks at a ball given

yearly by prince Henry, on the 24th of January, to celebrate the king's birth day, he was accosted by another mask, who took him aside and gave him an account of all the circumstances, together with such proofs of facts as terminated every doubt. Who it was that made the fatal discovery has never been clearly ascertained. The suspicions of the publick have lighted principally upon the person who, after the prince, was the most deeply interested in the affair. However this may be, the exasperated husband sued immediately for a divorce.

Frederick was much attached to his niece; he extremely valued her understanding, ingenuousness, and vivacity. She was the daughter of a sister who had felt for him the strongest affection, and whose mild and benevolent temper it was impossible not to love in return. In short, Frederick had set his heart upon this marriage, and had promised himself the completest satisfaction from it. The prince's demand, therefore, caused him the greatest uneasiness, and he resolutely opposed it. But the ice was broken, and the prince persisted; he even went so far as to threaten to draw up a memorial, which he would address to every power in Europe, and in which, after justifying the steps he should have taken, he would solemnly disclaim the princess as his wife. Frederick had no resource but to yield; and a proceeding was entered into, which declared the marriage void and the prince divorced. The princess abandoned the title of royal highness to assume that of most serene

highness, and was conducted to the castle of Custrin, which was governed by a prince of Brunswick Bevern, where she was condemned to pass the remainder of her life. She supported her fate with greater courage than could have been supposed. She entered her prison with a deliberate sort of step, and even displayed her usual gaiety of manner. Her ordinary exercise was to place about thirty chairs, which stood in her apartment, in two parallel lines, and afterwards to dance round them the figures of English country-dances, of which she was very fond, and which she executed with remarkable grace and alertness. At length, however, she became sensible of the loneliness of her situation. After a confinement of several years, she meditated the project of escaping privately to Venice; but it was previously discovered, and it is affirmed that the officer who was to have been her conductor disappeared. It is pretended that her former husband had paid her a visit in the beginning of his reign, when on his way to Prussia, and that since that interview she had been left considerably more at liberty. She lost her most essential consolations by the death of the governour of Custrin, who was her relation; but she is at present allowed to receive company and even to walk in the environs of her retirement, for it can no longer be denominated a prison. If this alleviation of her doom is the effect of the visit I have mentioned; if, as every thing seems to prove, it is the result of an order given by this sovereign; it cannot but be considered as a proceed-

ing highly honourable to his character. In short, what more affecting proof could be given of his sensibility, humanity, and moderation?

It is in vain that I defer my transition from the sister to the brother; I must at last fulfil the painful task. Our unfortunate prince William was convicted of having been the confidant of the errours of the princess, and even of having assisted in concealing them. From a confidant it was easy to transform him to an accomplice, to a very pander! I am, however, convinced that Frederick never believed his nephew culpable to this degree: though, agreeably to his system of politicks, he could not pardon him for neglecting to make him acquainted in time with what he was himself but too well informed of. Under such circumstances, Frederick would have shown no mercy even to a brother, still less to a nephew. Accordingly, whatever was the genuine cause, the prince was signally disgraced. He received an order to join his regiment, and a prohibition to quit it. He might perhaps have supported this humiliation with fortitude: but the idea of suffering injustice; the conviction that he should receive the most unequivocal mortifications at the ensuing reviews; of the unfavourable opinions that would prevail concerning him in the army, opinions that would be false, but which he should not dare to contradict; these circumstances, united, became insupportable to his imagination, and determined him to adopt a violent extreme. Unfortunately, there was no one in his solitude who could console him, who

could combat the anguish he endured, or suggest a single alleviation that might in future await his destiny. He wrote to the king, in quality of an officer, demanding his dismission from the service. His letter, as may easily be imagined, was long, and it is more than probable that he entered into the justification of his past conduct, and that he alleged the strongest possible considerations relative to the future for the request he made. It is certain that his desire to quit the Prussian service was most ardent, and expressed with great energy. This was a new proceeding not in the least calculated to consign to oblivion what had passed before, Frederick being particularly addicted to the computing of future chances, and a prince who could least reconcile himself to the idea of being abandoned. Accordingly his answer was a peremptory refusal, and conceived in terms so mortifying as effectually to prevent the suppliant from returning to the charge. "I am ignorant," said Frederick in his reply, "whether it is the intention of your father that you should quit my service. I shall wait to receive from him an assurance to this effect before I accept your resignation. It is from him, and not from you, that a request of this sort should have proceeded. Either you forget you have a father, or the duty you owe to him." This was not only telling him plainly he was under age, but treating him like a child. It is easily imagined such a letter must have rendered William absolutely desperate. To struggle thus against a sovereign of the character of Frederick, when the soul

of him who struggles is deficient in neither force nor energy, is little better than to pass a verdict on oneself of every kind of misfortune.

The last letter I wrote to prince William was when he was setting out for his campaign under field-marshal Romanzow: for still dreading the approaching humiliation of the review; wounded by the sense of the injustice he had sustained in the opinions that prevailed concerning him; tormented by the desire of flying from scenes so destructive of his happiness; and alarmed for his future destiny, he had solicited and obtained permission to serve as a volunteer under this general officer. He left the country a few days after receiving my letter, and hastened to join Romanzow, whom he never after quitted. It is well known that this general fought two great battles with the Turks, and gained two complete victories over them which so far annihilated their army as to leave them no resource but that of concluding a peace on such conditions as Catherine thought fit to dictate. In each of these battles, prince William was in a situation the most exposed to danger, at the head of the first column of Russian grenadiers; but he fortunately escaped without a wound. On each of these occasions he acquired an infinite portion of glory, to which, however, he appeared insensible: far from contributing to his happiness, he seemed to endure it as he would an importunity; his dejection continued as before, the fatigues he had undergone even appeared to have increased it, and two days after the second bat-

tle his bloom became inflamed, a quinsy made its appearance, and, in despite of every exertion made to save him, conducted him with rapid strides to his dissolution.

The prince had made a will previous to his leaving Prussia, in which it is easy to perceive that his first object was to render his justification authentick, solemn and substantial. In this, as well as in every act of the later period of his life, the same idea pursues, irritates, and wounds him. He was the victim of injustice, and felt its terrours even in the arms of death. "I demand," says he in the will, "as an act of justice due to me, I command as far as I have a right to do so, that all my manuscripts shall be deposited and carefully preserved in the library of Wolffenbuttel; not that I consider them as worthy of such an honour, but to the end that posterity may know in what manner I passed the time which I have so unjustly been accused of consecrating to the vilest, most absurd, and most odious of intrigues."

As soon as the news of his death had reached Berlin, the king sent for prince Frederick-Augustus, brother to the deceased, to Potzdam, and the moment he entered his apartment, addressed him in the following words, which cannot fail to present a variety of singular ideas to the minds of such persons as are acquainted with the circumstances and are enabled to judge of the actors in the scene: "You and I, my dear nephew, have experienced a serious loss. It is irreparable. It affects, however, only those who sur-

vive your brother; we alone are deserving of compassion. As for him, believe me he is not to be pitied; he has lost nothing: on the contrary, he has gained every thing in what essentially relates to his welfare. Destined to live in the country we inhabit, he had too much genius, too much soul, not to feel himself completely unhappy."

This prince, who was so tenderly attached to his brother William, an attachment that was amply returned, bore to him, however, no resemblance. A cheerfulness the most ingenuous and natural formed the basis of his character; politeness with him was a feature of more philanthropy than with other men; his philanthropy was more urbane, tolerant, and social; he held no ideas as valuable but such as assumed an agreeable form, and his imagination never failed to clothe them in the most lively colours. To these features, which so well entitled this prince to the affection of those around him, I should add the most constant zeal for all the duties of his station, and a sincere solicitude for the welfare of his friends.

He was one day, for instance, seized suddenly with a violent fever, which naturally would have become a long and serious indisposition. He was convinced he should soon recover, if by means of laughing heartily he could bring on excessive perspiration. Accordingly he purchased as many copies of a pathetick German tragedy as the piece contained characters: he distributed the copies and the characters to

his servants, among whom there were some who could scarcely read at all, and commanded them to perform this tragedy by his bed's side. The blunders and distress of the performers produced the desired effect; notwithstanding the painfulness of his situation, he laughed immoderately during the whole of the representation, and the perspiration was so profuse that on the following day he was perfectly recovered.

I shall not enter into a detail of the entertainments given by this prince, though they were rather numerous, and for the most part extremely amusing. They generally consisted of operas, in which all Olympus was laid under contribution. I cannot gratify the reader with any extracts from them, because though they were printed, the copies I had of them, owing to my frequent change of residence, have been either lost or mislaid. I shall therefore merely add that we were witnesses to some elegant entertainments given by him in honour of the queen of Sweden, prince Henry, and on a variety of other occasions; that in each of these the principal object of the prince was to promote universal mirth, a temper of mind that predominated in his own character, and with which he sought to inspire others.

It was in this spirit that, having given a festival in honour of the birth day of his uncle, prince Henry, he begged his permission to call in the magick lantern that was passing in the street, which, he said, would enliven the company till supper time. Prince Henry turning to me and Borelli, said jocosely, "I cannot

but consent, for I am persuaded the magick lantern has been ordered for the purpose." In fact, the pretended Savoyard was Saint Huberty, who played at the French theatre at Berlin. He acquitted himself to admiration of the task he had undertaken, which was no less than to exhibit by his lantern the life and actions of prince Henry. The donor of the entertainment had certainly a right to suppose this would prove amusing. How was it possible to be otherwise? The reader may judge by a single trait. The Savoyard, speaking of prince Henry's manner of living at Rheinsberg, proclaimed: "You now see him with all his court going to meet the dutchess of Brunswick, his sister, who is come to pay him a visit! Now you see them meet, salute each other, and then embrace: *My dear sister! My dear brother!* The joy of meeting, you see, sets them dancing! *Tell me, grandam, if my petticoat flies up!*" &c. &c. It was impossible to resist a roar of laughter.

Prince Frederick, notwithstanding this characteristick gaiety of temper, was not the less capable of habitual seriousness in whatever related to military concerns. He bestowed the most uniform attention to the care of his regiment, which he frequently exercised himself.

In his quality of general, a circumstance happened to him, the nature of which was to have produced serious consequences; but the prince found means to render them merely farcical. The king accustomed himself to drink the waters of Pyrmont every year in

the months of July and August. He passed this season at the new Sans-Souci, where he assembled a small society, of which prince Frederick made one, together with several generals, and other persons more or less celebrated for their military character. General Buddenbrock was invited to be one of this society at a time when some private affairs of importance required his presence at his estates in Silesia, so that after fulfilling his duties as a courtier for some weeks, he solicited and obtained permission to absent himself for the benefit of his own concerns. As he passed through Berlin, the general paid a visit to general Ramin, governour of the town, a man of coarse manners and confined understanding. In the course of the visit, Buddenbrock, who was not remarkable for his veracity, informed Ramin that prince Frederick-Augustus of Brunswick had announced to the king that the garrison of Berlin was far from performing its manœuvres as well as that of Potzdam, and that, generally speaking, it was extremely ill disciplined. On the following Sunday, Ramin, when the manœuvres had been gone through, addressing himself to M. de Schirstedt, aid-de-camp to the absent prince, and a young officer deservedly held in general esteem, said, "Your prince has informed the king that we perform our manœuvres extremely ill, and that the garrison of Berlin is in a state of bad discipline. There is no regiment but his own that deserves this reproach; I therefore order you into confinement till these faults shall be corrected." Schirstedt was accordingly put

under confinement, and wrote an account of what had passed to the prince. The latter having in the course of two or three weeks returned to Berlin, and his aid-de-camp being liberated, he waited for the next Sunday to reply to the governour. He, as well as M. de Schirstedt, took care to load their pistols before they repaired at the head of their regiment to the place where it was to be exercised. When the exercise was concluded, and all the officers had formed a circle round Ramin, who had given the word of command, the prince advanced so that his horse's head crossed that of Ramin's, and, raising his voice, thus addressed him in the German language: "You have asserted, general, that I had informed the king that the garrison of Berlin was in a state of bad discipline, and was less skilful in manœuvring than that of Potzdam. I declare, upon my honour, that I have never said nor thought any thing of this sort; and I add, that he who has so affirmed of me is a ****, and that whoever repeats it is another."...." It was Buddenbrock who told it me without my asking; I am in no way the author of what has passed."...." It signifies nothing from whom this infamous calumny has proceeded; I make no distinction in this respect. I repeat to you, Sir, that he who has asserted such a thing is a ****, and he who repeats it is another."...." But what have I to do with all this? It is Buddenbrock who should be made responsible; the whole is his concern." Saying this, Ramin left the field of battle and directed his course towards the town. The prince

and M. de Schirstedt then discharged their pistols, highly amused with what had passed.

I shall say nothing of the eldest brother of the princes we have been treating of, he who was at that time named hereditary prince of Brunswick, and is at present the reigning duke; a prince known throughout Europe for the excellence of his understanding, the mildness of his temper, and his military talents. I had not the honour of being known to him, and the anecdotes I should relate of him are probably already known to the publick.

I shall also forbear to say any thing of the youngest of these princes, prince Leopold, who so gloriously lost his life in the Oder, in an attempt to save two poor fishermen who were drowning. This heroick proceeding has been already justly celebrated by the muses. But he having newly entered the Prussian service, and passed but a few days at Berlin, I had the honour of seeing him only once. He seldom quitted Frankfort where his regiment was in garrison.

Neither should I have any thing particular to say of their uncle, prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, brother to the queen of Prussia, governour of Magdeburg, inspector-general of the Prussian troops, and who rendered himself so celebrated during the seven years' war, if the manner in which he quitted the service of Frederick, his brother-in-law, did not include some circumstances connected with the history of the latter, which evince how capable he was of being deceived, and to what a degree he could dis-

semble his resentment when the evil was done and did not admit of a remedy.

Prince Ferdinand, as usual occupied in exercising the regiments of his division some weeks previous to the reviews, observed, that the regiment of cavalry of Lentulus performed their manœuvres extremely ill. He ordered the officer who commanded it to exercise it for two hours in the afternoon. The officer neglected the order, and the prince sent him into confinement. The officer complained to general Lentulus in a letter that he addressed to him, in which he represented what had passed in a point of view not the most faithful, but the best calculated to interest the vanity of his chief on his behalf. This letter was brought by express to the general, who was at Potzdam. Lentulus having gained M. d'Anhalt for his friend, who was first aid-de-camp to the king, they succeeded in persuading him that the prince had committed great injustice towards a brave and worthy officer, who was deserving of the utmost attentions: accordingly, the king ordered the officer to be released from his confinement. As soon as the prince heard of what had happened, he left Magdeburg, and returned to Brunswick, having previously addressed to Frederick the following letter. "Your majesty has violated the most essential principles of justice, policy, and subordination, in releasing from confinement an officer who had been guilty of a flagrant breach of his duty, on whom I had inflicted a necessary punishment, and whose disobedience deserved one of a much more

serious nature. In procuring him this sort of triumph over his commanding officer, in consequence of the partial representations of some of your courtiers, without deigning to confer with me on the subject, you exempt a culpable person from punishment, and annihilate the authority with which you had intrusted me. From the moment of such a procedure I can no longer be of use in your army; and should I remain in your service, it would only be to witness the disorder that would prevail, and to deplore my own inability to apply a remedy. I have therefore formed my determination, and I have the honour to send you my resignation of the governourship of Magdeburg, and that of the place of inspector-general of the troops of that district, and at the same time I enclose the patents of the pensions or appointments with which I was invested. I am on the point of my departure, and shall be near Brunswick when your majesty receives this letter."

This event made a great impression on the publick mind. By the army it was considered as a misfortune. What was the consequence? General Lentulus was some time after sent back to Switzerland; but M. d'Anhalt had the address to maintain himself in the royal favour, and the prince appeared no more in the Prussian dominions.

One must either not have known, or have formed an erroneous estimate of the dutchess of Brunswick, to imagine I could have had connexions of so intimate a nature with some of her sons, without her

having manifested a desire to express to me the satisfaction it occasioned her. "The dutchess of Brunswick, your august mother," said general Clarke to prince Frederick, "is goodness, reason, and virtue personified." This eulogium was flattering, but it was not in the least exaggerated. It is easy to imagine that ladies who, like her, strictly adhere to the line of conduct pointed out by virtue and by duty, and pursue their way in this path with uniform simplicity, furnish but few anecdotes that could be gratifying to curiosity. The history of the lives of such persons is reduced to a single fact, to a single word; in short, to the eulogium pronounced by general Clarke.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES,

&c. &c.

PART III.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, AND HIS COURT.

FESTIVALS, MARRIAGES, AND TRAVELLERS.

STATE OF THE COURT OF FREDERICK.

IT has been observed of the court of Frederick, that it is composed wholly of military officers, and a few philosophers, or men of letters. This to a certain extent is true; for his intercourse was principally confined to these two classes of persons, and it was only on the most extraordinary occasions that any other ceremonials were used in his court than such as suited his taste and manner of living. The great offices and charges of the crown were, however, never formally abolished. At such times as they were unoccupied, they were considered only as vacated, and their titles conferred on various persons, as

policy seemed to require. It should also be observed, that whenever it was necessary, a case however of rare occurrence, Frederick knew how to conduct himself with the greatest politeness to his ministers, and particularly to those advanced in years.

There was a chamberlain in the court of the queen-mother, named M. de Morien, who was a man of so circumscribed an understanding as to be constantly held up to ridicule in the sphere to which he belonged. Even after his death some facts were related of him that appeared almost incredible; such as his being unable to recollect whether at the siege of such a place he was the besieged or the besieger, and whether it was himself or his brother who was killed in such a campaign. It was to this M. Morien that the marquis d'Argens lent the same volume seven times over; and being asked afterwards how he liked the work, replied, "I think it, Sir, an admirable production; but if I might speak my opinion freely, the author sometimes repeats the same things." The English ambassadour requested him to present to the queen-mother the earl of Essex, then on his travels, and added, that it was not the earl of Essex who had been beheaded under queen Elizabeth. Accordingly M. de Morien, at the usual hour of presentations, said to the queen, "Madame, I have the honour to present to your majesty the earl of Essex, a native of England and a traveller; for the rest, the English ambassadour has assured me that he is not the same earl of Essex who was beheaded under queen Elizabeth."

With respect to the great offices attached to the person of the king, they were for the most part vacant in 1740, and have remained so ever since: in particular those of groom of the stole, grand steward, high chamberlain, cup-bearer, and grand marshal; offices that have never been filled since the time of Frederick the First.

The passion which he entertained for what may be called personal liberty, a passion which in general is so in unison with the desire to destroy the liberty of others, in the mind of Frederick embraced two principal points which formed the basis of his character. First, the firm resolution to secure to himself the means of fulfilling the duties of his station, and of gratifying a vast and noble ambition; and secondly, an insatiable desire to understand that station and to judge for himself; consequently, to see on every occasion with his own eyes, and to devote himself to incessant study and reflection. From these two or three principles are derived the extreme activity and the unshaken energy of his soul, and to the same cause may be attributed the predilection he felt in his youth for travelling.

The habit and the love of application and of liberty, rendered solitude so necessary, or so dear to Frederick, that when he received visits from his relations, or from the princes or princesses to whose society he was most partial, he invariably detained them as short a time as possible. For example, Paul the First, grand duke of Russia, who came to Berlin to cele-

brate his first marriage; the queen of Sweden, who came to see him after a separation of thirty years; the dutchess of Brunswick, the sister whom he so constantly cherished; the dutchess-dowager of Saxony, daughter of the emperour Charles the Seventh, and others, continued their stay at Potzdam only for a few days. Frederick had recourse to the most singular subterfuges to get securely rid of them, without in the smallest degree losing sight of the most perfect attention and politeness. "I am told, my dear sister," said he, "that you are going to leave me to visit our brothers and sisters at Berlin; this gives me great uneasiness. I shall have enjoyed but little of the pleasure of your society; but you will find more sources of amusement at Berlin than in this solitude, and in the society of a man so occupied as I am: it is therefore but just that I should be sacrificed. You leave me, I find, to-morrow morning; I will not take my leave of you, for I trust I shall see you again this evening, and assure you of my kindest wishes for your health, &c." In this manner, or in terms equivalent to these, he contrived to send away his guests, who desired nothing more than to make a longer stay, and had not once thought of taking leave.

But however great the love of solitude in Frederick, he did not object to sacrifice this predilection when motives of decorum or policy required it. An instance of this is, his retaining the grand duke for several days at Potzdam, and paying him several vi-

sits at Berlin. He however took advantage of the restraint occasioned him to exercise his troops in some skilful manœuvres; besides, he never staid for such purposes more than four and twenty hours at a time in Berlin. This I have observed, not only on the occasions which I have mentioned, but on those of the different marriages that took place in his family. He made these exceptions with a good grace when he perceived they were absolutely necessary; but the proof that he considered them as a sacrifice was, that he never deviated from his customary plan of life except in extraordinary cases.

COURT FESTIVALS AND MARRIAGES.

THE festivals of the court of Berlin were extremely inconsiderable. There was one at the court of the queen in honour of her birth day, at which the king never failed to be present in his silk stockings, but he seldom staid more than half an hour. This entertainment consisted of a grand concert, cards, a ball and supper. I say nothing of the crowd of persons who composed it; it is easily imagined that, from motives of decorum, respect, or policy, it could not but be numerous.

There was once a year another grand festival at the court of prince Henry, on the birth day of the king. This was a masked ball, at which not less than four thousand persons were present. The dominos or dresses of the masks were required to be of silk, those of woollen materials not being admitted. The arrangement of this entertainment was on the most liberal plan. Several spacious saloons and an immense gallery were decorated for the purpose, and provided with excellent orchestras, and rooms for refreshment profusely supplied.

The birth days of the other branches of the royal family were also so many occasions of court festivals; but these were less brilliant, and consequently less frequented.

With the exception of birth days, and the occurrence of any extraordinary event, there was throughout the year no other entertainment than the queen's levees, which were rather a matter of etiquette than any thing else; and the time of carnival, during which there were frequently balls and concerts, especially on certain days, such as new year's day, twelfth day, &c. The time that is called the carnival at Berlin comprehends a part of the month of December, and also that of January; for the king seldom arrived before the 19th of December, and returned to Potzdam on the 23d of January at latest. In this interval there were two operas and two ridottos in every week. When the king was in the habit of staying to supper at these ridottos, he withdrew on leaving the table; but in my time he seldom frequented the ridottos, and gave a manifest preference to the operas. At these he always placed himself behind the orchestra: he often stood for a long time, and with his opera glass applied to his eye followed the performers who most interested him with the greatest attention, especially in the most remarkable passages of the performance. The opera at Berlin is an Italian exhibition paid for by the king; of course the admissions to it are gratis. No one however is admitted without a ticket, unless to the pit; but as every regiment in garrison has the

privilege of sending in so many men out of each company, it consequently happens that, though this part of the house is extremely spacious, the lower orders of the inhabitants can with great difficulty procure accommodations, and are at last obliged to content themselves with the worst places. With respect to the boxes, they have their particular destination, each belonging to a separate body. That of the academy is large enough to contain from twelve to fifteen persons; it has, however, the inconvenience of being very near the pit, so that the persons who occupy it are disturbed with the noise of the soldiers, and are sometimes prevented from seeing, partly from the height of the caps they wear, and not unfrequently from their wives sitting on their shoulders. This last circumstance seems to prove that the opera at Berlin is not a resort of great refinement, though the building is celebrated for its architecture, and the orchestra for its excellent performers; such as Porporino and Conciolini, to whom Frederick paid a salary of fifteen thousand livres. I shall forbear giving the reader a detail of the dancing, which to say the truth is the disgrace of this theatre. It however boasted formerly some tolerable performers in this department, such as Mademoiselle Gasparini and madame Desplaces. I have heard different persons express great astonishment at the salaries paid by Frederick to some of the dancers for performing only a certain number of times in the season. This proves how great the king's fondness had been for musick. In later years, he

adopted a stricter economy respecting the performers, having reduced the number of the gloves and stockings to be allowed to each during the carnival to two or three pair, &c.

The conviction that prevailed that the king attached very little importance to the entertainments given at court, and that the patient temper of the queen would prevent her from complaining of any thing, encouraged even the singers who received the largest salaries, to refuse to sing at any court festival at which it might be proposed to have a concert. These men, who were paid fifteen thousand livres per annum for twelve nights' performance at most, peremptorily refused to sing for the queen, even when she requested them. Conciolini, in particular, was sure to have a violent cold whenever he received an invitation of this kind. Every one saw through the pretext, and considered it disgraceful; nor did it unfrequently happen that he received publick manifestations of disapprobation on account of his conduct, which were extremely mortifying. One day prince Dolgorouki, towards the end of a dinner, having said to an organist of the empress of Russia, "Conciolini is an admirable singer!"....My prince," replied the latter, who was present, "do not, I entreat, require me to sing; I really shall not be able to comply."...."I had no such intention, Sir," resumed the prince; "of this you may rest assured. I was speaking of your voice, without having the smallest inclination to hear it." He frequently received similar lessons, but they did not

answer the purpose of correcting the faults to which they were applied.

The king had also a small company for the comick opera, but they seldom performed. I knew of but two instances; once at Berlin, and once at the castle.

Previous to giving an account of the extraordinary entertainments that took place in my time, I shall mention one given by the city of Berlin to testify the joy felt by the inhabitants on the event of the king's return to Berlin after the seven years' war. A large triumphal arch was raised at the gate of the city through which he was to pass, and was decorated with emblems appropriate to so interesting a circumstance. Along the streets that conducted from thence to the castle were designated laudatory inscriptions suitably embellished. He was to be received and welcomed with such transports and ceremonials as may easily be imagined. Frederick heard of these preparations, changed his route, and arrived at the castle *incognito* by other streets and by a different gate. Did he apprehend that such a manifestation of the joy of his subjects would be regarded as his own suggestion and desire? Did he seek to avoid such a scene merely because he must have played a part in it; a circumstance that never failed to displease him? Or did he reflect that a war, that had been the cause of so many disasters to all Europe, was unworthy to be the subject of rejoicings? It is probable that each of these considerations had a share in influencing his

conduct. But I myself witnessed several years after, that the inhabitants still remembered the circumstance with pain, and that they attributed it to the king's indifference towards them; an injustice that should be attributed to the wound his conduct had inflicted on their vanity.

In proposing to treat of the marriage contracted by the royal house of Prussia in my own time, and of the festivals of which they were the occasion, I shall give, for instance, the first marriage of Paul the First, who, it is true, did not marry a princess of Prussia, nor did the marriage ceremony take place at Berlin, but who came thither to choose the princess he afterwards espoused at Petersburg.

I know not what judicious and profound policy it was that determined the empress of Russia to send her son to Berlin to make the choice I have mentioned: but, about the month of June, 1776, the Margravine of Hesse d'Armstadt, of whom Frederick observed, that she was a *man* of great merit, arrived among us with her three daughters; while general Lentulus was sent as far as Memel to meet the grand duke, and conduct him, free of expense, to the court of Frederick, where he was to make his selection among the three sisters. Every care was taken, as much as the simplicity and severity of the manners of the country would allow, to make his route every where an occasion of rejoicing. He made his entry into Berlin on a fine day, between three and four in the afternoon. Triumphal arches graced the

city gate and the royal bridge situated near the castle; a profusion of flowers every where embellished the scene; and a numerous procession of infantry, cavalry, and carriages, added to its splendour. On this occasion all the old state carriages of Frederick the First, which for fifty years had been left to mildew, were repaired and newly gilded to improve the spectacle; the whole of which evinced equally the extravagance and the impotence of the endeavour to make a magnificent display. I was presented to the grand duke, in his apartments, by the Russian ambassadour; and afterwards at the academy, which he visited, together with my other colleagues; and also at the civil and military school. Formey and Borelli addressed him with adulatory language, but no one received from him the smallest indication of his satisfaction. He brought with him two trunks filled with jewels, which he was to have presented at Berlin. These he took back with him, not, to all appearance, that he gave with reluctance, but because he was under the direction of field-marshal de Romanzow and count de Solticoff; both of whom were esteemed men of a penurious temper, and who might naturally imagine that they could not more effectually ingratiate themselves with the mother than by preventing the son from gaining partisans.

If there was but little room for celebrating the magnificence of the grand duke, on the other hand every one was struck with his manner of salutation. Persons of high rank, in general, bend but slightly

in saluting those they address: they leave that trouble to their inferiours; they however bow the head in a certain degree. The grand duke did exactly the contrary. He cast a look at those who saluted him, and drew up his head without having bowed it at all: in short, he allowed himself to execute only the second part of the salutation, which, by his manner of performing it, seemed an act of domination. I shall add further, that he spoke but little, and that nothing that fell from him was ever thought worthy of being quoted.

SCHAFFKOTSCH, SCHLABERNDORFF, AND BASTIANI.

I JOIN these three men together, on account of a serious affair in which they all figured, each in his particular manner; that is, in which the first was the unhappy victim of the other two.

About the commencement of the reign of Frederick, there was at Brandenburg an old canon named M. de Schlaberndorff, a man whose understanding was so weak that, after residing fifteen years successively at Paris, he did not know a word of the French language. His acquaintance frequently amused themselves by talking to him of Paris, or of France, to make him utter the grossest absurdities..... "Did I know Louis the Fourteenth! Look here," said he, "this is the Pont-Neuf (laying his knife on the middle of the table); and here is the statue of *Louis Quatorze the Fourth*." In the way in which he expressed himself, *Quatorze* [*Fourteenth*] appeared to be understood by him as the common name, or, as we phrase it, the surname of the kings of France.

It will be clear to the reader that the M. de Schlaberndorff above mentioned bore no resem-

blance whatever to this blockhead: on the contrary, he was a minister of great ability, who governed Silesia with equal address and firmness during almost the whole of Frederick's reign. He possessed the difficult art of restraining without irritating the pride of the nobility, and that of the clergy without exciting their apprehensions. His vigilance and activity rendered him of great value to his sovereign, whose revenues he found means to increase; while he was dreaded by all his subjects. It is therefore but little surprising that he should have been exposed to all the calumny and criticism that could be devised by envy, hatred, and revenge. It may also be supposed that he was sometimes compelled to exercise no less severity in his measures than activity and vigilance so perfectly to fulfil his political vocation; and, above all, to maintain that province in tranquillity, and to draw from it such valuable supplies, especially during the whole existence of the seven years' war, at which period Silesia contributed in a larger proportion than Saxony to the necessities of the Prussian army. Frederick was a conqueror; Schlaberndorff was the saviour.

Of all the disgraceful traits with which he is reproached, I should be the least inclined to pardon that of his being the cause of the ruin of the abbé count de Schaffkotsch, bishop of Breslaw. As this abbé was descended from one of the most distinguished families of the province, and was in a much higher degree a man of amiable character than a devotee,

Frederick made him one of his intimate friends, and gave him the bishoprick of Breslaw, which had become vacant by the death of cardinal Zinzendorff; and, in addition, decorated him with the order of the Black Eagle. The favour enjoyed by this new prelate was, no doubt, of a nature to occasion uneasiness to the minister; but there was another person, the abbé Bastiani, canon of Breslaw, who was still more formidable to M. de Schaffkotsch than even the minister himself. This abbé, as wily and malignant as he was ambitious, had the art to render himself, in the eyes of Frederick, a vigilant and pliant courtier; in those of the minister, a useful and zealous confidant; and towards the bishop, a perfidious flatterer. When the Austrians had retaken Breslaw, in the seven years' war, the canon, who aimed at nothing less than the bishoprick, persuaded him who was then in possession that, in the critical circumstances of the times, he ought to celebrate the *Te Deum* in person; but that he should by all means, at the moment of the ceremony, take off the insignia of the order of the Black Eagle, since the king would be offended at seeing his order employed on such an occasion: while the Austrians, on the other hand, would consider as an insult the exhibition of this decoration. M. de Schaffkotsch accordingly took off the ribbon before he approached the altar, and the abbé hastened to inform the minister of the fact in a letter which the latter took care to lay before the king, and in which this act of weakness was repre-

sented as an insult and a treason. Frederick treated the subject with less severity than was expected; he perceived in the imputed crime nothing more than a sort of meanness, which he proposed to himself to punish by ridicule or sarcasm. But the abbé, who was too well versed in his art to do the thing by halves, succeeded in persuading the bishop that the king was greatly irritated against him, and purposed to bring him to trial for the offence. The unfortunate man became a prey to the utmost terrour, and was prevailed upon by Bastiani to abscond just as the Austrians were evacuating Breslaw, who promised to intercede for him with the king and to write to him constantly. Schaffkotsch retired to the Austrian district of his extensive diocese. His flight was represented to the king as a breach of his allegiance; and from this moment his majesty conceived the most serious displeasure against him. The minister had little trouble in persuading Frederick that the best thing he could do would be to nominate no new bishop to the diocese, but to confiscate its whole revenues, which amounted to four hundred thousand livres per annum. The king took his advice, and Bastiani, completely baffled by the German minister, reaped nothing but regret and shame as the fruit of his iniquitous conduct.

The bishop convinced, but too late, that he had been duped, wrote to the king in his own justification, offering to retire to Rome till it should please his majesty to allow him to return to his diocese. His

object in this was to prove how little he was devoted to the cause of Austria. He was, however, too tardy; the blow was struck, and Frederick, convinced of his guilt, perceived in his offer of retiring to Rome only additional perfidy and meanness. A long time after the occurrence of these events, the king of Prussia, having gone to see the manœuvres of the army of Joseph the Second near Upper Silesia, had a secret interview with a priest much esteemed in that country, and particularly attached to the unfortunate Schaffkotsch, bishop *in partibus*, and knight of a consecrated order. This interview unmasked the tissue of iniquities that had taken place, but applied no remedy to the misfortunes of the sufferer. No further point was gained than that the king invariably spoke of this prelate with great esteem and sincere commiseration. He no longer said, *This scoundrel of a bishop;* but *The abbé de Schaffkotsch, the unfortunate bishop of Breslaw.* As I was, at the time, intimately acquainted with count de Schaffkotsch, master of the horse and brother to the bishop, I was well informed in all court and private secrets. I even supped once at his house in company with the very priest who had had the interview I have mentioned, and who came to Potzdam with the king's permission, to lay before him different proofs of the bishop's innocence, and the atrocious perfidy of his accuser. What appeared to me undeniable was, that this priest, who was a man of prudence, had been well received, and returned satisfied wirh his journey.

It was affirmed that he had laid the perfidious letters of Bastiani before the king. The hundred thousand crowns, German money, that composed the revenue of the bishoprick of Breslaw, and which must have been restored to the abbè de Schaffkotsch, were an insurmountable barrier to his being recalled, and he accordingly ended his days in the desert to which he retired.

I mentioned the brother of this bishop, who was master of the horse, and with whom I was acquainted for many years. He was a man of great kindness of temper and extremely handsome. In his youth he had been much neglected; the consequence of which was, that the leading features of his character were a love of dissipation, credulity, and vanity; to which he added the sentiment of loyalty towards his sovereign. It could not be said of him that he wanted understanding, but he was slow in his conceptions. The king, who was fond of jesting with him, scarcely ever failed to receive from him excellent repartees; but unfortunately, they came so late as in a great measure to lose their point, so that they seemed to have been addressed rather to us than to the king. I could give many examples of this, but shall confine myself to one. "In your quality of knight of Malta, my dear count, you wore round you a girdle of continency. Tell me what you have done with it?"...."I wore it out, Sire, and, unfortunately, I could find throughout your dominions no materials to make another."

It was only on occasions when he was not hurried that such answers as this escaped him.

This worthy man was overjoyed like a child, if he was told that he resembled Louis the Fifteenth; but he was still more proud of the relationship that existed between his family and that of Stanislaus Leczinki. How many times has he repeated to me that the Schaffkotschs were in possession of the portrait of the queen of France, which she herself had sent to them as her relations!

The third personage we here find attached to the Schaffkotschs and the Schlaberndorffs, is the Abbé Bastiani, a sort of colossus, but to appearance dull and inactive, crafty and scheming, either being in reality or feigning to be short sighted, and of a countenance at once heavy and ignoble. In Italy, where he was born, he had been a monk, of what order I do not remember. The emissaries of the ferocious William, who had got information of his extraordinary stature, kept a vigilant watch for him, and seized him one day as he was performing mass in a country village of the Tyrolese. On arriving at Berlin, he became a simple private in the service; but his adventure was considered interesting, and was soon made publick. The prince royal was curious to learn the feelings of a man who had exchanged his monkish garb for the uniform of a soldier; and this curiosity was the first step of the subsequent good fortunes of the monk Bastiani, for he had the address to impress the prince with a high opinion of his under-

standing, and to excite in him an interest in his favour. No sooner had Frederick succeeded to the crown, than he took him from his regiment, not to restore him to his former vocation of a monk, but to metamorphose him into an abbé. The first canonicate that was vacated at Breslaw after the conquest of Silesia was conferred upon him; and from that moment M. l'Abbé Bastiani figured as a Prussian, a courtier, and a canon, with a revenue of fifteen thousand livres, divided his time between the necessary duties of his vocation, the dressing rooms of ladies, and above all the palaces of kings or the hotels of the great.

The understanding of the Abbé Bastiani was not of the same dimensions as that of other men. He did not amuse himself with exhibiting it in vain conversations. In these he was frequently silent; but far from inactive. He was by constitution an observer, listened profoundly to all that was said, remarked with equal attention all that was done, judged sagaciously concerning the minutest circumstances, had constantly an opera glass in his hand, gleaned from every possible occurrence, and watched and dived into the motives of mankind, with a precision that rendered him but little liable to mistake. He amused himself with the witty turns and epigrams of others, but attempted neither himself. A single repartee is alleged to have been the only one that he made in his whole life. Frederick, convinced that he aimed at a situation above that of a canon, rallied him on the subject: "Oh!" said he, "a man of your merit, and with such talents

as you possess, should not remain in an inferiour station. You must necessarily rise to something better; to a bishoprick, a cardinal's hat, or even the triple crown. But when you become a pope what will become of me? I will lay any wager you will refuse me your holy benediction, and that I shall not be admitted on my knees to kiss your holiness's slipper! If any one were to dare to speak of me to you, I think I see your indignation, and hear you exclaim, *Who? that heretick, that unbeliever, that imp of hell! I curse him, I damn him! Let no one hereafter mention to me even his name.*" The abbé, in the attitude of a man who would penetrate the true intent of him who spake, contented himself with saying, *Ah Sire! Sire!* as if begging to be spared. Unfortunately, Frederick was the last man in all the world to spare any one. He continued his strain. "But, after all," said he, "when you are pope, for this you certainly will be, it is important for me to know, should I go to Rome, what sort of a reception you would give me; consider therefore, when I appear before your holiness, what you will say to me?"...." Sire, I shall say, *Oh, mighty eagle, cover me with thy wings and save me with thy beak!*"

I shall forbear to enter upon the subject of the moral conduct of this canon. He was adroit enough to pass from an amour with the mother to one with her scarce marriageable daughter; and even to prevail upon the former to pass the child of the latter for her

own! Thus confounding the title of mother with that of sister, and so on through all the denominations which are used to express kindred and consanguinity!

I now come to the minister de Schlaberndorff. It was natural for the publick to suppose him possessed of an immense fortune. His children however, at his death, received only a capital of about a hundred thousand livres each. It was then supposed that millions of his property had been secretly placed in banking houses of other countries. But what reliance can be placed on the wild assertions of persons who, from motives of envy, were probably his enemies? He died a few years before the king, and in some measure in disgrace; this monarch, by nature mistrustful, having been rendered credulous to some of the reports that were circulated concerning the minister, and the man who had served his master with so much courage had not sufficient to support this misfortune. He addressed a letter to Frederick, in which he said as follows: "I shall die of grief for having displeased you, but with the consolation of having served you faithfully." The king sent him a reply that was calculated to sooth his distress, but Schlaberndorff was dead when it arrived. His eldest son married a rich heiress of the country, and was afterwards created a count, and decorated with some order of nobility. He lived in Silesia, where he enjoyed that estimation which he had well deserved, and principally devoted himself to

the education of his children. I had the pleasure of seeing him again in the year 11, at Paris, where he was staying for a short time for the benefit of his health. He died in his own country in the autumn of the same year.

POELNITZ.

THE Baron de Poelnitz was of the description of those old courtiers who are never at a loss to ingratiate themselves when they please; who are invariably dangerous when interest, politicks, or caprice impel them; and are always held in high consideration, as well on account of what they have been, as of what they may still become, though all esteem for them may have long ceased. His memoirs of himself, which long since appeared in print, are well known to contain a number of truths that, notwithstanding the fables with which they abound, are sufficient to furnish grounds for a decisive opinion concerning his moral qualities. Born to affluence, and of a branch of the Poelnitzes established in Brandenburg, ancient barons of the empire in Franconia; he, like our marshal Richelieu, was destined to witness three successive reigns. The conversation of a man of his age, if he be a man of understanding (and this the baron de Poelnitz was in an eminent degree) cannot but be highly interesting to the persons to whom he unbosoms himself in confidence, and who feel no restraint or awe in his society. Such was my own situation with

the baron de Poelnitz. I have on some occasions perhaps been useful to him, and my situation was such that he could not have formed a hope of succeeding in any attempt to injure me, nor did he, except in a single instance, evince towards me to what a degree he was capable of carrying his perfidy and baseness.

The baron, when a young man, had been present at the coronation of Frederick the First, in 1701. A short time after he was appointed page to that monarch; and in the sequel he left his country to undertake a course of travels. He came to Paris, where he remained during almost the whole time of the regency; he received particular attentions from the regent's mother, who was named *the princess Palatine*, and who was remarkable for her extensive epistolary correspondence. This lady, who wrote every day to all the sovereigns of Europe, and whose letters are still preserved in different cabinets, held a levee every evening. She herself was seated at a sort of high desk, close to which were two card tables, placed in such a manner that, by turning towards either, she could see and follow the game of two different persons at the same table. This, when she was not emplyed in writing, was her occupation; but if a stranger entered, and approached to bow to her, she quitted every thing to ask of him *what was the news?* As those who had any intelligence to communicate were sure of a welcome reception, something was always invented in default of real occurrences; and

no sooner were such accounts ended than, without any examination of the facts, she took care to add them to such letters as she had already written. Hence it is that her letters exhibit such a variety of pleasant and important anecdotes, and which at the same time are as often false as true.*

The baron de Poelnitz, we may well suppose, was not the least forward to furnish her with the anecdotes of the day: in fact, he never came unprovided. In addition, he told a story in an agreeable manner; his eyes and his physiognomy always added something to the sense of what he related, and brought out every part to view; and what further increased the pleasure of the princess was, that he generally conversed with her in German, of which, it being her mother tongue, she was extremely fond. There was in this circumstance still another charm, namely, that it rarely happened that they were understood by any one near then, so that they took advantage of this superiority to turn into ridicule different persons of

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* Prince Frederick of Brunswick made an extract from the letters of this princess, which are preserved in the library of Wolfenbuttel, a part of which he read to us at madame du Troussel's. It was an incredible mixture of anecdotes and the absurdest fables: it even contains passages in a remarkable degree cynical. In other respects it is evident that she entertained a high opinion of Louis the Fourteenth, but that she most cordially detested La Maintenon, whom she designates by the name of the *malignant beast*, or some other epithets of a similar meaning.

the company, even while they were present. This was a kind of malevolence in which the baron particularly excelled, and was perfectly in unison with the character of the princess. Accordingly, it is certain that no one was so high in favour at this court as the baron de Poelnitz. No sooner did he make his appearance than he was invariably greeted with, *Ah! good day to you, mein landsmann**; and when he did not make his appearance, the princess did not fail to inquire if her landsmann was indisposed.

From the commencement of the system of Law, Poelnitz set himself to divining means for profiting by the favour he enjoyed. He obtained, without difficulty, the advantage of being placed among the number of the fortunate, and he played his cards so well, as to be in a short time the possessor of considerable sums. "I have had here," said he, holding up his pocket, "no less a sum than fourteen hundred thousand livres."...."And what is become of them?" said I. "When the mania of the publick for paper money began to change to distrust, I was of the number of the blockheads who, not being sufficiently acquainted with the genius of your nation, believed that this distrust would be of no long continuance, and that patience only was necessary. In a short time the bills sunk still lower, and I still waited for the expected change; the whole edifice fell suddenly to the ground, and, egad, I lost every livre."

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* My countryman.

He had connected himself with the young nobility of the country, and was a party in different profligate tricks which were at that time in common practice.

One day, returning to Paris after having passed some time in the country, he stopped to dine at an inn in the skirts of Estampes, and perceived a well-dressed person on a beautiful horse enter the same inn, who asked for corn for his horse, and ordered the saddle not to be taken off. The stranger next requested the baron to let him dine at his table. The latter having consented, the person had the address to draw from him who he was and where he was going. They had got into a familiar train of conversation, when a little girl about ten years old, began to sing under their window the first stanza of an ancient ballad. At the same instant the stranger sprang from his seat, proceeded to the stable, jumped on his horse, and set off like lightning, after throwing a louis-d'or to the landlady, and saying, *I will take the change when I come again this way.* Cartouche about a year after being taken, the baron as well as the whole court had the curiosity to go and see him. This celebrated assassin, looking him full in the face, said, "I dined with you, Sir, in the inn at Estampes; a couplet of a ballad sung under the window made me leave you abruptly. The marechausseé were pursuing me, else my plan was settled; you would never have reached the other extremity of the forest."

During his residence in France, the baron affected a high style of living, and expended considerable sums of money. As Law's *system* failed him, he was necessarily obliged to try other resources. At this time it was affirmed of him, that being on the point of marrying a handsome widow, who was also extremely rich, and seeing her at the point of death of the small-pox, he passed into Holland with the box which contained the jewels of the lady in his possession. What is certain is, that he quitted France for Holland, and afterwards Holland for Italy. On arriving at Rome, having no other resource, this mighty baron of an empire, born in the Lutheran tenets, formed the project of saving himself by the aid of benefices, and accordingly made a solemn abjuration of his religion. Soon after, however, whether in consequence of more flattering prospects, or because he had more mortifying circumstances to encounter than he at first imagined, he returned to Berlin, where the eccentrick William, successour to Frederick the First, conceived the strongest attachment to him, appointed him his chamberlain, and made him his favourite. The baron possessed the difficult art of amusing this monarch, who, notwithstanding, had one scruple concerning him, which was his being a catholick; but this impediment was removed as soon as Poelnitz was sensible that the permanency of his good fortune was at stake. But as William was of the reformed church, he did not again enter the pale of Lutheranism; his zeal to arrive at the greatest

perfection now made him embrace the faith of Calvin, as he had before at Rome, from other motives, embraced catholicism. This act concluded, Poelnitz had nothing more to do than, with his accustomed address, to preserve the favour he had gained. He continued till the death of this prince his chamberlain in ordinary, and always in actual employment. He received, besides his salary, considerable presents: at Christmas, for example, the king sent him constantly six thousand rix-dollars (a thousand pounds). "I give you," said William to him one day, "according to my means; at the same time I am aware that it is not sufficient for your necessities. You need a sovereign much richer than I am to make your fortune; nor am I sure that even such a one could succeed in this respect, considering your habits of boundless extravagance: however, as you greatly contribute to my pleasure, I do what I can for you."

The baron was of the small number of persons who composed the smoking-room of William. This was an insulated apartment situated at Berlin, at the extremity of a garden on the banks of the Spree. This garden is now the Place d'Armes, and the smoking-room is a sculptor's workshop. The king generally repaired thither about seven, eight, or nine o'clock in the evening, where he was sure to find the persons he had invited, and they staid till eleven or twelve o'clock. They smoked, drank beer, and conversed familiarly on various topicks. The furniture of the smoking-room consisted of a long fir table,

and on each side of it a long bench of the same kind. At one extremity there was an arm-chair no less ordinary, and at the other, one in every respect similar, except that the back was surmounted by two hare's ears, a symbol received by the Germans to express the frivolity and worthlessness of the parties among whom they are found. This second chair was thus decorated, because it was reserved for an old servant admitted to the society for the purpose of carrying messages and playing the buffoon for their amusement. In this place it was that William learned all the anecdotes of the day; that he in his turn communicated to the rest what matters had come to his knowledge worthy of their curiosity; and that every one used his ability to gain him to the interests or passions of either themselves or their friends. In this respect, none among them was so formidable or so successful as the baron, not only because he was held in higher estimation than any one, but also because he was more versed in his art, and was no less eager than the rest.

This smoking-room at length became the theatre of either more or less important intrigues, of the secret of which William was the only person who remained ignorant. In this place both good and evil were frequently meditated. I shall mention a few anecdotes that belong to the subject. One of the smokers observed one evening, in this apartment, that he had made a good bargain in having purchased such an estate for such a price. The baron main-

tained, on the contrary, that it was a bad purchase and would ruin him. The matter was minutely discussed, and the result, according to the baron, was, that if the whole of the purchase-money could have been paid, it would have been a good bargain, but as ten thousand crowns of this money was left upon mortgage, the interest, repairs, accidents, and expenses of cultivation would be in danger of consuming, in a few years, not only the whole estate but the remaining fortune of the purchaser. William, who was appealed to by both parties, listened to all the arguments without speaking a word. When the subject had been abandoned about a quarter of an hour, and something else was talked of, William quitted them, and was absent more than two hours. The company at length became embarrassed as to what they ought to do. His custom was when he left them to return no more for the night, to say *Good night*, and on this occasion he had not said a word. They therefore found themselves in the awkward situation of suffering the king to return and find no one to receive him, or of staying the whole night to receive him to no purpose. At half past twelve the king arrived, followed by two servants loaded with bags of money, which he presented to the person who had bought the estate, saying, "As Poelnitz himself allows that your purchase would have been a good one if you had paid the whole of the purchase money, and you are besides a good and worthy citizen, I make you a present of the sum you stand in

need of, that you may not be ruined for want of such assistance." As the baron had devised the above means of obtaining this sum of money, it is natural to suppose he shared it with the person on whom it was bestowed, and especially as on such occasions it was his habit to stipulate, beforehand, how much was to be paid him in case of success.

The baron, who continued his expensive way of living, was constantly driven to the expedient of shifting, nor did he scruple to borrow of every one whom he knew to be opulent. He one day requested a considerable loan of M. de Vernesobre, who had been Law's banker at Paris, and who just before the downfal of the *system* had come from Paris to Berlin with a fortune of five millions of livres. Vernesobre had already lent different sums to this dangerous courtier, and determined on this occasion to refuse him. The baron vowed revenge, which he executed in the following manner. William was at this time building the new town of Berlin, and frequently amused himself with driving through that part of the town to see how the work went on, and the baron frequently accompanied him. In one of these expeditions they stopped in the *Vilhelme Straas*, or *William Street;* and the courtier made the king admire the beauty of this street, which was at once long and spacious, but observed that a large and handsome building was wanting at the extremity, to serve as a termination of the view. The king asked what kind of edifice he thought it should be. "A sort of

palace," replied the baron; "for example, an imitation in miniature of the palace of Versailles."..... "You are surely laughing at me: build it if you will; for my part, I am not rich enough."....."My idea was not that your majesty should be at the expense of the building; you provide for others that are more essential: but this which is no more than a mere ornament could be accomplished at that of one of your subjects, such a man, for example, as M. Vernesobre, who is so very rich! Could he possibly make a more honourable use of his fortune? Nor can he do less, in return for the asylum graciously afforded him by your majesty, who also refused to give him up to France."....."You are right; I will speak to him on the subject." In fact, William sent for Vernesobre, proposed to him the execution of the plan, and in reply to the expostulations of the banker observed, with great harshness, "Would you rather be given up to the king of France, who will infallibly have you hanged?" Poor Vernesobre, who had already built a hotel in another part of the town, was compelled to obey in silence. He erected a palace on the plan enjoined him, which, with the gardens and other appurtenances, cost near two millions of livres; the lead and iron work alone of which amounted to nearly four hundred thousand. This was the palace that was purchased in my time by the princess Amelia, sister to Frederick, for about fifty thousand livres.

Before I withdraw the baron de Poelnitz from the royal smoking-room, I will relate two or three additional anecdotes of him. The first is concerning a pastor of the reformed religion named M. de Beausobre, eldest brother of the academician of that name, and son of the celebrated Beausobre, who jointly with M. l'Enfant was the author of several valuable productions on ecclesiastical history.

William observed one evening that he had never been so strongly tempted as on that day to chastise a certain person with his cane: "but," added he, "the man was a priest; the people would have looked upon the act with horrour. This consideration alone restrained me. I was walking with a general on the terrace" [this was a solitary walk on the banks of the Spree, in front of *Mon-Bijon*, the residence of the queen;] "about the middle of the walk I perceived before us a priest who, to let me pass, leaned against one of the willows on the bank. I said to my companion, *You shall see how I will confound this priest.* I went up to him at the moment of his making me a low bow, and looking him in the face, I said, *Have you read Moliere's Tartuffe?* The wretch replied in a tone of insolence, with somewhat of the hypocrite, *Yes, Sire, and the Avare also.* My first impulse was to raise my cane: but I looked around and observed some people of the lower orders near us, and accordingly desisted. Ah, the wretches!"

The baron de Poelnitz did not enjoy the same favour under the reign of Frederick as he had done under that of William the First: but as he was descended from an ancient house attached to the court, and was well versed in the office of chamberlain; as he was an old servant, and familiar to the whole of the royal family; being, too, a man of understanding, with all the necessary qualifications for amusing; in short, as it would have been necessary in dismissing to have allowed him a pension, and it was more convenient to avoid this expense, he was not considered burdensome at court, and accordingly continued first chamberlain to the day of his death. He had the art of rendering himself sometimes useful, at others formidable, and almost without exception amusing. He was always one of the members of the philosophical suppers at Sans-Souci. In family quarrels he generally contrived to be either a confidant or a mediator. In such a course of life as this he attained to the age of eighty-four.

When an ambassadour arrived at the court of Berlin, it was Poelnitz who conducted the usual ceremonials; if a foreign prince or princess arrived, he immediately became a party. In a word, he was in the court the resource and the oracle on all occasions of etiquette, and this without having obtained either the attachment, esteem, or consideration of Frederick, who treated him with the same unrestrained freedom which he used with every one.

One day, conversing with the king on the subject of his poverty and difficulties, on which he was sometimes particularly eloquent, "I would willingly assist you," replied the king, "but what can I do? You know this country is so poor, that with the greatest economy only can I provide for its expenditure! If you had been a catholick, perhaps I could have given you a canon's stall. I have occasionally some good ones at my disposal, and you may suppose I would rather bestow such a benefit on you than on any other. But you are of the reformed church, which unfortunately is the most indigent of all our religions. It affords me no means of being useful to you. It is really a pity, and I assure you I am sincerely sorry for it." The baron was completely deceived by the seeming kindness of the king, and concluded he had nothing to do but to renounce the highest state of perfection, and return to something that might prove more useful. He that very evening made his abjuration; and, as the king had announced that he had at the moment a valuable canonry in his gift, he considered that he had not a moment to lose, and the next morning waited on the king to inform him that, agreeably to his advice, he was again become a catholick, and that he trusted so great a monarch would not fail to realize the hopes he had raised in the breast of a long tried servant of the royal family. "I am truly grieved," replied the king, "for I bestowed the canonry you speak of this very morning! This is most unfortunate, but how was I to suppose

you would again have changed your religion? What can I now do to recompense you?.....Ah! I recollect I have the nomination of a rabbin in my gift; if you will make yourself a Jew I will bestow it on you." It was in this manner that the baron de Poelnitz became a catholick for the rest of his life.

I have often assisted him, particularly when he happened to be ill, in revising his letters addressed to the princes and to the king, soliciting assistance; but they seldom produced the desired effect. On an occasion of this kind, the chamberlain had announced that he was on the point of departing for another world, and asked an alms to enable him to cross the Styx with Charon. Frederick replied, that he liked his company so much that he would never give him a single penny, lest he should devote it to paying his passage in that cursed boat which conducts people carefully enough, said he, across the river, but never brings them back again.

A few years previous to this, he had written that he could no longer leave his house, having neither forage for his horses nor money to buy any: the next day his door was blockaded with bundles of straw and hay, and sacks of oats and bran.

When the officers of the different departments gave in their accounts, and emptied their bags into the treasury in the month of May, which was the yearly custom, there was frequently some small sums left, which the king generally distributed to the persons around him. The baron never failed to watch

this epoch with the greatest eagerness, and had recourse to a variety of expedients to bring himself to the king's recollection: but if he was thought of at all, it was generally to allot him a few crowns only as his portion.

It must be confessed that few persons met with so many mortifications as he, and he deserved them. When he received any present, he used every endeavour to prevent its being known. In this conduct there might be good policy, but it was attributed to motives of pride and ingratitude. I once met him in company on prince Henry's birth day, when he took the greatest pains to exhibit a snuff box made of the root of some ordinary wood, which he had received as a present in the morning. We observed that no doubt it was delivered to him filled with pieces of gold; to which he answered with effrontery, *Not a single penny;* though at the same time we knew from a person of the prince's household that our suggestion was really the fact.

The baron was not only ungrateful from vanity, policy, and want of sensibility, but he was also malignant, deceitful, and perfidious. We have seen, in a preceding part of this work, what was his conduct in respect to prince Henry at the time of being thrown into confinement at Potzdam. This trait was one of those for which the two brothers were the least inclined to pardon him, when, after their reconciliation, they communicated with each other on the subject of their respective grievances and errours.

It was the count de Reuss (Henry the Forty-eighth, for I know not by what policy it was that all the males of the branch of his family settled at Berlin bear the name of *Henry*) who, notwithstanding he had lost a considerable part of his fortune, was the most liberal in his donations to the baron. During the last twenty years of his existence, he furnished him with horses and forage, and often sent him supplies of game and other presents; but this was published by means of the count's servants: for the baron, though much attached to the prince, was never known to confide such secrets to any one.

One evening, at supper. Borelli and myself being well informed of the indigent circumstances of the old chamberlain, endeavoured to represent his situation to prince Henry; and the more effectually to move the accustomed generosity of this personage, we praised the understanding, politeness, and other valuable qualities which, in despite of age, were conspicuous in the chamberlain. He replied in these words: "You are perfectly right, gentlemen, in bestowing your compassion on the baron: he must frequently experience the most cruel necessities, especially considering his time of life; and though they may reasonably be attributed solely to his own conduct, I no less pity his condition. As to his personal qualities, I cannot help making some exceptions to the opinion you seem to entertain. He has no doubt a strong understanding, but in how many instances has he made a perverted use of it? His manners are extremely

pleasing when he happens to be in the humour, but there have been occasions when he has used this advantage only to render himself the more dangerous. To you he employs the greatest politeness, but he does so only because he is poor. I do not wish to weaken the sentiment of humanity which inspires your zeal on his account: but depend upon it, if the baron were at present affluent, he would conduct himself even towards you with the most consummate insolence. I will answer for it, he would not deign to look at you. Let us therefore do him service if we can: but let us not forget that in his case, more especially, *misfortune has its advantages.*"

Prince Henry was right, and of this we were well aware. It was not necessary to be long acquainted with the baron, to perceive in him the leaven of pride and insolence through his extreme politeness. If I happened to be taking a ride with him, and we met the princess Frederick of Brunswick, of the house of Wurtemburg, he became indignant on perceiving she had six horses to her carriage: "Do you think," said he, "I will stop my carriage to let her pass? Egad, no. If other people do this, it is a meanness I will never imitate." He then ordered his coachman to proceed.

The baron de Poelnitz had nothing in his possession of so much value as his manuscripts, or rather his memoirs of the first three reigns of the kingdom of Prussia. They formed three volumes *in folio*, of

considerable thickness, in close writing, one reign to each volume.

These memoirs do not form a regular course of history, but embrace for the most part only the court, or even the royal family. It may be called a collection of anecdotes calculated to give a just idea of the persons mentioned in them. Though something of a chronological order has been observed, it has not been slavishly submitted to. Frequently, one transaction brings to recollection another that happened at a different time: so that these memoirs may in a great measure be considered as nothing more than the vehicle of bringing to his remembrance what was interesting in the reigns of the first three kings of Prussia, and those about them. The baron could not well succeed in giving his work a greater degree of order, since he did not think of composing it till he was considerably advanced in age, and pursued it at distant intervals, as he happened to have leisure, or his interest was excited by the subjects recalled to his memory.

His production was to be kept a secret, as we may well suppose: but this resolution was adhered to with the strictness that generally attends such resolutions. The number of confidants by degrees increased according to circumstances, till at length all the persons who were on a footing of intimacy with him knew more of the subject than he had any previous intention to communicate. He had the three volumes constantly before him on a small table. If a fit of con-

fidence seized him towards the person who happened to drop in, he read him different parts of the work according to the subject of their conversation. When he perceived that what he read made a considerable impression, or he had some motives for gaining the friendship of the visiter, he did not fail to promise to put the whole work into his hands before his death. "It is yours," said he, "and you shall have it in your possession before I leave the world. All I require of you is, that you will preserve it with the greatest secrecy, and publish it with my name prefixed when you can do so with safety. I shall keep it for the present in my possession, because I intend to revise the whole, and to fill up some chasms which I could not well avoid." In this manner he at one time promised his work to M. Cesar; at another he made a pretended gift of it to my colleague Borelli, and to me; and in me the baron placed a more perfect confidence than in any other person, for I had the work in my possession for more than six weeks, a circumstance which happened in the following manner.

Some years before his death, the baron was attacked by a dangerous malady, when about eighty years of age. His weakness, sufferings, and his advanced age, convinced him that he should not recover, and in consequence of this idea he requested me to take his *Three Reigns* (this was his expression) and convey them to my house, on the condition that if he recovered they should be returned to him. I promised to go to him at the close of the evening, and recom-

mended his taking care that I should not be seen by any of his servants, either going in or coming out. Every thing happened as we wished. He sent his two footmen on some errand to distant parts of the town. I reached his house wrapped in a large great-coat, and found the carriage entrance open, and also the baron's apartment which was on the first floor. He delivered to me the three volumes carefully tied round, and with the cord sealed at different places. I returned with them to my house without being perceived by any one. As soon as the baron was recovered, I carried back his manuscripts with the same precautions I had used on taking them away.

Several years after this demi-possession of his work, the Du Troussels and myself were astonished to hear him say to us, one evening when we were supping with him, "You imagine I am a poor devil, who cannot afford to give you a supper. Who among you is as rich as I? If you do not believe me, look here, count this money." "Saying this, he took from his pocket several handfuls of Frederick-d'ors and ducats. These he had just received as the price of his memoirs, having sold them, as I afterwards heard, to the prince of Prussia, who afterwards reigned under the denomination of Frederick-William; a circumstance I deeply lamented, convinced that the work from that moment was lost to the publick. A part of it, however, has since been printed, either with the permission of the prince,, or through the fraud of some one of his favourites, who found means to get

possession of the manuscript. But what was more surprising than all the rest was, the use which he made of the greatest part of this money. I confess I could not have conceived this old profligate courtier capable of such an act of virtue; but having obtained the most unquestionable evidence of the fact from the lips of the French secretary of legation himself, who was intrusted with the charge of conveying this sum to the object of its destination, I did not merely forgive the baron for having, as it were, annulled his manuscripts, but I sincerely rejoiced in an action of so much benevolence. It is necessary to state that, during the baron's residence at Paris in the time of the regency, he had a daughter by a mistress whose name has been concealed. This daughter had married without having once seen her father, and was now dead, having left behind her an orphan child, who was a female, and had been brought up by some of her mother's relations and taught the business of a milliner. To this young person it was that the baron, a short time before his death, sent the sum of six thousand livres, to enable her either to form a comfortable establishment in her business, or to be a marriage portion. It is true he had received the most satisfactory accounts of the manners and conduct of the young woman; nevertheless whoever was well acquainted with the chamberlain must be surprised at the impulse which made him think of her, or even deign to make inquiries respecting her conduct. This anecdote is one of those which convince us that men

of even the most dissolute characters are sometimes capable of the noblest actions. Nor is it less true that the most virtuous men are sometimes capable of depravity.

I have spoken of the baron as of a man of a hard and profligate character; and in this place I ought to add to the traits with which the reader is already acquainted, and which prove the truth of my assertion, some additional anecdotes calculated to confirm still further this opinion. His reputation in this respect was so thoroughly established, that the pastor Hermann declared he dared not affirm, or even insinuate, in the pulpit, that the surest way to obtain a long life was to live well; "for," said he, "should some one of my auditors rise and name the baron de Poelnitz as a proof of the contrary doctrine, I should not have a word to answer in my defence, and I should be infallibly obliged to leave the pulpit and hide myself."

When the baron was attacked with the disorder of which he died, the priest of the catholick persuasion, who generally consulted me on all occasions of difficulty, requested me to advise him how to act in regard to the chamberlain. "I know," said he, "he is extremely ill, yet he has not sent for me. If I go to him for the purpose of exhorting him on the subject of his religious duties, it is possible he will dismiss me with insult; in which case I shall be blamed for having obeyed the dictates of a zeal which will be considered as indiscreet and meddling. If, on

the contrary, I leave him to himself, and he should die, I shall then be reproached for not having done my duty."....." Well," said I, " avoid each of these extremes; knock at his door; do not ask to speak with him; say simply that, hearing of his illness, you were desirous of inquiring concerning his amendment; request his servant to acquaint him with your being there, and at the same time to assure him of your respects and kind wishes. If he is inclined to see you, he will desire you may be conducted to him, when you will talk of religious matters only in answer to what he shall himself propose concerning them. If he should not desire you to walk in, or should not mention the subject, you will leave him with the consciousness of having done your duty, and of having left no room for animadversions on your conduct." The priest thanked me for my advice, and determined to put it into execution that very hour, which was about ten o'clock in the morning. In the evening I paid the baron a visit, and found him seated in an easy chair, with his head supported by a large bandage, the ends of which were fastened to the back of the chair. I remained with him a considerable time, listening with attention to the account he gave me of his sufferings, and using my endeavours to inspire him with the hope of their alleviation. I took care not to mention the priest, but he himself began to talk of him. " Only conceive," said he, " the catholick priest paid me a visit this morning. I would not see him; I sent him word I

did not want him." I made no reply, but led him to a different subject. He died the next day.

Some days after I met the priest at M. de Launay's, and, taking him aside, asked if he had called at the baron's agreeably to his determination? He assured me he had not only been there, but was well received, and that he had even administered the sacrament to him. "Priest," replied I, "you would not, I trust, deceive me."....."If you have the least doubt," said he, "you may know the truth by inquiring of his servants; they will tell you they were ordered to show me in, and to leave me alone with him. You will soon be convinced by their accounts that I am not deceiving you."....." Well," answered I, "the last act of the baron's life was an act of meanness, falsehood, and hypocrisy. He died as he had lived." Prince Henry, to whom I related this affair, observed, that the conduct of the chamberlain was perfectly consistent with his character; that on the one hand he, as a dying man, stood in fear of the torments of hell, and on the other dreaded, in case he should recover the contempt which would have been excited by his terrours.

A short time after the death of the baron, a lampoon got into circulation, which would be but little worthy of notice in this work, if it did not serve as a sort of necrology to the epoch in which it made its appearance, and if, at the same time, it did not characterize with considerable fidelity the personages that figured in the production. This little essay begins

with announcing that M. de Krusemarck informed the king that, having presented himself to Saint Peter, the saint notwithstanding his insignia of the Black Eagle, his rank of lieutenant-general and commander of the body-guards, with the greatest incivility shut the door in his face, declaring that persons of his stamp being capable only of defrauding their fellow-creatures, ought to be excluded from paradise. That upon this, the king sent Quintus Icilius, in the hope that, either in quality of a man of understanding or as colonel of the light-horse, he would be able to soften the obduracy of Saint Peter; that the porter at the gates of paradise received him with disrespect, and reproached him with having been instrumental to a thousand acts of injustice. That the king, resolving to try again, sent count Schaffkotsch, commandant of Malta, to him, who, in his turn, obtained of the saint only the severest reproaches in regard to the divers pranks he had in his life been guilty of: that his majesty, supposing a Jew might have greater influence over the saint, commissioned old Ephraim, who was rudely repulsed as a usurer: that at length the king hit on the expedient of trying the efficacy of baron de Poelnitz's well-known talent for intrigue at the gates of paradise, which it is supposed proved successful, as no tidings were heard of him afterwards.

MADAME DU TROUSSEL.

THE article concerning Madame du Troussel would be one of the most copious contained in this work were I to include in it all the circumstances which her name recalls to my memory, or which are calculated to excite the interest of the reader; for, during the last ten successive years, I and my whole family were in the habit of passing our time in the society of this lady and her husband. All occurrences that happened to me were more or less connected with Madame du Troussel. But as I have already spoken of her in different parts of this work, I shall now relate only such traits as peculiarly belong to the article.

I had been for some time acquainted with M. du Troussel, who was a native of France, an officer, and the son of a judge of the colony of the refugees at Berlin, where he married this lady. As he was a man of honour and understanding, and blended in his character no less frankness than urbanity, his acquaintance, as may be supposed, was extensive. I had met him in different companies, and particularly in the house of M. de Marwitz, commandant of the

body-guards, and in that of the baron de Kniphausen. In these different interviews he had always appeared to see me again with pleasure, so that my acquaintance with him was of a nature to be extremely gratifying. At length he one morning, in the course of a visit I paid him, informed me that he was going to be married to Madame de Kleist. I left him, determined that this should therefore be the last time of my seeing him in his own house, taking it for granted the lady would be but little inclined to cultivate the society of literary persons. In reality, I had every reason to form such an opinion: for she was maid of honour to the queen, mother of Frederick; niece of the governour to the princes Henry and Ferdinand, and in virtue of this title had been brought up in a certain degree in the society of the princes; daughter to general de Schwerin, cousin-german of the field-marshal of that name, and also his intimate friend, and of all the masters of the horse and generals of the cavalry of his time, and in his own country, at least, the most celebrated. Cherished with equal tenderness by her father and her uncle, and possessing a thousand qualities of both mind and heart to entitle her to this affection; perpetually sought after as a woman of the greatest beauty and most pleasing manners; accustomed to hear herself denominated by no other term than the beautiful Schwerin or the beautiful Kleist; she enjoyed, in a superlative degree, that kind of reputation that is produced by being constantly the subject of publick conversation. She

was connected with the court by numerous ties; and her beauty, understanding, birth, and habits, naturally placed her in the vortex of motion and dissipation.

About three months after her marriage I was accordingly much surprised at receiving from her an invitation in form to dinner. It was to meet a party of academicians. Madame du Troussel did not make her appearance till we were summoned to table, M. du Troussel alone having received us.

As we were taking our coffee after dinner, Madame du Troussel observed to me, that till the time of her marriage I had entertained considerable friendship towards her husband, but that since that event I had discontinued my visits to him; that she felt the utmost concern at being the cause of weakening an intimacy of which they were equally desirous; and that she hoped she should have the pleasure of seeing me as often as my leisure would admit. In consequence of these civilities I called at their house a few days after, in the evening, and was graciously received. On the following day she left her card at our door for my wife, and this was followed by an invitation to supper for the day after.

Madame du Troussel, previous to her marriage, had the reputation of being rather gay than severe in her manners; it was even pretended, that at the early age of thirteen, and while a maid of honour to the queen-mother, she had given such proofs of this as obliged her to retire to her mother's roof. A

short time after this adventure, either true or false, the beautiful Schwerin married a Mr. de Kleist, a canon of Brandenburg. This canon was a man of pleasing manners, but not affluent. His canon's stall being insufficient for the support of their establishment unless they should reside upon it, they made Brandenburg the place of their abode for several years. But the husband was ambitious, and no less so the wife. Each was inconsolable at the idea of being at a distance from the court. M. de Kleist engaged in various enterprises which ruined him. He at length found himself overwhelmed with debts and pursued by his creditors. His wife, who had had the weakness to give her signature on several pressing occasions, perceiving she had already pledged the half of her fortune, at length resolved on obtaining a divorce. M. de Kleist lost his prebend together with all he was possessed of, and retired to Mecklenburg, where he passed his time at the houses of different country gentlemen.

Madame de Kleist, after her divorce, was left with her three children, two girls and a boy. This was her situation when M. du Troussel, who was then a captain of artillery, and whose pay amounted to about fifteen thousand livres per annum, formed the determination of marrying her.

I am now going to relate an anecdote that can with difficulty be believed, but which, however, I have heard related and affirmed at least a hundred times from the lips of madame du Trussel, who must neces-

sarily be a judge of the fact, and on whose veracity I perfectly rely. My reason for inserting it in this work is to show the effects of superstition even on men of the most liberal education when under the influence of avarice or any other violent passion. Her first husband, M. de Kleist, together with several other persons of the first distinction, different generals, and some other persons, all occupying distinguished places under government, met with a person who pretended to have the power of forcing the devil to reveal the secret places where all the treasures were buried that had formerly disappeared in Germany. They formed an honourable association among themselves for the purpose of obtaining the minutest information relative to so valuable a secret; the benefits and expenses of which they intended to share equally among them. They paid a large consideration for the supposed discovery, and promised, in addition, a part of the profits to the person of whom they obtained it, who in this manner became their conductor.

From this time there was no act of extravagance, the performance of which he did not impose upon them; all the mummeries that are to be found in the stories of the *sabbath* of witches were practised by them with the greatest solemnity and mystery. They conjured and exorcised the devil in all sorts of ways, at all hours of the night, and in the most desert places. A variety of sacrifices to the devil were enjoined them which cost large sums of money; among others, that of immolating a perfect goat which should not

have a single hair that was not black. To procure such a goat as this, it was sometimes necessary to perambulate not only the Prussian provinces and neighbouring countries, but all Poland, Lithuania, &c. At length, to the great joy of our exorcists, a perfect goat was found, and never was goat so precious immolated at the altar of Bacchus. The price he cost was his weight in gold, and he was led to the slaughter with all possible care and solemnity. The goat was sacrificed in due form in the presence of all the associates. Praises were lavished on the devil; but he was either deaf or had no treasures to discover. Whether from ingratitude or malice, he made no reply to what was addressed to him. Such was the issue of this great enterprise, which cost immense sums of money to the associates, and particularly to M. de Kleist, and left them no other recompence than the solemn promise they made each other in separating to observe the most inviolable secrecy as to the project they had engaged in. But what secret can elude the penetration of a woman of address when she has an interest in the discovery? The beautiful Kleist obtained the discovery of this, and bound herself by no promise not to disclose it, or rather let me say she forgot the promise she made in my favour.

Every one must naturally be astonished that men of rank, some of them men of understanding and talents, should have been capable of such weakness! And still more so, when it is considered that it was in the reign of Frederick, in his court, and even near

his person, that men who both heard and admired him were the dupes of so disgraceful an imposture. This then is a picture of human nature. On the same canvass with this philosophical king we view a Lamethrie, the apostle of universal materialism, making the sign of the cross if it does but thunder! Maupertuis, who does not believe in God, says his prayers regularly every evening on his knees! D'Argens, a still firmer infidel, shudders if he counts the number thirteen around a table! The princess Amelia, the favourite sister of Frederick, almost as much a philosopher, and endowed with almost as strong an intellect as himself, is the dupe of fortune-tellers! And full half the court are credulous to the story of the woman all in white, who appeared in one of the apartments of the castle, holding in her hand a large broom, with which she swept the apartment when any member of the royal family was to die in the course of the year! Oh! race of human kind, of what hast thou the front to boast thyself?....

Madame du Troussel, from the beginning of our acquaintance, so sincerely partook of the friendship entertained for me by her husband, that it was not long before the demonstrations of that sentiment became more marked and frequent in her than they had been even in the former. I was sure to meet at her house all the ladies of the court, and all the men of note both civil and military. In her house I collected from a great variety of persons an infinite number of anecdotes, more or less secret. I could not have had

a better opportunity of seeing much, and learning from others what I did not see. My conduct was such as to leave no uneasiness in the mind of the person who was my informer, besides that I was considered as having a fixed attachment to the Prussian territory. The confidence manifested towards me by M. and madame du Troussel increased that of other persons: in short, no one thought of laying himself under restraint in my presence.

M. du Troussel was a man of a firm and ingenuous character, prompt in decision, kind and susceptible in his temper, but impatient of affronts. He was generally esteemed at court, in the town, and in the army.

I do not remember at any time to have seen a man of the military profession so poignantly affected as he, on occasions of bringing any of the soldiers to severe punishment, or being himself obliged to be present when they were inflicted. On these occasions his distress was so great, that no one ventured to speak to him, or even endeavoured by any means to divert his attention from the subject.

In the war that was carried on for the succession of Bavaria, M. du Troussel was appointed general of the artillery of prince Henry's army; an army composed of a hundred thousand men, whose object was to attack Austria and Bohemia by the way of Saxony. I saw him on this occasion, and assured him of my anxious wishes for his welfare. We bad each other adieu, each with tears in his eyes. Some distresses

of a domestick nature had obliged him to abandon his house with a determination to enter it no more. On reaching Magdeburg, he took up his abode in an inn, where he wrote several letters ; one among the rest he left open on the table, which was conceived in the following terms : " As I wish to avoid being the cause of injury to the worthy people under whose roof I am, and as there are persons who might feel a repugnance to occupying an apartment in which suicide had been committed, I shall terminate my existence in the vestibule. I enjoin that my clothes shall not be taken off, nor my body be washed. I request that I may be buried with every thing I have now on my person ; that during the day my body may be placed in a coach house and the door locked ; that late in the evening I may be carried to the grave by four soldiers, followed by my two servants only, without any military honours or parade ; that I may be buried among the graves of soldiers, and that my body may be sunk as low in the earth as may be possible."

After finishing all his letters, he opened his window and inquired of the centinel what was the hour? The centinel having answered that the clock had just struck three, he shut down the window, and a minute after the sound of a pistol was heard, which awaked every one in the house. He was found seated on the ground in a corner of the vestibule, a loaded pistol in his left hand, and the other in his mouth, which he held fast with his teeth. Two balls had penetrated the brain and came out at the crown of the head.

What could be the motive that determined M. du Troussel to this act of desperation? The publick attributed it to a connexion his wife had formed with two young men who had visited frequently at his house, and to being refused the act of divorce he had solicited of the king.

After the death of her husband, madame du Troussel having only her own fortune for her subsistence, was obliged to retrench her expenditure. She accordingly confined herself to a small circle, and died suddenly in the course of a year or eighteen months.

THE TRAVELLERS.

IN proposing to treat of the travellers who in my time visited Berlin, my design was not to mention all I saw of this description, but merely such as might naturally be supposed in some way or other to be interesting to the reader.

In 1767, the duke de la Rochefoucault directed his travels to the north of Europe, for the purpose of perfecting his knowledge of mineralogy and to have an opportunity of conversing with men of distinguished learning. Having resided some time in Sweden, he came to Berlin, where he passed a month in the house of M. de Guines, the French envoy at the court of Frederick. On the day after the arrival of this illustrious traveller, M. de Guines requested me to furnish him with such instructions as might be necessary for the object he proposed. I accordingly offered to be myself his conductor to the places which the nature of his researches might require him to visit. We spent a week in perambulating the city of Berlin, in which time we visited all the persons of distinguished talents there resident, and examined all the libraries and cabinets that contained any thing remarkable.

In the course of the week which he had consecrated to our expedition, my first step was to conduct the duke to the residence of M. Gleditsch, a celebrated naturalist, the man he was most desirous to form an acquaintance with, and to whom more than to any other, he afterwards repeated his visits. M. Gleditsch having presented the duke with a part of a small supply he had obtained of virgin iron, a mineral which from its extreme scarceness was invaluable, the latter consulted with me as to the manner in which he should manifest his sense of the obligation. My reply consisted of a description of the indigent, and occasionally even distressed, condition in which, notwithstanding his pension and the lessons he gave to pupils, M. Gleditsch found himself, especially since he had become a widower, being necessarily obliged to confide the management of his household expenses to his daughters who were still young. The duke in his last visit to this learned man left a rouleau of louis d'ors on his writing desk.

This circumstance reminds me of another, concerning which the duke could not conceal his surprise. Agreeably to my recommendation he presented my colleague, M. Stoss, who showed us the publick library and the cabinet at the castle, with a ducat. This French nobleman had not learned at Paris that a trifling remuneration might be offered for the sacrifice of a few moments of their time to a d'Aubenton, or to the librarian of a king. It is by dint of travelling we learn in how great a degree opinions, usages,

and moral principles may vary without weakening the consideration of the publick towards those who submit to them, or use them for their pecuniary advantage.

A family who possessed a fine estate in the Prussian territory had become extinct, and its collateral heirs were branches of a family residing in a French province. The king wrote to the heads of this family, that if they thought proper to send to Berlin any one or more of its members who should bring with them a cession in complete form of the rights of the rest of the family in their favour, and should be willing to take up their residence in his dominions, he consented to renounce his claim to the *droit d'Aubaine*, and would cause them to be put in possession of the vacant inheritance. The family accordingly sent out two brothers, whom I saw; one about nineteen, and the other about seventeen years of age. The king wished to see them; and the evening of the day on which he sent for them, he said to me: "There is then no longer any such thing as education, Sir, in France; or if there is, the nobility have abandoned it to the lower orders. Are your schools, your colleges, your universities, all shut up? or do your nobility no longer send their children to them? For I observe in all the persons of distinction I have recently seen from France, the most shameful and inexplicable ignorance. You shall judge by what happened this very morning. Two brothers, natives of France, young and of noble extraction, have come hither with the intention of

establishing themselves in this country. I wished to see and converse with them, that I might form some judgment of their characters. Would you believe it? They are unacquainted with even what relates to their own family. After convincing myself of their complete ignorance in every other respect, I had the curiosity to ask them if the celebrated grand master of Malta, known in history by their name, was one of their family? This was pure malice on my part, for I knew well enough he did not belong to it. The eldest of the two, who was always the speaker, was unable to resolve my question. I ought however, in justice, to confess that he conducted himself with the greatest modesty. He dared not venture to arrogate to his family so glorious an alliance, and contented himself with acknowledging he knew nothing of the matter. Here then are two young gentlemen, born and educated in your country, who neither know, nor probably ever will know, any thing more of the matter than your nobles of ancient times who were their ancestors! But, Sir, your nobles of ancient times, who were proud of not knowing how to write, were ignorant only in the same proportion as their contemporaries; they had not degenerated! I perceive, with pain, you have no longer any nobility in France; for, what is nobility? In what does it consist? Do you suppose it consists in a line of descent which we often find defective, and at best is always doubtful; or in parchments that may so easily be forged or altered? If nobility consisted in such pitiful considera-

tions as these, it would be unworthy of the least esteem; the nobility would be nothing better than a class of privileged impostors. True nobility, Sir, has a character whose claims upon our respect are widely different in their nature; an essential character, allied to energy and elevated sentiments. I maintain, then, that whenever those characteristicks do not exist, there is no nobility; and this, generally speaking, is the opinion I am inclined to entertain of that of France. But can you tell me why it is that your nobility, which was formerly so renowned, has so degenerated? For my own part, I confess I have endeavoured to ascertain the cause of this, and I will submit to your consideration that which appears to me if not the only, yet the most powerful cause of this growing evil. I am of opinion, that what occasioned the ruin of the French nobility was the system of Law. In fact, the crush produced by this system among the most splendid fortunes of France was succeeded by the sudden rise of families till then unknown, who now eclipsed by their luxurious way of living, and in course of time by their credit, the families who had hitherto enjoyed preeminent distinction. By degrees, these upstarts became the possessors of lands, titles, honours, places. The nobility, become indigent and dispersed, humbled and nearly forgotten, inferred from the passing scene that nothing was so desirable as opulence; hence they ceased to attach any esteem to sentiments, which accordingly were no longer carried to account. The claims of sentiment were bar-

tered for those of gold; every thing was reduced to a standard of exclusive venality. Such, Sir, in my opinion, are the obligations you owe to the system of Law; and such is the chain of evidence which appears to me to justify my assertion, that you have no longer any nobility in France."

I shall say nothing in this place of a multitude of French officers, who came to Berlin merely to be present at the reviews of the Prussian armies. Respecting some of these, however, I have a few anecdotes of a particular nature to relate.

Eighteen of these officers were presented at once to the king. It had been strenuously recommended to them to dress themselves in complete uniform for the occasion, as Frederick never forgave in officers the most trifling neglect of any thing relative to the military character, and refused to tolerate such negligence even in foreigners, from the apprehension that their example might tend to influence the conduct of his own armies. One of these officers, however, a M. de R....., thinking himself at Versailles, paid no attention to the advice he had received, but made his appearance in silk stockings, instead of being in boots agreeably to his rank of brigadier-general. The king, on entering the audience-chamber, instantly perceiving this irregularity, came up to him, and inquired in what regiment he had served before he attained to his present rank. "In the regiment of Champaign, Sire," replied the brigadier-general. "Ah!" returned the king, stepping back and fixing

his eyes on the officer's legs, "we have not forgot the old proverb, *Champaign laughs at order.*" He then turned and conversed with other persons. This anecdote not only became publick, but the brigadier-general had the mortification of being left out in the list of the foreign officers of distinction who received invitations to a dinner at the castle.

A knight of the order of Saint Louis, captain of grenadiers in a much distinguished regiment, had come to Berlin and requested an employment in the service of Frederick. The latter, before he determined respecting the request, was inclined to have some conversation with the person who made it. The officer knowing the detestation entertained by the king of Prussia for the duke de Choiseul, the more effectually to ingratiate himself, spoke in terms of the greatest disrespect of his colonel, who was nearly related to the duke; he declared, in short, that the injustice and bad conduct of his commanding officer were the sole cause which had determined him to quit the French service. On hearing this, Frederick assumed the austere and military monarch. "I see plainly," said he, "that you will never be a good soldier; you are unacquainted with the rules of subordination: for my part I require the most perfect discipline in my army; you do not suit me; I am in no need of your services." He then turned his back upon him, and the knight of the order of Saint Louis returned to Berlin, pursued his love of the gaming-table, contracted debts to the extent of his

credit, just as he had done in France; for it was soon known that his misconduct was the cause of his leaving that conntry and taking refuge at Berlin.

Other travellers of note furnish me with additional recollections that, from the interest of which they are susceptible, deserve a place in the present work. Among others I shall particularize prince Adam Czertorisky.

Prince Adam Czertorisky visited Berlin in the spring of 1767, to see the reviews and manœuvres of the Prussian army, and this with all the parade of a true Polish nobleman who was cousin to Augustus. His style of living was most splendid and costly, and suitable to an income of a hundred thousand ducats. He was a man of the most extensive information; he both understood and spoke with perfect facility the Greek, Latin, Polish, Russian, German, English, French, and Italian languages. In the visit he made to the publick library, it was evident that he was not only acquainted with the best esteemed works in every walk of science and literature, but even with the different principal editions that had appeared of them. Several of his servants were Polish gentlemen of reduced fortune, who enjoyed the privilege of being allowed to lie down on a mattress when the prince thought proper to chastise them with a cane.

Every body was at the time acquainted with the journey which Diderot made to Russia. What occasions me to treat of this journey in the present work is, that Diderot having avoided passing through Ber-

lin, either in his way thither or on his return, Frederick suspected him of some particular design in this conduct, and concluded it would be considered by all Europe that he had acted thus for the purpose of avoiding an interview with the king; an idea, in every point of view, displeasing to Frederick. It is natural enough that the appearance of such a determination should have been poignantly felt by him; and it is also probable that the intention was not erroneously imputed to Diderot, who had not forgotten that Frederick had expressed the strongest disapprobation of a passage in the first edition of the Encyclopedia, in which the French philosopher, after extolling the Solomon of the North as a king, as a warriour, as a philosopher, and as a poet, concludes with observing, that it is much to be lamented that the stop of so fine-toned a flute should be choked by grains of the sands of Brandenburg; an allusion which could not but offend the king, whether considered as applying to his talents as a man, or to the qualities or defects of the soil of the Prussian states.

The king, preserving a deep-rooted rancour in his heart against Diderot, without however deigning to make a formal declaration of his sentiments, did not fail to attack him indirectly the first time he saw him after Diderot's return to France. "You and I, Sir," said he, "have never yet in our conversations come to the confession to what a degree the philosophers of our age are marvellous and sublime! Ah! let us

not be ungrateful; rather let us exclaim, never did any philosophers resemble them! It is a pity they are not more within our reach! They no doubt move in too elevated a sphere to descend to us petty inhabitants of the earth! This is so much the worse for us feeble mortals, who are in consequence deprived of the edification to be derived from their lessons! However, Sir, when a lucky planet throws one of their admirable productions in my way, I do what I can to understand their meaning, and apply it for my improvement. In this respect assuredly I can be reproached with nothing. I study them with all the ardour and perseverance of which I am capable: if I do not always succeed, I sometimes, however, reap advantages that afford me consolation. One day, for example, I found in a work of one of the most illustrious worthies of modern philosophy the following thought, no less profound than novel: *The human mind can be apprehended only by itself.* I suspected there was some inestimable meaning concealed under the simplicity of the words; but I was unable to penetrate what it could be. My circumscribed faculties perceived in it nothing but wretched absurdity and bombast. Fortunately, however, nature has endued me with a certain perseverance of character; my vanity too was wounded, and a voice from within whispered me, *What! will you not profit by the treasures so condescendingly offered you!* In short, Sir, my perseverance was crowned with flattering success at the moment I least expected it. A ray of

light suddenly flashed on my eyes ; I comprehended that, if some one were to tell us that the right hand can be apprehended by the left, or the left by the right, it would be one of those trivial truths that mankind would deign neither to listen to nor repeat ; but that if a person told us that the left hand could be apprehended only by the left hand, and the right by the right, you cannot but perceive all the beauty, novelty, and miraculousness of the discovery !"

The journey of M. Diderot to Russia brings another journey to my recollection, which had no greater brilliancy to boast of.

The traveller I allude to was M. de la Riviefe, ci-devant superintendant at the islands, and honorary counsellor to the parliament of Paris, a celebrated economist, and author of the work entitled, *De l'Ordre naturel et essentiel des Sociétés*. He was a man of understanding, of a pleasing physiognomy and lively temper, and whose conversation was still more gratifying than his writings. M. de la Riviere had become acquainted with prince Galitzin, the Russian envoy to Paris, a short time previous to the epoch when Catherine the Second, in rivalship of Frederick the Second, resolved on introducing a new code of laws into her vast empire. But as she could not but be diffident of her own powers in matters of such importance and extent, notwithstanding the numerous notes she had made on Montesquieu's *Esprit des Loix*, and baron Bilfield's *Des Institutions Politiques*, which she kept in her private library, she

inquired of prince Galitzin if he could not procure her for a certain time the assistance of a man of acknowledged eminence in such subjects, and who would be in all respects worthy of her confidence. The prince proposed M. de la Riviere, on whom he bestowed the highest eulogium. The bargain was made and ratified, on condition that this gentleman should reach Petersburg before the period of the convocation of the deputies of all the provinces of the empire at Moscow.

On his arrival at Berlin he made a stay in this town of a whole month before he could come to the resolution of plunging further into the north. In the mean while the empress, whose motive for seeing him was to consult with him respecting the project of the code to be presented to the Russian states, became impatient and offended. The day appointed for the opening of the states being at length near at hand, she set out for Moscow, taking with her the code, and appeared in the assembly on the day appointed, when she delivered the volume to the deputies. M. de la Riviere arrived at Petersburg about a week after the departure of the empress, and found that no orders had been left for him; and on his expressing a desire to hasten to Moscow, he was told this could not be. Notice of his arrival was sent to the empress, and the return of the express brought him no other order than to wait at Petersburg, which he did with extreme impatience for a whole month. The return of the empress produced no change in his

situation; he received from her no order, no summons, no invitation. M. de la Riviere determined, therefore, to demand the empress's consent to leave her states and return to France. This step was the occasion of the only conversation he obtained of this sovereign. He resolved to maintain a certain dignity of demeanour; he made no observations on the past; uttered no complaint; no reproach nor regret was even mentioned. It cannot be denied that in this scene M. de la Riviere had all the advantage, as we shall see by what passed between them. "Can you, Sir, inform me," said the empress going up to him, "the best method of governing a state?"...."Madam, there is but one; it is that of exercising justice; that is, of maintaining order and enforcing the laws." ....."But on what basis should the laws of an empire be founded?"....."There is, Madam, but one infallible basis, the nature of things and of man."..... "Vastly well; but when we would give laws to a people, by what rules can we be certain of the laws that best suit the general temper and condition of that people?"....."To make laws for a people, Madam, is a task God has delegated to no one. What is man that he should believe himself capable of imposing laws on beings of whom he knows nothing, or wholly misunderstands? What right has he to impose laws on beings whom God has not consigned to his care?"...."To what then do you reduce the science of government?"...."To the necessity of studying with deep attention and recognising the laws

which God has so manifestly engraven on the very organization of man when he endued him with existence. To exceed this boundary cannot but be a great misfortune, and an enterprise of sure destruction." "I am, Sir, extremely glad to have had an opportunity of hearing your sentiments. I wish you a good day." The empress was so surprised, and, as it were, agitated by the answers she received, that she hastened the conclusion of the interview to conceal her embarrassment; nor was it succeeded by any other. M. de la Riviere was paid agreeably to the conditions made at Paris, and he returned with greater alacrity than that with which he had set out. He staid but a few days at Berlin, Frederick as well as Catherine appearing totally ignorant of every thing that concerned him. He had, however, several conversations of considerable length with prince Henry, who was extremely curious on subjects relative to Russia. It will easily be believed that the person who was now his intelligencer was not much disposed to give favourable accounts: on the contrary, M. de la Riviere complained emphatically, and without disguise, of the sovereign, her ministers, and of the country. I have more than once been astonished at the warmth and openness with which he expressed himself.

Another traveller of much greater celebrity, the abbé Raynal, next claims our attention to an article which his character and reputation require to be wholly devoted to himself.

A short time previous to the first edition of *L'Histoire Philosophique du Commerce des Européens dans les Indes*, we had undertaken at Berlin a literary journal. This journal, dedicated to the king, was announced as being conducted by a society of academicians. The persons regularly employed about it were Castillon and his son, Toussaint and myself; Sulzer, Merian, Beausobre, and a few others, had also promised to take a part, but did not keep their promise. In short, we abandoned our undertaking after the publication of the twenty-seventh volume; (we published a volume every three mouths.) My coadjutors allotted me the task of reviewing the abbé Raynal's work when it made its appearance. I complied, after assuring them we should repent having meddled with it. I knew the king had read the work; that he every day at his dinner time spoke of it with a kind of enthusiasm, till he came to the following apostrophe: "Oh! Frederick! thou hast been no less a hero than a king.....Thou hast been, &c. Be more .....Thou hast placed thy money in the hands of Jews;....thy finances thou hast committed to foreign depredators &c." I knew that the king, from the time this passage met his eye, had not uttered a syllable respecting either the book or its author. I nevertheless made a first extract which fell under the king's observation in the ensuing number of the journal. Frederick, exasperated to find in it any mention of *L'Histoire Philosophique*, but unwilling to explain his sentiments openly, wrote, not to the authors of

the journal but to the academy itself, a letter couched in cold authoritative terms, in which, without entering into any detail, he ordered that more attention should be paid to the journal published by its members, that his academy might not be dishonoured. My colleagues now perceived the justness of my apprehensions, and we never afterwards mentioned either the abbé Raynal or his book; and the subsequent volumes of the journal were received with every mark of approbation and encouragement.

While the *Histoire Philosophique* was to us at Berlin the cause of the trifling uneasiness I have related, it occasioned much more serious perplexities to the abbé Raynal, its author, then in France. The parliament of Paris took upon them to manifest displeasure; the clergy made an outcry, and formed cabals against him. The abbé yielded to his fears and escaped to Saxe-Gotha, where he was well received, but where he daily expected to receive the intelligence that his revenues had been seized upon; an apprehension that sunk deeper into his heart than any other. Notwithstanding the kind and honourable reception he met with from the dutchess of Saxe-Gotha, he was dissatisfied with a court that presented him with a theatre much too small for talents like his. His ambition, his desire of greater celebrity, his interests, the reflection that the honours he should receive at the court of a philosopher king would reverberate even to Paris and Versailles, and extort respect from his very enemies, all these considerations

directed his thoughts to Berlin, when the princess d'Achkoff passed through Gotha, on her return to Paris with her son, and remained there a few days. The princess entertained sentiments of the strongest inveteracy against France, and the natives of France, for the mortifying adventure she had met with at the Thuilleries was still fresh in her memory; nor was it of a nature to be soon forgotten, particularly by a person of so haughty, ardent, and passionate a temper. This princess had the strength of a man, and took large strides as she walked. She held her head, which was not formed upon the rules of beauty, erect; her looks were dauntless and imperious. Let the reader imagine such a personage as this walking, or rather seated, one fine day in the Thuilleries; some one passing by with a friend said to him: "Yonder is the Russian princess, who was the cause of the death of Peter the Third, that is, she had him strangled, having failed in an attempt to poison him, which poison she prepared with her own hands, and followed at the heels of the slaves with a drawn sword in her hand, to prevent their relenting in the horrid task of forcing their sovereign to swallow the poison."

These circumstances were for the most part false, but they were generally regarded at that time in France as true. It is easily imagined that what was thus said aloud in the principal avenue of the Thuilleries was soon circulated to the most distant part of the gardens, and that a crowd was gathered round the prin-

cess, who at length betrayed some confusion from the consciousness of her situation. Among the persons whose curiosity was the most conspicuous, was a chevalier of the order of Saint Louis, a man of a handsome and distinguished figure, to which was added a countenance of some austerity. To him the princess addressed herself, to learn the cause of the crowd which surrounded her: "Pray, Sir," said she, "why do you regard me so earnestly?"...."Madam, I ask your pardon; I look at you, but I do not regard you." On hearing this, she rose, darted furiously through the crowd, reached her abode, ordered her carriage, and set out for Gotha.

The abbé Raynal, in the position in which he found himself, had little difficulty in pardoning the animosity expressed by the princess towards France; for, among other reasons, he had formed the design of taking advantage of her arrival to obtain a seat in her carriage, and thus diminish his expenses. Accordingly he so effectually ingratiated himself into her favour, that she proposed the very thing he wanted, which he readily accepted, observing that he was going no further than Berlin, where he was expected, assuring the princess he would be at Gotha in the course of a few months.

On arriving at Berlin, the princess sent a message of inquiry concerning the health of prince Dolgorouki, the Russian envoy to the court of Prussia; and the prince in his turn paid his country-woman a visit, and invited her, together with her son and her travelling

companion, to dinner on the following day. He invited on the same occasion M. M. de Lagrange, Formey, Merian, and myself.

The forms of introduction were scarcely over, when the abbé Raynal, who to gain importance with the publick had got inserted, in as many newspapers and other publications as he could, an account of the prize he had proposed relative to the question, whether the discovery of America had produced most good or evil to Europe, introduced the subject with great eagerness and solicited our concurrence, at the same time assuring us there was no subject more worthy of occupying the minds of learned men and philosophers. He was, however, somewhat surprised at the indifference with which his exhortation was received; no one made him any reply except Merian, who pronounced a few words more from courtesy than from any interest with which the subject had inspired him. When we were at table, the princess d'Achkoff, addressing herself to the abbé, introduced the subject of Geneva, at that time besieged by the Swiss, the king of Sardinia, and the French, which she considered as an operation that had originated in an artifice of M. de Vergennes, which would no doubt terminate in making that country a province of France. Upon this the abbé Raynal, who had no intention of going to Russia, and who no longer stood in need of any accommodation from the princess, dismissed the tone he had assumed, and again became a patriot who dared to speak his sentiments without reserve.....

"Madam," said he, "the territory of Geneva contains barely two leagues of radius; and you are aware that our provinces are of a different stamp. If you object that Geneva is a wealthy territory, I reply that its wealth consists in the advantage of being close upon our frontiers, which facilitates to them the means of smuggling. Should Geneva become a part of France, the smuggling, and consequently its wealth, would subside; it would in a short time become a mere village. And can you, Madam, suppose that for such a pitiful acquisition as this (for Geneva will be no more than a beggarly town in ten years from the present time) M. de Vergennes would be at the expense of so complicated an intrigue, and thus expose his reputation for integrity, and annihilate for ever the claims he has acquired to the esteem and confidence of all the cabinets in Europe? You may be well assured he knows better how to calculate than this, and that a policy so pitiful, false, disreputable, and ruinous, could never by this minister have been adopted."

The poor princess looked round at the company with an expression that betrayed her confusion and surprise. It was evident not only that she was at a loss what to reply, but that she was unaccustomed to be contradicted in so unqualified a manner by any one, and especially by the abbé Raynal: she had no resource but to change the subject, and accordingly she addressed herself to M. de Lagrange, who was seated next to me....."M. de Lagrange," said she,

"you are no doubt acquainted with Pere Jacquier?" ....." I never saw him, Madam, nor ever corresponded with him."....." He is, however, a man of considerable merit in the science of mathematicks."..... "He is one of those, Madam, who has written the most upon the subject, I think no less than sixty volumes; and as I have read a certain number of them, I may be allowed to say his style is good, and that he probably has been, and still may be, of great service to young persons. He has seized and repeated with considerable skill the doctrines of other writers." ....." No doubt, Sir, he is a man of talents and of pleasing manners; but besides this, he is acknowledged to be one of the best geometricians of the present age, and also a man of genius. Pere Jacquier will be known to posterity."...." His talents, Madam, may render him worthy of such a distinction, but it is not the number of volumes written by a mathematician that will alone ensure him that honour. The most voluminous author in existence dares not flatter himself that he will be cited twenty years after his death if he has made no discovery of importance, and this unfortunately is the situation of Pere Jacquier; while, on the other hand, an author who should have left behind him but a scrip of paper no larger than one's hand, is sure of descending to the latest posterity if this scrip contain but some grand and admirable discovery, such, for example, as one of the laws of Kepler." Upon this the Russian princess, friend of Catherine the Second, constituted

director of the imperial Academy of Sciences at Saint Petersburg, confuted on the subject of Geneva by the abbé Raynal, and on that of Pere Jacquier by M. de Lagrange, adopted the resolution of relinquishing the sciences and politicks. The conversation was afterwards continued on different subjects, and the company withdrew one by one after the coffee had been served.

On the following day, M. le Chevalier de Gaussen, secretary to the French embassy, and at that time charge-d'affaires in the absence of the minister, the marquis de Pons-Saint Maurice, called on M. de la Haye de Launay, administrator-general of the king's customs, to invite him to dinner at his house. "I announce to you, Sir," said he to M. de Launay, "that you will soon receive a visit from the abbé Raynal: he breakfasted with me this morning. As there was no one but ourselves, I expressed my sentiments without reserve. I asked him if he intended to see you?"..,..." Certainly," replied he; "his house is one of those in which I hope to be on the most intimate footing."....." But," observed I, "he is the chief of the *foreign depredators*, to whom you accuse Frederick of having confided his finances!"..... "That is true; I had received false statements on this subject, but I am now undeceived respecting them. I consider M. de Launay as a man of great worth and integrity, and it would give me great pleasure to be acquainted with him."....." Vastly well; but as it appears you discovered your mistake, how

is it that you did not suppress the calumny in the second edition?".....“I had the pen in my hand twenty times for the purpose of altering the passage, and after all it remains as it was, from the apprehension that I might be suspected of cowardice.”..... “Ah! abbé, this then is being a philosopher! He sacrifices truth and justice to mere personal interest! In what then does the courage of philosophers consist? Confess that, in entertaining respect for philosophy, we owe it to ourselves to examine thoroughly the principles of its apostles before we venture to form an opinion of them.” We all commended the frankness of the chevalier; and M. de Launay, agreeably to the habitual hospitality of his character, concluded with the determination of receiving the abbé with politeness, provided he should avoid mentioning his book.

An occasion soon after occurred to put him to the proof. In a short time the abbé was one of our guests, a particular reason having induced him to hasten his visit. He had formed the project of establishing himself at Berlin in a sort of way that should at once be frugal, comfortable, and a means of relaxation to his mind. He announced that he wanted to meet with a respectable family who should be disposed to let him two apartments, and some corner for his servant; adding, that he would defray the housekeeping expenses, reserving to himself the privilege of inviting a few friends as often as he liked. As no one made any reply to this general application,

he resolved to propose his plan to each of us in particular. I was the first to whom he addressed himself; and my answer was, that my apartment being furnished by the king, I had no more accommodations than were sufficient for my family, so that it was impossible for me to accept his offer.

He next made his proposal to M. Morel, who was at that time director of the finances; and afterwards to M. Sapt, and to I know not how many other persons, who all found means to evade his importunity. The kind-hearted and worthy M. Tassaert, sculptor to the king, was the only person who, perceiving his embarrassment, with his usual benevolence of temper said to the abbé, "My house is not very large, but it is wholly at my own disposal. In addition to the first floor, which is occupied by my wife and children, there are rooms over my workshop, consisting of three apartments; they are pleasant, and furnished with every thing necessary; if these would suit you, they are much at your service, at least till you hear of something better. As to the terms, you will see our manner of living: if it pleases you I shall be glad; but I shall neither change nor add any thing on your account. We have therefore nothing to do with terms. I shall accept nothing; and you on your part shall invite no strangers to my table, because it is too plain to be offered to strangers, and your visiters might probably occasion us inconvenience, or might not be proper company for my wife and daughters." The abbé, enchanted with the proposal, went

to view the apartments, with which he was well satisfied; and in the sequel no less so with M. Tassaert's table; and accordingly he took up his abode with him during the whole of his stay at Berlin. He did still more; he requested M. Tassaert to make a bust of him in marble, to be placed upon an island in the lake of Zurich, thus to constitute a part of the monument which he intended to raise on the spot to the memory of William Tell.

When the bust was finished, he requested M. Tassaert to give him copies of it in plaister to present to some of his relations, and the generous Tassaert provided the marble, the plaister, the labour, and in addition was at the expense of the packing and carriage of the whole. The abbé, to show his gratitude, proposed adding a wing to M. Tassaert's house; sent for an architect; the soil was sounded, and the plan was drawn; the workmen were instantly set about it, that the abbé on his return from placing his monument upon the island in the lake of Zurich might find the whole complete for his reception. But now Tassaert, who began to comprehend his intentions, interrupted his designs: "I never proposed," said he, "the building this wing, which would be absolutely useless to me; you have made all the preparations in my name, and I shall be involved in a most ridiculous business, if I allow myself to seem engaged in an enterprise that, after all, will never be accomplished. I therefore declare to you, that I will not suffer a single step to proceed till the money for

the expenses is deposited." This sentence, pronounced by Tassaert, suspended the whole proceeding, notwithstanding the most earnest protestations of the abbé, for no money was produced. The abbé, who apprehended the loss of his revenues, thought of nothing but taking care of the pecuniary resources necessary for his future subsistence, and intending nothing less than to return again to Berlin after his journey to Switzerland. The abbé Raynal has never since been named to Tassaert without the latter exclaiming, "He is a mere romancer, a gascon; his talent lies in boasting and effrontery."

On the abbé Raynal's taking up his abode with M. Tassaert, his first care was to publish every where that he was most agreeably situated with a friend, and that he occupied a small apartment in his house, which had a pleasant aspect and was comfortable in every respect. He even received company to breakfast with him on two occasions; on the second of which the princess Ferdinand was one of his guests. "I intend, Sir," said she, "to pass the summer at Frederick's-Feld, which is but a short distance from Berlin. If you are inclined to pay me a visit, I shall be happy to see you. I will order an apartment to be kept for you." From that moment the abbé talked of nothing but Frederick's-Feld: he told all his acquaintance that the princess had invited him to pass the summer months in her society; that he should be absolutely obliged to comply, invitations of this kind being in fact nothing less than commands.

accordingly, he was not long in manifesting his obedience. I dined there once in company with the abbé, prince Ferdinand having done me the honour to invite me occasionally. No one will be disposed to doubt that the abbé used his utmost endeavours to render himself agreeable at this court, and particularly to ingratiate himself with the princess, who to an excellent understanding added the most affable and pleasing manners. But in this instance, the excess of his zeal, on the contrary, did him injury in the estimation of the princess. He laid it down as a rule of conduct never to leave a pause in conversation. This procured him the pleasure of continually hearing himself speak; a pleasure for which he is well known to have had an excellent relish. He had the additional pleasure of relating a great number of anecdotes; and it is well known how much excellence he ascribed to himself in this respect. But what too commonly happens to men advanced in years, and even to those who are least aware of the fact, happened also to the abbé Raynal: I mean the unfortunate habit of repeating anecdotes of himself. The number of his stories was inexhaustible, which of itself could not but be monotonous and tiresome: but the repetitions were still more insupportable, and especially from a man imperious in his tone, and who took care to allow of no intermission in the attention of his auditors. This was the point in which the abbé's zeal was fatal to him. The princess having resolved either to correct or punish this fault,

said to him one day, when the dinner was nearly ended and the abbé had related a great number of stories, "M. l'abbé, I am too sincerely your friend to let you remain ignorant that a plot is carrying on against you under my roof."....." A plot, Madam! pray how can this be?"....." Yes, a plot, and of a kind that may be prejudicial to you."....." And who, Madam, could possibly conceive such a project?"..... "My chamberlain, the count de Neal, whom you see there."....." He, Madam! And what have I done to him, what design can he have against me?"..... "My dear abbé, I will tell you what he does every day after dinner, when you have had the complaisance to relate to us some of the valuable anecdotes of which no one has a larger store than yourself. The first thing he does is to lock himself into his room, and set down in writing all you have said. He has already made a voluminous collection, which consists not only of the stories but the date of the day on which you related them; and when it happens to you, my dear abbé, as from the frailty of human nature it must sometimes happen to every body, to repeat what you have before told us, he never fails to set down in the margin of his collection these words: *A second, a third time, such a day;* together with the variations he observed in the respective recitals. You are sensible of the effects that may ensue. For my own part, as soon as I knew the fact, I considered it my duty to inform you, though in other respects I have no reason to be dissatisfied

with my chamberlain." The abbé understood the ridicule intended to be cast on him, and immediately sought for a plausible motive for returning to M. Tassaert's, and that of making some necessary preparations for his journey to Switzerland was the one he fixed on.

What I call *his preparations* were reduced to two points: one was to endeavour to obtain at least one interview with the king, and the other to find means to perform his journey at a small expense. But how was he to attain the first of these objects? And how, with respect to the second, could he expect to meet with another princess d'Achkoff? To leave Berlin without having seen the king of Prussia, was to lose the fruit of his journey; it was to bear away with him the most disgraceful humiliation. And what pains had he not taken to avoid this misfortune! How assiduously had he applied himself to the means of ingratiating himself with the princesses, with men in place, and even with the persons habitually about the person of the king, and this principally with the view of procuring himself a conveyance free of expense to his abode; in fact, he had been frequently mentioned to Frederick, who made no reply. The monarch, though informed that the abbé was at Berlin, had several times visited that place without taking the smallest notice of him. The abbé was reduced to despair, and his friends were without hope, when some one advised him to go and see Potzdam. "The officer on guard," said his adviser, "will lay your

name and address at night before the king, and if he is neither indisposed nor out of humour, he will not fail to send for you; or should the contrary happen, you will then have had a certain proof that he has resolved on not seeing you." The abbé, who felt the strongest solicitude, put the advice of his friend into execution, and at length he was sent for.... "M. l'abbé," said the king, "let us sit down together; both you and I are verging towards old age. I have been a very long time acquainted with your name. I read many, many years ago, your History of the Stadtholderate, which I perfectly recollect, and also your History of the English Parliament."..... "Sire," replied the abbé, "I have since that time written some works of greater importance."....."I have never heard of them." This answer was pronounced with the rapidity of lightning, and at the same time in so firm a tone, that the abbé comprehended he must not venture to say more on the subject of his more important productions. "But your History of the Stadtholderate, and your History of the English Parliament, I am perfectly acquainted with." It was all in vain, the abbé obtained no further satisfaction; while, on the other hand, the king contented himself with this kind of vengeance for the unlucky apostrophe, *Oh! Frederick*, &c.

The king sent for the abbé a second time, being desirous to give him an opportunity of taking the lead in conversation, that he might be the better able to form a judgment of his talents. In this inter-

view nothing more was said of the abbé's works of importance. I was acquainted with none of the particulars of what passed on this occasion, till I read, in one of the letters of Frederick's correspondence with d'Alembert, *I have seen your abbé Raynal; he talks incessantly.* These two interviews, I repeat, were the only ones he obtained of the king; and upon these, on his return to France, he founded the following assertions: "I was with the king of Prussia every day; he consulted me respecting his most secret affairs," &c.

On his return to Berlin, he learned that the nephew of M. de Launay was on the point of going to France, and he immediately conceived the idea of serving him in the place of a conductor....."You are going, it is said, back to Paris?"....." Yes, Sir: the king of Prussia reduces my crowns to three livres; and as this is the case, I prefer the money of my own country."....." You have a carriage?"....." I have an excellent carriage made at Vienna, in which I shall perform the journey."....." You take your servant?" ....." No, I take only my dog. I shall get served on the road by those I pay for the purpose, or, at worst, I shall be my own servant."....." But you really cannot do without a servant in so long a journey?"..... "There will be the postillions and the servants of the inns. I cannot take my own man, for he has a wife here, and I will not engage a stranger."....." You will then have room for a companion?"....." Yes, will you, Sir, accept of it?"....." I will accept of it

readily, provided you consent to set me down in Switzerland. You are young; you should by all means visit Switzerland; you will go but very little out of your way."....." I know enough, Sir, of geography not to be ignorant how much Basle, Berne, and L[redacted]ne, lie distant from the direct road from Berlin to Paris: but as I am at liberty to do what I like with my time, I shall visit Switzerland with pleasure, particularly in your company."....." And when do you think of setting off?"....." In about ten days. But what arrangements shall we make between us respecting the journey? This is a point that should be previously agreed upon."....." It is for you to mention the conditions, since it is you who supply the carriage."....." I will then, Sir, name such as appear to me to be reasonable: first, all expenses of the inns, posting, &c. shall be paid between us in equal shares; I except, however, what may be given to the girls *to drink;* for, Sir, should you intend to be generous in this way, it must be from your own purse, for I will have nothing to do with this article." ....." Ah! young man, you surely are rallying me." ....." Secondly, I leave it to your choice to pay your moiety as we proceed, or to make a common purse for this end before we set out."....." Oh, there should be but one paymaster."....." I consent; and to that effect I, in the third place, offer you the charge of our common purse, and promise to require no account of you whatever; or, on the other hand, to take charge of it myself, on condition that neither shall

you require of me any account whatever."..... "You are the youngest; it is therefore your part to keep the purse."....."Nothing then remains to be settled but to determine the sum we shall mutually contribute. I imagine we may each lay down sixty ducats, and recruit our contribution, if necessary, on the road."....."You are a man of prudence it should seem."....."My notion, Sir, is that philosophers are versed in many things of which I am ignorant; but there is one acquirement which they are apt to despise, and in regard to which it is incumbent on us financial men to be thoroughly acquainted: it is the knowing how to reckon. You must confess that your esteem of me would be little indeed if you found me ignorant of this art. We will travel together, dividing the expenses equally, as far as Lausanne, where I will leave you to proceed to Geneva, Lyons, and Paris. Is not this our plan?"...."Very well, our bargain is now concluded."

Some days after the abbé brought sixty crowns. "This is so much towards our account," said M. de Lahaye; twice as much more and we shall set off." The remainder was paid at the moment of their departure. Our two travellers had not proceeded further than Salmunster, about six leagues from Berlin, before they had a falling out. Some friends of M. de Lahaye had accompanied him, as far as that place, on his journey. Before taking leave of him, their breakfasting together was proposed, and the abbé expressed some dissatisfaction at being thus obliged

to lose so much of the time. As no one, however, seemed inclined to be influenced by his complaints, he adopted the measure of going on before, instead of accepting the forfeit which had been offered to appease his ill-humour. One circumstance excited in his young companion the liveliest curiosity; it was, that the abbé had with him a book of an enormous size, of a cubical form, and to appearance might be a scholar's dictionary or a collection of breviaries, and that he made a point of never losing sight of this treasure. If he left the carriage to stay in an inn, he always took it under his arm, and the same when he left the inn. "Can it be a breviary?" said M. de Lahaye; "and if it is not a breviary, what can it be to excite such incessant solicitude, and be so mysteriously attended to?" He had for several days been watching for a moment when the abbé might relax his caution; when one morning the latter said to him, "Our way will now lie across deep sands for some time; the horses will proceed but slowly; let us get out and sharpen our appetites with a walk."... "With all my heart; let us walk." On this the abbè jumped out of the carriage. M. de Lahaye followed him to the door of the carriage; when, perceiving he had left the *treasure* behind him, he pretended that the wind would increase the headach he found coming on, and reseated himself in the carriage. The abbé laughed at his cowardice, and proceeded. M. de Lahaye seized the book, opened it, and perceived it was filled with manuscript in the hand writ-

ing of the abbé. He turned hastily to the title page, and read, *Anecdotes, Volume the Fourth.*" "Ha, ha!" cried he to himself, "this then is the aliment of his astonishing memory, and the source from which he derives the stories he every day relates! He no doubt reads them in the morning, for the purpose of telling them in all the houses he frequents. Ah! my wonderful gentlemen, what! you are impostors too." In the course of such reflections as these our young financier thought he might as well join his companion; and leaving the carriage, soon overtook him. "You are right," said he to the abbé; "I was really ashamed of staying, like a delicate young lady, in the carriage, while you are braving the wind like a man."

As they approached Gotha, the abbé requested they might not alight in the town, and thus avoid the dutchess's being informed of his having passed through the place of her residence without paying her his respects. M. de Lahaye consented, though he had a great desire to visit the castle, which commands so vast and beautiful a view of the adjacent country; but when they arrived at Kell, he in his turn requested to make a stay of twenty-four hours in that town, that he might have an opportunity of visiting two friends who resided at Strasburg. The abbé grew angry, M. de Lahaye maintained his ground, and his companion was obliged to yield. The former accordingly passed twenty-four hours with his friends, and did not make his appearance till after

breakfast on the following day. From this moment the abbé was uniformly out of humour. As they were crossing the Brisgaw, to get to Basle (the abbé did not at this time dare to show himself in France) they met with a gentleman who was travelling by himself in a post-chaise to Neufchatel. The abbé found means to make a new bargain with this traveller, and on reaching Basle he informed M. de Lahaye that, finding himself extremely heated by the journey, and suffering greatly with a pain in his back, for which he should be obliged to take the warm bath, he was under the necessity of leaving him, and to engage himself with the gentleman they had fallen in with, by which means he should be conveyed directly to Neufchatel. "You are at liberty to do as you please, Sir. I am only sorry for the cause. We will, if you please, examine our account." He then took out the travelling purse, emptied it on the table, counted the number of ducats it contained, reckoned what the expense would be to convey him to Lausanne, taking Zurich, Berne, Neufchatel, and Friburg, in his way, as had been agreed on; divided the rest into two parts, and presented one to the abbé Raynal. "What do you mean?" said the latter ...."I am executing the agreement we entered into at Berlin. I was induced to take a circuitous route, entirely in consequence of your promising me your company as far as Lausanne; you leave me before the accomplishment of your engagement. It is therefore but just that you should contribute your moiety to

the expenses that will be incurred previous to my reaching that place."...." This, Sir, was not my meaning."...." So much the worse for you, Sir; for what I propose is mere justice, and the more so, as I certainly shall not reach Paris without having incurred a much more considerable expense than would have been the case if I had pursued my own plan alone. I told you, Sir, that financiers, in other respects so inferiour to philosophers, should at least be well versed in the art of accounts. But my skill in the art will, however, never occasion me to lose sight of the rules of justice; and, if I oblige you to pay half of the expenses of our carriage from this place to Lausanne, I shall conscientiously preserve you a place in it, which you may resume at pleasure."...." Well, Sir, we shall see what is to be done when you arrive at Neufchatel." M. de Lahaye accordingly, on arriving there after his visit to the interiour of Switzerland, did not fail to call on the abbé, who was eager to resume his place in the carriage. It was therefore at Lausanne, agreeably to their original agreement, that they separated to see each other no more.

The abbé Raynal left at Berlin many tokens of remembrance, unfortunately but little honourable in their nature, and but little flattering to his vanity. He had assiduously paid his court to the pastor Hermann, superiour of the French seminary and college, and at this time member of the academy at Berlin. This M. Hermann had undertaken, jointly with M. Reclam his colleague, to make a collection of in-

teresting anecdotes relative to the French refugees resident in the Prussian states. Two or three small volumes of the work were already published; and the abbé Raynal, who knew perfectly well how to make a large book with the assistance of other persons, determined to apply their labour and the fruit of their researches to his own use, by announcing that he was engaged in composing a complete History of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. M. Hermann being otherwise busied, and besides much less zealous concerning his personal interests than for the thing itself, was the more gratified by the intention of the abbé, as he imagined the reputation of such an author could not fail to increase the reputation of the book. He smiled with joy at the thought that the refugees would be panegyrized from the lips of a catholick and philosophick abbé. One day at dinner, at the table of one of the fathers of the colony, M. Hermann, on some occasion, said to M. Raynal, "You are, Sir, notwithstanding as much a priest as ever; this character is indelibly impressed upon you." ....." No," replied the abbé, "I have never been a priest; and if I have adopted the garb of priesthood, it was because it is both frugal and every where respected." Some time after this dinner, the abbé's reply was repeated to count d'Eterno, the French envoy at the court of Berlin, a man equally respectable both in his publick and private character. M. d'Eterno replied, "Tell M. Hermann that the abbé Raynal's assertion was false and disgraceful; that his

having been a priest is so true, that he performed the functions of that office for several years in the parish of Saint Sulpice at Paris, and that he was dismissed from this office, not so much because he had interred a great number of protestants as if they had been catholicks, as for having performed this service for such of them only as paid him, secretly, in advance his simoniacal bribe of sixty livres, which was his lowest price, and that it was the discovery of this traffick which obliged him to abandon his profession and made a philosopher of him."

I have already observed, and it is universally known, that the abbé was extremely fond of telling stories, and of being listened to with the deepest attention. One day, when he was engaged to dine with a large party at M. Launay's, seven ladies who were also invited, three of whom are still living, dreading the importunity of the abbé, who incessantly took hold of their hands, to which he as constantly applied his lips, and in addition expected they should listen with open mouths to all he might have to say, laid a plan among themselves not to separate, and that they would contrive to sit together in a line on the side of the table opposite to the abbé, and keep up a spirited conversation on subjects of their own, without seeming to be sensible of what should be said by the latter.

This plan was faithfully executed. The ladies, however, took care to speak in so low a voice as not to interrupt the conservation of about twenty gen-

tlemen seated on their right and left. But this precaution was not enough for the abbé, who betrayed every possible mark of mortification when he perceived that not one of them seemed to know whether he was speaking or silent. His feet were heard to be in motion, and every gesture expressed his impatience, till at length, no longer able to contain himself, he struck his hand violently on the table, calling out, "Silence, there! listen, ladies, to what I am saying! It is of more value than your idle stories." The ladies looked at each other in the utmost astonishment, and resumed their conversation without deigning to reply. They, however, resolved to take their revenge; and to this end agreed that, when the company should remove to the saloon, they would keep together in a corner where they would form a circle; that three of them would fill the angle, and the other four keep guard on the side that would be exposed to intruders, with their backs turned to the company; with, however, the reservation of admitting into their circle whoever should choose to join them, excepting only the abbé, whom, should he make the attempt, they would not deign to answer. They accordingly executed this second project as perfectly as the first. Almost all the gentlemen approached to complain of the privation they endured, and were graciously received. The abbé, conscious of the share he had in the arrangement of the ladies, loitered near them, but did not venture to speak. He must soon have been reduced to the necessity of

taking leave, had he not been rescued from further distress by the abbé de Francheville, canon and curate of Glogaw, who having come to Berlin on business, and being of the party, was gratified to have an opportunity of seeing so celebrated a man as the abbé Raynal. He accordingly drew him to the fire-side, where M. Raynal entered upon one of his longest stories. One of the guests, struck, on entering the room, with the solitary situation to which they seemed condemned, conceived himself obliged, from motives of courtesy, to join them; and going up to the place where they were standing, listened attentively till the story was ended. From courtesy, also, he was then induced to inquire of the abbé Raynal the name of the lady of whom he had been speaking, the name being the only part of the circumstance he had not divined in hearing the story. The abbé Raynal, extremely irritated by the situation to which he found himself condemned, and feeling no inclination to manifest politeness towards any part of the company excepting the stranger, replied drily and morosely: "I never, Sir, repeat what I have already said; put your question to this gentleman, who, if he thinks proper, will answer you."....."This, Sir, I shall not do," answered the inquirer, "since I was induced from mere politeness to ask it of you; for, to say the truth, I feel too small an interest in all your stories to entertain any curiosity concerning them." Saying this, he withdrew.

I will not dismiss the abbé Raynal without acquainting my reader with what I know of his works. It is incumbent upon me to enter into this new detail as a justification of what I have advanced, as well as of the opinion I have been induced, from such facts as I have related, to form of his character.

It is notorious that, during the revolution, the abbé Raynal recanted his opinions in the most inconsistent and least honourable manner. He died while preparing a new edition of his Philosophical History, in which he purposed to suppress all that related to philosophy. Was he in reality convinced of the falsehood of his opinions? No; he gave them up from deference to those whose favour he courted. Self-love, vanity more than pride, the most rapacious avarice, the most unqualified boasting, and the yearning he felt to be the subject of mens' thoughts and conversation, were the passions which, during his whole life, perpetuated in his heart a violent and interminable warfare. These were the passions that made him successively a priest who would accept a bribe, a writer rich in the labours of others, a visionary philosopher, an incorrigible tyrant in colloquial society, and, lastly, a hypocritical religionist. The king of Prussia took the most cruel revenge of him in persisting to talk only of those of his works of which he was really the author; of the two which, as the abbé well knew, had excited no esteem. Every one knows that his Philosophical History contains nothing but the name that is his own. All the facts,

details, and summaries respecting commerce, were communicated to him: first, those for France by the duke de Choiseul, who to this effect had caused the most assiduous researches to be made in all the offices at Versailles; secondly, for Holland, by a native of France, well known, and at the time resident in Holland; thirdly, for Spain, by the general of the Walloon guards, who, at the solicitation of his nephew the count de Nesselrode, the intimate friend of Diderot, from whom I learned the fact, took infinite and incredible pains at Madrid to gratify the confidence reposed in him. It was in this manner that, thanks to his friends, he received assistance from all quarters. With respect to the episodes, the philosophical or literary articles, they are now by every one acknowledged to have been the compositions of Diderot, the baron d'Olbach, and some others. More than a hundred persons have seen the copy that still exists in the library of an ancient magistrate, in the margin of which appears an account, in the hand-writing of Diderot, of all the articles which the abbé received from him.

I well remember that, on the news reaching us of the battle of San-Jago, the abbé a hundred times repeated to us that he had been informed of every detail respecting it, by means of a letter he had received from the Bailli de Suffren immediately subsequent to the action, which letter consisted of eight pages. On our observing he ought to have the letter printed, he answered, that it treated on private and

confidential subjects, and that it would be highly improper to publish any extract from it. In the year 1788 I happened to be one of the guests at a dinner, at which the Bailli de Suffren also had been invited. We sat near each other, and we conversed for some time on the subject of Frederick and Berlin. This gave me an opportunity of observing that I there met with a friend of his, the abbé Raynal; to which he replied, that he never had any acquaintance with that gentleman. "But," added he, "I had a young officer in my fleet who was his nephew, and a person of great worth. The abbè, I believe, once wrote to me in recommendation of his nephew, for whom I did not what I wished, but what I was able. This is the only communication that ever took place between us."....."He assured us he had received from you the particulars of the battle of San-Jago."....."It must have been from his nephew that he received them: I, for my part, never thought of writing to him on the subject." Thus we find him the same man in every thing.

I must appear to my readers determined not to spare the abbé Raynal. Does this proceed from personal hatred towards him, and a desire of doing him an injury, or from the respect I feel for truth and justice? It is a duty incumbent upon me to make a sincere confession in this respect, and it is as follows: I declare that the late abbé Raynal was never guilty of the least offence towards me; for his faults in no way affected me; and I can by no means be said to

be offended because I blamed them, or because they sometimes incommoded me. But, on the other hand, I have certain principles which I invariably make the basis of my conduct, to which on this, as well as on other occasions, I have adhered, and which it is requisite for me to declare, that I may be judged of for what I really am. I consider those points of doctrine only as philosophical that are at once consistent with reason and good sense, founded upon truth, and sufficiently developed and demonstrated by reasoning. All doctrines that do not include these conditions are in my estimation merely sophistical; doctrines hazarded at random, play of words, empty sounds, imposture. I confess I should be infinitely mortified if any one had a more genuine respect or more sincere attachment than myself for philosophy taken in the sense I have above described. But I must add, that I am far, very far, from thinking that the success and honour of this philosophy can ever depend on the reputation of this or that particular man; and that, on the contrary, I am well convinced it is because too much consideration has been bestowed on certain individuals who called themselves philosophers, that philosophy seems to have lost some portion of its lustre and credit. The vices, errours, and extravagances of such persons are ascribed as crimes to the philosophy with which they decorate themselves. To reinstate the latter in its lawful rights, nothing more is necessary than to strip these pretenders of the cloak they have borrowed, and exhibit them such as they are to the world.

It is accordingly my opinion that all who cherish genuine philosophy in their hearts should stand forward to oppose the mere usurpers of its name. I need bring no stronger proof how much this is to be desired than to refer to the evils caused to humanity by these false philosophers. When we daily hear philosophy declaimed against, can we help observing that the only arguments against it are the weaknesses and vices of those who merely ape the sentiment? I doubt whether a more essential injury can be administered to the human species than is attempted by those who would impede the progress of human reason. I also doubt whether any persons are more guilty of this enormous crime than those pretenders whose ridiculous and vicious conduct tend to bring philosophy into disrepute. Such are the motives that induce me to consider it my duty to tear off the mask from those who involve themselves in the crime I have described, and to draw down on their own heads the odium they shamelessly bring down upon the most respectable name that the world can boast. On this principle it is that I considered it a duty to treat of the abbé Raynal as I have done, he being one of those men who in our latter times have called themselves philosophers; while, in reality, none possessed so little as themselves of the spirit of genuine philosophy.

A traveller, who arrived at Berlin in my time from France, was the celebrated actor Le Kain, who had received the most pressing invitation from prince

Henry. I have but little to relate concerning the residence of this actor at Rheinsberg, where he was detained several weeks by the prince. It will easily be imagined that he played every day, and received equal attention and applause. During the short stay he made at Potzdam, he played three times before the king; and nothing, perhaps, better explains the art of playing to persons who have never before seen consummate acting, and at the same time are possessed of talents and genius, than the effect he produced on the mind of Frederick. His majesty, that he might have a better view of him, kept all the time on his legs behind the orchestra, with an opera-glass at his eye. While at supper the same evening, he declared himself much surprised at the high reputation of this actor. He observed, that if there were any degree of art in his manner of playing, this art was extremely exaggerated, and constantly exceeded nature. His whole exhibition appeared to him to be forced; nothing was natural. In short, Le Kain was, in his opinion, not only a bad actor, but still more, an actor whose example was dangerous and precisely calculated to corrupt good taste.

When the king had seen him play a second time, he in some degree modified his preceding opinion. He still decided that Le Kain had no other excellence in his profession than what was founded in art; but he allowed that his art was well studied and admirably adroit; that simple nature would produce less effect; and, in short, that Le Kain deserved the re-

putation to which he had attained. He recalled to mind that the arts are not applied to the imitation of ordinary nature, and that they should always aspire to the loftiest heroism and perfection. His conclusion was, not that this actor was faultless, but that his art possessed sufficient excellence to obtain a brilliant reputation.

The third time he saw him play entirely destroyed the first opinion of Frederick, and modified the second in a striking degree. "To form a sound judgment of things in which art is concerned," said he, "it is not sufficient to observe them attentively: they should also be observed repeatedly. Many good observations do not present themselves at a time; or, at least, we are not at the moment sensible of their importance. This was precisely my own case when I first saw the acting of Le Kain. The first time I did nothing but compare him with nature, such as she most frequently presents herself to our senses. I found no resemblance; and accordingly I considered him as an unfaithful, extravagant, and dangerous performer. The second time I saw him, I perceived that he exercised an art, and that this art consisted of rules which he had closely studied, and with considerable skill had made them his own. I however could not devest myself of the notion that he followed those rules too strictly, and that he left nature at too great a distance. I am now, as it appears to me, arrived at the true point of view to pass a sound judgment on his performance. Poetry should always take

its subject from select nature: this principle should invariably govern dramatick writers, and among these, most particularly writers of tragedy; so that an actor cannot, without a violation of the likeness, imitate ordinary nature, such as it every where meets our eye. Still further, the action brought by the poet upon the stage is not an action that occurs in common-place society, or in the bosom of a family; it is transported to a grand theatre, and passes under the eye of nations. What ornament does it not require? And the actor, if he has calculated what is suitable to the scene, will take care not to overlook so important a consideration. We should next inquire whether the actor is on the same floor as that from which he is viewed by the spectators? He is not. We see him as it were at a great distance, and in perspective. Should he not therefore proportion his action to this circumstance? In Le Kain every thing takes a gigantick form, or rather a heroick and colossal form. No doubt he is on a pedestal! His action could be in no way different from what it is without becoming awkward, injudicious, inconsistent, and unfaithful. My final declaration therefore is, that he is a great and admirable actor; and I will add, the first I have seen of this description in the walk of tragedy. Till I saw Le Kain, I knew not what it was to play tragedy; and I shall hereafter read the pieces, in which I have seen him perform with the greater pleasure."

One day the king, immediately on his arrival at Berlin, sent for M. Merian and myself, and, as usual, inquired what news there was in the city? He asked particularly whether there were any foreigners newly arrived? Merian replied, there was an Italian marquis, whom he named. "Who is this man?" resumed the king. The question was proposed in a tone that immediately excited my suspicions. M. Merian replied, "that it was he who had translated his majesty's poem on war into Italian verse."..... "He did me great honour." The rejoinder was pronounced in a tone of ridicule that confirmed my suspicion that the king in reality knew more of the marquis than he pretended. For this reason I took care to say that I did not know him, having seen him only once at the academy, and then without speaking to him. Merian, who perhaps guessed the reason of my precaution, also affirmed that he too had seen him on no other occasion. When the king was certain that he should obtain from us nothing further, he began to give us a particular account of this traveller's history. He informed us that he was a native of Milan, and had been for a considerable time president of a tribunal of justice; but finding this office extremely irksome, and rendered still more so by his love of literature, he had, a short time since, given in his resignation, and retired upon a pension which afforded a bare competency; that having committed this folly, he began to think of travelling, in which pursuit he must necessarily be reduced to some incon-

veniences, since his pension was inconsiderable, and he had no private fortune. On leaving the castle, I hastened to a friend of mine, who was on a footing of intimacy with the marquis; and, without acquainting him with the source of my information, I told him in confidence that I had been assured this foreigner was both suspected and watched, and advised him to let his visits to him be attended with the greatest caution, which advice my friend promised to observe.

It was not long before I had reason to be certain that I had judged rightly. Frederick returned in five or six weeks to Potzdam, and being attacked by the gout, he wrote to M. Philippy, lieutenant of the police at Berlin, directing him to communicate his commands to the marquis to pursue his travels, since it appeared to him his residence at Berlin had been long enough for obtaining a sufficient knowledge of the country. The marquis was extremely mortified on receiving this notice, and endeavoured to elude its natural effects. "What have I done," cried he, "to deserve this affront? I am dishonoured, without having merited such a disgrace. But, Sir, I have contracted debts in this country, and I expect remittances that will enable me to pay them: does the king wish me to play the bankrupt with his subjects? M. Philippy was perplexed by this question; he dared not subject him to such a disgrace: he therefore granted a delay of a few days, and informed his majesty of the circumstance; at the same time inquiring his further

commands. The king ordered him to require of the marquis an exact statement of what he owed at Berlin: this was accordingly furnished, and the statement, amounting to two hundred ducats, was delivered to Frederick, who immediately sent him half the sum, observing that that was sufficient for the discharge of his debts, and accompanying it with an order to leave Berlin on the following day. We perceive then that the king had procured information of the exact amount of the marquis's debts, and in addition, had made himself acquainted with his being a spy sent thither by Joseph the Second to give him early and certain intelligence of this monarch's health, whose death was so earnestly desired at Vienna. Frederick had allowed him to remain in Berlin as long as his health continued perfect, but the fear of a violent attack of the gout had determined him to get rid of so disagreeable an observer.

Soon after the carnival of the following year, an Italian musician of peculiar excellence in his art arrived at Berlin. He had been heard by count de Pinto with so much astonishment that, dining one day with the king, he praised his performance in the most extravagant terms. "If his talent is so admirable," said the king, "bring him this evening to my concert." The count was delighted with this result, and the musician still more so. On his arriving at the castle, the king engaged him in conversation on the subject of musick, and they walked up and down the concert-room together for more than an hour; so

that there was no concert on that day. But what was the surprise of the musician, who had left the king with such perfect satisfaction, on receiving the following morning a message, importing that, as he had seen and done all he desired to see and do at Potzdam, he commanded him to pursue his travels in the course of the day. The king knew this Italian to be also a spy of Joseph the Second, and being then in good health, had maliciously walked for an hour together, with all the alertness of a young man, in presence of this secret agent of the emperour; after which, desirous of publishing with what skill he was able to unmask his enemies, he sent the order abovementioned. He did not like to have his plans divined, but he was not averse to exhibiting his own address, and his vigilance in penetrating the plans of others. It was no doubt in the same spirit that, as is said, he had several portraits of the emperour in his apartments. To some one, who observed the circumstance, he replied, "Ah! he is a young man who cannot be too much under my eye!"

FOREIGN AMBASSADOURS.

I SHALL not particularize all the foreign ambassadours who in my own time were at Berlin, because with respect to several of them I possess but few or no anecdotes of a nature to interest the reader.*

* During my residence at Berlin, there came thither several travellers, of whom it may be interesting to relate some particulars. I saw, for example, one of the four admirals from Venice, who remained for some time at Berlin, and was strenuously occupied in examining the establishments presented to the curiosity of foreigners who might be engaged in the study of political economy. "How is it, admiral," said the count de Nesselrode to him one evening during supper at the prince of Brunswick's, "that your government, so celebrated for its wisdom, does not take advantage of the present favourable circumstances to retake from the Turk the immense possessions he formerly wrested from you?" (This conversation took place at the epoch of the brilliant campaigns of Romanzow against the Turks.)....." Sir," replied the Venetian admiral, "nothing is more useless, or even more dangerous, than for a man who is feeble, and surrounded by men who are strong, to recollect that he himself was once as strong as they. The wisdom, Sir, you impute to us imperiously commands us to forget the past, and to conduct ourselves in such

I have, therefore, in this place to treat only of the French, Austrian, English, Saxon, and Russian ambassadours. In ranging them in the above order, it is evident I have paid no attention to that of precedency. I place the French ambassadours first, because I have been more immediately interested by them than by the others; and those of Russia last, because the details respecting them are the most rich and copious, and, if placed before those respecting the English and Saxon ambassadours, would in the comparison have rendered the articles relative to the latter insignificant and uninteresting.

The ambassadours sent to Berlin from foreign countries have no residence allotted them except in that city. If they are left at liberty to absent themselves, it is merely for the purpose of mixing in some party

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a manner that no one, if possible, should remember that we ever existed, or bestow on us a single thought. What we demand of all Europe is to consign our remembrance to oblivion." I was singularly struck with this reply, which gave me an idea of the true spirit of the government of this celebrated republick, which by the by has not been consigned to oblivion. I accompanied this admiral when he visited the arsenal at Berlin; my admiration was excited at reading in his looks that, passing as he did with seeming rapidity from object to object, he silently reckoned the number of the piles of arms, of how many rows their height consisted, and how many guns to each row; so as, on leaving the place, without appearing to have minutely considered these objects, to be able to say, "The arsenal contains a hundred and fifty thousand muskets, and the rest in proportion."

of pleasure. It is, however, certain that they can present themselves neither at Potzdam nor Charlottenburg, when the king resides there without having first obtained permission. It is accordingly only on extraordinary occasions, and these naturally occur but seldom, that they have opportunities of seeing the king, excepting at the time of the carnival, or when his majesty visits his capital.

In the latter case, the king gives audience every Sunday about ten in the morning, when his levee is generally composed of the nobility, a considerable number of officers, and the diplomatick body. The king does not always make his appearance. He is waited for till noon, which is his dinner hour, after which every one retires. When he appears, it is for the most part for no more than a quarter of an hour, which he passes in addressing a few words to different persons.

It follows, from what I have above stated, that this is one of the articles in which Frederick figures upon the canvass less directly than in any other in which he is concerned. He will, however, on particular occasions, reappear; but, generally speaking, he will be less distinguishable in person than in the facts I am to relate. On the other hand, I have not confined myself to making the reader acquainted with the foreign ambassadours themselves; but I have allowed myself the liberty of extending his acquaintance to those about them, and this more particularly with respect to the French and Russians. I have also used

the freedom of collecting a great number of particular anecdotes concerning different Russians who have merely passed through Berlin, and even concerning some who never visited that place ; and it is under the head upon which I am now treating that it appeared to me advisable to introduce portraits of certain persons not immediately connected with the scene, but in other respects extremely interesting. In short, I accomplish the plan which I announced in the preface to this work.

EMBASSY OF FRANCE.

M. DE GUINES.

M. DE GUINES, in the year 1766, came to Prussia to witness the manœuvres performed by the armies of Frederick. The king treated him with great distinction, and allowed this ambassadour to accompany him to Magdeburg and into Pomerania. The manners, tone, and conversation of this French nobleman were so pleasing to Frederick, that on his return from his military expeditions, when M. de Guines set out on his return to France, he confessed that he had seen but few military officers of such promising abilities. Such a declaration no doubt contributed to determine the choice of Louis the Fifteenth in his favour, to fill the place of minister plenipotentiary at the court of Berlin, the formidable enemy with whom a reconciliation had been effected in 1763. The newspapers announced that the count de Guines on the one part, and baron de Goltz on the other, had been named by the two courts for the purpose of negotiating the renewal of the former friendship that

had subsisted between them, but which the seven years' war had apparently extinguished.

M. de Guines was about thirty years of age. He was handsome in person, and, by the easy gracefulness of his manners, an air of nobleness and dignity, a strict adherence to the art of attending to every one, and more than all, by a physiognomy that expressed candour and serenity, he never failed to leave a favourable impression on the minds of those with whom he conversed. I have observed in no one a greater degree of that politeness that on the one hand leaves you nothing to desire, and on the other is so guarded as not to encourage undue familiarity. He engaged in the king's service at an early age, and had been employed in the seven years' war under the name of *Count de Souastre*, in quality of one of the colonels of the corps of French grenadiers. M. de Choiseul, at the conclusion of this war, being desirous to re-establish discipline throughout the army, resolved to place men of a certain firmness of character at the head of the regiments; at the head of the older ones, in particular. With this view he appointed M. de Souastre, in 1763, to the command of the regiment of Navarre, then in garrison in the town of Arras*. Some officers

* This fact, together with those that follow, were thus related to me; not by himself, but in his house. I therefore can offer no stronger guarantee of their authenticity than the testimony of the two secretaries, and the almoner, a man of great worth, and who apparently had for a long time entertained towards him a strong personal attachment.

belonging to this regiment received notice from their friends at court that they were soon to have a young colonel appointed to the regiment who would keep them in good order. These communications were circulated, and it was resolved to throw various obstacles in the way of his success.

But no sooner had M. de Souastre taken possession of his place, than his firmness, prudence, and a marked decision of character, gained him general favour. Having produced this first effect, he desired all the officers of his regiment to meet at his house on the following day at noon. When they were all together in the saloon, he came out of a cabinet attended by a secretary, whom he directed to read to them the orders of the king. Never had any colonel before him been invested with a power so extensive. The king authorized him to dismiss from the corps as many as twelve of the officers, and even a greater number, if he found it necessary, without waiting for the orders of the court, and consequently without giving previous notice to his majesty. M. de Souastre next passed some comments on the nature of these orders with his accustomed grace and dignity, and then declared that no one had a greater respect than himself for the regiment of Navarre; that he had accepted the honour of being its commander, only to ensure the means of devoting himself to the maintenance of its glory in all its lustre; that he was well assured that those who heard him were themselves actuated by the same sentiments and zeal; that should

there be found, however, a single individual among them who entertained feelings of a contrary nature, he considered himself bound to fulfil the king's intention in its fullest extent and rigour towards him, but that he was persuaded he had no such misfortune to apprehend, and consequently, being all united by the same patriotism, they ought necessarily to be united by the same friendship; that he demanded of them this sentiment, the dearest object of his wishes; that to obtain it he would do all in his power; and that, above all, they would constantly find him the zealous advocate of their rights and of the favours to which they might be entitled. He concluded with seating them to a splendid dinner, at which the most cheerful and perfect cordiality prevailed.

It was related to the new colonel that two captains, who were absent on this occasion, had been already several times engaged in a duel on the subject of a blow which had been given by one to the other, and that they had now wounded each other severely. M. de Souastre conceived that the national opinion respecting affronts of this nature, requiring as a reparation the death of one of the parties, particularly among such as are called *men of honour*, and still more particularly among military men, the reputation of the corps to which they belonged might be injured by the frequent repetition of duels, the wounds produced by them being scarcely ever dangerous; and that, as men of delicacy, it was incumbent on them, on such occasions, to conclude the affair in a signal and deci-

sive manner. Accordingly, as soon as the two officers were able to go abroad, their colonel, after the parade, assigned them a piece of ground, around which himself and the other officers of the corps formed a circle, and at the same time declared that neither of them should leave the spot till the other was dead. Both were soon seriously wounded, yet they continued the combat till one of them in fact saw the other expire. During the whole of this tragical scene, the spectators remained motionless and silent, till at length their commander addressed them as follows. "Gentlemen, we ought to live in terms of amity with each other; but if unfortunately quarrels will arise among us, I know of no other manner than this of adjusting them that would be consistent with our honour and that of the corps of which we are members." The result of this terrible adventure was, that no more duels were fought for a long time among the officers of the regiment of Navarre, nor was such an extremity once proposed while they had the same commander. Another consequence of the conduct of the latter, and of the strict performance of the promises he made, was, that the whole corps preserved the most particular attachment to him; so that on his return from Berlin to Paris, a long time after having quitted the regiment, the officers, then in garrison at Mentz, went several miles out of the town to meet him, and the whole regiment met him again as they would have done a father or a friend.

His residence at Berlin was remarkable for several things that are worthy of relation. The first is the air of grandeur which he conferred on his legation. Magnificent equipages; a superb hotel furnished in a most elegant style; a chapel richly decorated; a numerous train of livery servants, all picked men; and the possessor of these a man who knew how to blend a native affability of manner to a certain undeviating dignity which he seemed to have always in reserve. Such was the picture which met every eye, and excited against him, particularly among other foreign ministers, a jealousy which they could ill dissemble. I have made the thirtieth guest at his table, when each has been served by a separate footman; while M. de Guines himself had two hussars for his own personal attendance, and six butlers in clothes elegantly adorned with gold lace, whose office was to preside at the side board, place the dishes on the table, and remove them when the dinner was concluded. This style was novel at Berlin, and extremely mortifying to men of the same rank, who were unable to keep pace with his profusion.

This kind of mortification was most particularly felt by the diplomatick body, who secretly repined at the impotence and degradation of their condition, and thought only of means by which they could revenge themselves; of some scene or adventure to be brought forward that should at once tarnish the splendour that surrounded M. de Guines. At this period a Russian ambassadour to one of the western states of Europe

arrived with his wife at Berlin, whom he was going to present at the court of Petersburg. As the new married couple were to make some stay at Berlin, the ceremony of presenting them at court fell to the lot of prince Dolgorouki, their sovereign's ambassadour in that city, as well as that of introducing them to different societies, and to the diplomatick body. He accordingly on their account gave a splendid dinner to all the ambassadours, at which M. de Guines was placed by the side of the lady. The latter, who was informed of the existing rivalship, had placed on her finger a ring of great beauty, in which was concealed a small syringe, of which in the course of the dinner, she invited M. de Guines to examine the workmanship; and, while he was stooping down for this purpose, she pressed a small spring which was turned to the inside of her hand, and spouted the small quantity of water the syringe contained in the eyes of M. de Guines. The latter laughed at the adventure, rallied her with great good humour, wiped his face, and thought no more of the matter. But the lady again filled the syringe without his perceiving it, and some time after pretended to wish to speak across him to some one seated near them, and in the action again discharged the contents of the syringe in his face. M. de Guines did not assume the air of a man extremely angry, and still less was he put out of countenance: but in a tone, such as is used when we would give a useful piece of advice in a friendly manner, he said to the lady, "These kind of jokes, madam, on the first

experiment may be laughed at; on the second, we may be inclined to consider them as the thoughtless act of youthful gaiety, particularly in a lady; but, madam, the third time could be deemed nothing less than an affront, and you would at the very instant receive in exchange this goblet of water that stands before me. I have, madam, the honour to give you proper notice." The lady not conceiving it possible he would dare to execute such a threat, securely filled her syringe a third time, and emptied it as before in the face of the ambassadour, who instantly seized his goblet of water, and threw it at her, saying calmly, "I gave you notice, madam." The lady's husband took his share in the adventure, by declaring the ambassadour had done exactly what was right, and that he heartily thanked him. The lady left the table to change her linen, and the conversation changed to other subjects, after some endeavours had been used by the friends of the heroine to prevail on the company not to publish this trifling incident; and it was accordingly but little known*.

The king of Prussia, however, who had bestowed so many attentions on M. de Guines as a traveller, no longer treated him in publick with the same distinction when he filled the place of an ambassadour. On occasions of general audiences, the king, after a

* It was M. Dinot de Jopecourt who communicated the circumstance to me as a great secret, on the evening of the day on which it happened.

short conversation with the Russian and Venetian ambassadours, walked in a sort of semicircle, as if involuntarily, near the place he occupied, turned his back upon him, and then returned in the same track, till he found himself near the English or Dutch ambassadours who were in the same line at some distance. The true cause of so sudden and marked an alienation respecting M. de Guines was, that Frederick had learned that he was friendly to the duke de Choiseul, who more than any man existing was the object of the king's aversion. How, therefore, could he possibly continue his partiality to the friend of him whom he denominated *a monster, the foe of his country and of human kind?*

M. de Guines, having ascertained that his letters and despatches were opened and copied at the Berlin post-office, sent thither his despatches written in cypher early one morning, enclosed in a note to the postmaster conceived in the following terms: "I send the enclosed despatches as early as seven in the morning, instead of waiting till the regular hour, that the postmaster may have time to get them copied early enough to go by the mail of to-day. The reason of my using this precaution is, that the despatches are important, and it is essential they should not be delayed; consequently, I should feel great uneasiness at their being kept till the next post, as has been the case with some of my despatches." This sort of diplomatick plain dealing struck every one with astonishment. Some of the parties threw their eyes on

the ground; others assumed a malignant smile. Frederick was the person the most completely mortified, the disgraceful proceedings having been published so as to convey an idea of his sanction and connivance; accordingly, he ever afterwards took his measures in such a manner that no letters were in future opened but in obscure towns lying near the frontiers of his states.

It was at the time when M. d'Aiguillon was minister for foreign affairs, that M. de Guines, ambassadour to the court of London, had a lawsuit pending with Tort, a short time subsequent to the downfal of the duke de Choiseul. This lawsuit made him desirous of undertaking a journey to France, for which he obtained the necessary permission. Having settled his affairs in that country, he gave M. d'Aiguillon notice that he was ready to return to his post, and requested him to inform the king that he waited only for his majesty's orders. M. d'Aiguillon, according to custom, replied, that he would make his report to the king, and would take care to inform him of the answer if his majesty made any; then, still according to custom when the party would injure rather than serve, he gave M. de Guines no answer at all. In the mean while the time passed away, and the suspense which he experienced began to occasion him uneasiness. Certain reports were circulated. It was believed that M. de Guines was not to return to London. The embassy it was conjectured was conferred on some other nobleman. M. de Guines, on hearing

these reports, called on M. d'Aiguillon at an hour when he concluded he should find him alone, and said to him, "I informed you, Sir, at such a time, of my desire to return to London, and you promised to announce my wishes to the king, and communicate to me the commands of his majesty. These orders, however, have never reached me. I have three declarations to make to you: the first is, that I consider my honour concerned in the event of my soon resuming my office at the court of London: the second, that, if I am not allowed to do this, to your ill office shall I be indebted for the decision: and the last, that, respecting these two articles as well as respecting every other consideration where honour is concerned, I take counsel of no one but myself. I therefore, Sir, entreat you to undertake this business without further loss of time, in regard to which I shall expect your answer in the course of a week." In a week, from that time, M. de Guines received his majesty's commands to return to his post.

It is true he was soon recalled, but not without bestowing on him the patent and ribbon of the ducal rank, an acquisition that consoled him for being no longer in the dependence of the duke d'Aiguillon. He accordingly resumed his military career as a lieutenant-general, and was nominated one of the inspectors general of the army, and afterwards governour of Artois.

M. DE PONS-SAINT MAURICE.

MORE than a year and a half after the departure of M. de Guines, he was succeeded by the marquis de Pons-Saint Maurice. This gentleman, who was upwards of thirty years of age, was descended of an ancient family; he was tall in his stature and slender; equal in his temper, and habitually serious. He bore no resemblance to his predecessor either in his external qualities or in his household establishment, which was noble and convenient, simple, regular, and uniform.

His suite was not remarkable for brilliancy. It consisted of the chevalier Gaussen, secretary to the legation; M. Silvestre, under secretary; and the abbé Mat.

M. Mat was an ex-jesuit advanced in years, who was possessed of an excellent memory and of more general information than philosophy. He is one of the three men I have met with who appeared to me to be perfectly versed in ancient and modern history. The two others were M. Weguelin, my colleague, and a M. Guenegaud, a traveller known by the name of *Valmont*. They once met by accident at my house,

and entered into a sort of mutual defiance with respect to memory and general knowledge, which lasted nearly two hours, and was one of the most interesting conversations I remember to have heard. They entered into the most minute details respecting every nation of which they conversed, and of various families and individuals; and no fact or anecdote was mentioned that was not equally known to all of them. They knew, for example, precisely how many appellations such an Englishman, who lived under such a reign, had successively born; at what epoch, and for what reason, he had changed one of these for another; in short, M. Weguelin allowed they were as perfectly acquainted with Switzerland as he himself, who was born and had lived in that country, and the properties of which he had assiduously studied.

M. Mat was fond of displaying his knowledge; he talked much, and constantly engaged in long stories. His visits seemed to be written before they actually took place. No sooner did he enter a room, than he seized as it were upon the conversation, and determined abruptly the subject by such questions as he chose to put. He then decided, related his anecdotes, and took his leave. There was in this respect no other difference between him and the abbé Raynal, than that the latter took more pains to ingratiate himself with women, and was more abrupt and peremptory in his intercourse with men; that he made his visits at the dinner hour, prolonged them to the ut-

most patience of his host, and insolently apostrophized those who were inattentive to what he said. In other respects, they were men of the same sort of pretensions: both despots, and fond of taking the lead in conversation: both intolerant of temper, and enemies to those persons whom they vainly attempted to subjugate: but, at the same time, both men of extensive information; both eloquent in speech; both addicted to the weakness of talking of the great as of the number of their intimates; and both devoted to the passion of self-interest.

M. Mat was succeeded at M. de Pons's by the chevalier de Gaussen: he also was rather tall in stature and robust in figure; he was about thirty years of age, and son of a military officer, a native of Lunel. M. de Gaussen was a man of great worth, and was under the special patronage of the duke de Nivernois. His manners were extremely mild, his conduct regular, and his easy and engaging cordiality excited general partiality in his favour. During the eleven years he passed at Berlin, he had not the smallest disagreement with any one; and when he was on the point of leaving us, in 1782, to visit Sweden, he requested each of his friends, at whose house he visited, to indulge him with the portrait of his wife. His plan was to insert them in a volume which would always travel in his company, and thus enable him to be in some measure in their society whenever he liked. None of the husbands took his request amiss: the wives on their part consented to sit for their por-

traits to Carvel, who was at that time at Berlin; and the chevalier de Gaussen took away with him the portraits of sixty ladies stuck on the blank leaves of a volume in quarto, none of whom had in the smallest degree interested his affections.

M. de Pons was a man of extensive knowledge and sound reasoning; he spoke eloquently, and related stories in an easy, agreeable, and simple manner. Frederick showed him considerable attention, and this circumstance was no doubt the means of drawing on him that of the publick. He effected his negotiations with regularity and great tranquillity of manner. By the consequences only was it possible to know whether he had been in or out of employment. He was circumspect in the extreme, and was never known to commit himself by any unwary proceeding. His correctness and veracity were so firmly established as that even the cautious and suspicious Frederick reposed upon them. Towards the conclusion of the conferences respecting Teschen, the Prussian monarch would have decided for a battle, in which, according to his calculations, he must have sacrificed thirty thousand men in forcing the camp of the emperour and in destroying his army. The baron de Hersberg, the better to dissuade him from the attempt, asserted that both Russia and France would march an army against the emperour, if the latter refused to admit the conditions agreed upon between his majesty and the two courts. The king, still mistrustful, replied, "I will believe it if the marquis de Pons will answer posi-

tively for the truth of what you say." And, upon the assurance of Hersberg that this was the formal declaration of the marquis, "Well," said Frederick, "in consequence I relinquish the battle." From that time M. de Pons, in addition to the esteem he enjoyed, was held at Berlin in higher consideration than any other member of the diplomatick body.

A young coxcomb from Hanover, arriving at Berlin in the course of his travels, extolled with ecstacy the beauty of mademoiselle Marshal, maid of honour to the princess Henry. A person of low stature and extremely lean, with a complexion of the darkest hue, and eyes of so diminutive a size as scarcely to be seen, and in addition in an undress, being just arrived from the country, was pointed out to him as her father. The young man could scarcely be persuaded that a man so hideous could be the father of so beautiful a female, and amused himself with various sorts of arguments to that effect. He pretended that it was a dishonour to the young lady's mother to be coupled to such a husband. M. Marshal listened for some time with sentiments of pity to this tissue of impertinence: but at length he conceived himself in honour called upon to assume a more serious tone. He accordingly went up to the stranger, and informed him that nothing was more certain than that he was the father of the youthful maid of honour, and still more, a gentleman and a man of honour. These words appearing to have made at the time no considerable impression, he withdrew, and the next morning sent

his nephew, M. Schuck, an officer of the body-guards, to demand a simple explanation of the language used by the stranger; or, if this could not be obtained, to appoint a place of rendezvous. The Hanoverian persisting in the same tone, and even adding to its force, accordingly accepted the challenge, and appointed the rendezvous to take place early on the following morning. He reached the spot on horseback, prancing the animal with all the foppery imaginable. M. de Marshal soon followed in a close carriage. "Ah!" said the stranger with a sneer, "you come in a carriage, do you? I perceive you are a man of a provident temper!".....“I am, Sir," replied M. de Marshal; "I imagined you would want a carriage, and, being a stranger, might have none in Berlin." The seconds then proceeded to lead M. de Marshal to an adjoining avenue, and to place the Hanoverian ten paces distant from him. "Whither are you conducting me?" cried the latter; "would you take me to the other end of the avenue?" .....“You will be still too near," said M. Marshal.... "Well, Sir," replied the young man, on the seconds stopping with him, "you are the complainant, pray fire."....."I have certainly a right to fire first, but I yield it to you; for I desire nothing less than to take your life." The Hanoverian fired, missed his antagonist, and assuming an attitude of defiance, and striking his snuff-box before he opened it to take a pinch of snuff, "I am ready for you; fire."..... "Sir," rejoined his adversary, "I will not take your

life; however, as you appear to me to stand much in need of a lesson, I will give it you. I shall fire at your right thigh, just above the knee." He fired. The young man fell, and was conveyed to the carriage, while M. de Marshal returned on foot, prepared for leaving the country; and in a secret interview requested M. de Pons to give him letters of introduction for Paris, to which place he intended to retire. M. de Pons offered to give him as many as he liked, and conceived in the most pressing terms, but strongly dissuaded him from executing his projected flight. "You are already in disfavour with Frederick, and, should you leave the country, you would be still more so, and that for the rest of your life. In such a case you would be, most likely, for a long time absent from your country and your private affairs, from all your friends, from your mother even now advanced in years, from your wife and children. Your existence at Paris would be dull and tedious, and you would there be considered at best but as a man proscribed your country and without employment. Instead of such a step, I would advise you to write immediately to the king, and relate to him a plain and simple account of the whole of this unfortunate affair. Next declare to him, that being well aware of the decisions of justice in such cases, you wait in submission the verdict of the law; but, being no less assured that a king so magnanimous in his character must be prone to estimate the intentions and circumstances of the parties, you wait, with equal

reliance on his clemency and justice, his majesty's determination. You will be sent to Spandau, notwithstanding the letter; of this I have no doubt: but I know the king perfectly; he will not keep you in the fortress more than four months, and you will be restored to your family and your liberty, while your conduct will have regained you the favour of Frederick." M. de Marshal followed this advice, and, as M. de Pons had prophesied, he was liberated from Spandau in about four months.

In the mean while the Hanoverian had received a fatal wound. M. de Marshal, who had the reputation of being the best shot in Brandenburg, who never failed to cut his ball in two when he took for his mark the blade of a knife, on this occasion failed of his usual ability. His ball entered an inch lower than he aimed, and shattered the knee-pan of his antagonist, who expired in the greatest agonies in less than three hours.

One day, Noel, the king's chief cook, received a letter from a brother of his, who kept an inn at Perigueux, the native place of both, in which he inquired if there were any paper mills in the king of Prussia's dominions, and if it were probable that an attempt to introduce them would be attended with success. These questions were proposed jointly by three brothers, who had lately inherited a well established paper manufactory in Perigord, but which was not sufficiently extensive to require three partners. One of the brothers happened to converse with Noel,

the inn-keeper, on the subject, the idea of forming a similar establishment in Prussia had suggested itself, and the above questions were proposed in consequence. Noel read the letter to Frederick, who, ever ready to profit by occasions, replied, first, that he would allow a pension of two thousand crowns to the proprietor of such a manufactory during the first years of the experiment, and wages in proportion to the workmen who should come with him to Prussia; secondly, that he would erect such buildings as would be necessary for the enterprise, at his own expense, at Orangeburg, on the river Hawel, eight miles distant from Berlin; and, in addition, would provide all the utensils and machines. The paper manufacturer lost no time in accepting these magnificent proposals, and accordingly soon reached the Prussian dominions at the head of twenty workmen. He gave in his plan for the building, the expense of which was estimated by an architect at twenty thousand crowns, which Frederick ordered to be immediately disbursed by his board of works. Nothing was now wanting but to set about the building. This the poor paper maker vainly endeavoured to obtain: the more he importuned, the less the work advanced. He at length was rendered desperate by such repeated delays, when he received an intimation that the undertaking would not fail to proceed to his wishes if he would consent to share his twenty thousand crowns with the principal directors of the works; it was also intimated that he need not make himself uneasy on account of such a misapplica-

tion of the king's money, since it would not be difficult to conceal the affair entirely from his knowledge, nor to find plausible pretences for prevailing on him to supply the deficiency. The honest paper maker was indignant at this proposal, by the bare mention of which he thought himself disgraced. He at once declared he was incapable of conniving at a fraud. This affair was soon made publick; and the next concern of the directors was to be revenged. The buildings immediately went on; but the latter took care that different parts of the construction should be so deficient in the solidity required, as to be wholly unfit for the intended purpose. When this was complained of, they replied, they had followed his own plan with the greatest precision, and that he alone ought to sustain the consequences of his ignorance and temerity. To this first embarrassment another soon succeeded. He received notice that neither his pension nor the wages of his workmen would be paid any longer till his manufacture should be actually set in motion; he was accused of indolence and imposture, while on the other hand, means were secretly employed to throw impediments in the way of his procuring old linen and other materials, without which he could not make a beginning. Even the poorest among the Jews refused to sell him any articles of this kind. In this cruel situation he was advised by some friends to make purchases of the articles of which he stood in need in Saxony. He hastened thither; and, on returning with his purchases, he

was seized and thrown into a dungeon, under the pretext of his having made the same proposals to the court of Dresden as he had before done to Frederick. During all this time, the manufacturer had been living on borrowed money. Noel had furnished him with some; and also a poor cutler, named Humblot, had lent him the small savings he had been able to put by, about two thousand crowns; and, unfortunately, he had had a further supply from a certain Jew. Noel tried every endeavour to save him. He gave in petitions, and even went so far as to conjure the king to hear the supposed culprit on his own behalf, and to declare that his majesty had been shamefully imposed upon throughout the whole transaction. Frederick, seduced by his minister, who was the dupe of the directors, refused to listen to any kind of explanation; pronounced that the man was a knave; and concluded with deriding Noel respecting the sum he had thus squandered on his countryman, and by commanding him to speak to him no more on the subject. Humblot, who lived near the prison, paid the prisoner a visit, and said to him, "You have been the means of losing for me the savings of many years, the produce of the sweat of my brow, and the only resource of my wife and children; but this is no fault of yours, and you even more than myself, deserve compassion. You shall return the sum I lent you at some future time, if you are able; in the mean while, I am come to propose your partaking of my supper; I will bring it to you every evening, and will keep you

company for an hour or two; I will be content to eat only my dinner with my wife and children, and my sole regret will be the frugality of the meal I offer you." As to the Jew, when the prisoner had proved his innocence of the charge for which he was confined, he was prevailed upon by the minister to enter a detainder against him for the pitiful debt he owed him. The paper mill, with its appurtenances, was given to a man who had been, turn by turn, an unskilful librarian, watch maker, jeweller, and, in all probability, was a wretched paper maker also. The twenty workmen petitioned for passports to return to France; and obtained them rather on account of their well-known attachment to their first master, in whose cause they were loudly zealous, and on whose behalf it was feared they might, sooner or later, gain the attention of the king, than from motives of a purer sort. Tassaert requested me to second him in a plan he had formed of obtaining for them a certain protection from the marquis de Pons. The marquis expressed the sincerest regret that he had not the power of rendering any service to these unfortunate men, whose fate he commiserated. He observed, that as they had quitted France in violation of the law, he could do nothing for them; but that, if they desired to make a last effort for their master, who was even more than themselves worthy of compassion, we might advise them to adjust their route so as to take Potzdam in their way, and to pass under the windows of a certain apartment in the castle, about two o'clock, at which time Fre-

derick was generally to be seen looking over the gardens into the road that conducted to Saxony, and that, seeing so many as twenty men in a party, he would probably inquire who they were, and, unwilling to let such a number of workmen leave his dominions, he might be induced to give orders that should be more favourable to the prisoner. This advice was exactly executed, and the workmen were accordingly stopped and questioned by the guard at Potzdam; and their reply, with which we had prepared them, was as follows: "That they had engaged to work only in the service of an honourable master, whom they had long known; that this worthy person was the innocent victim of the knavery of others; and, since they could no longer work for him, they determined to return to their native country, deploring much less their own misfortune than the condition of an innocent man, a prey to the revenge of knaves." We afterwards heard from the officer on guard, that Frederick, after pausing for a moment, said to him, "Let them go on." When I quitted Berlin, the paper maker of Perigueux was still in prison, and Humblot still continued to share his supper with him. This man, who possessed an extraordinary skill in his business, had deserted from one of our regiments in Corsica, and settled in Brandenburg, where he had married a pretty young woman, by whom he had several children. He was so industrious and regular in his conduct, as to be enabled to maintain his family in credit, lay aside a small portion of his earnings,

bestow half his supper on his debtor, and send a yearly present of one hundred crowns to his father turned of eighty years of age. I have myself assisted in conveying this sum to the father who lived at Langres, not, however, without conceiving the highest esteem for the humane and generous character of the son: and I once said to him, "By reposing in me such a confidence as this, you render it impossible for me henceforward to treat you like a tradesman. In future I will employ you on every occasion at your own price." I kept my word with him to the time of my departure from Berlin.

EMBASSY OF AUSTRIA.

THE Austrian envoy to Berlin at the time of my arriving in Germany was general Nugent, a native of Scotland, and a man distinguished for his worth among the diplomatick body. He was of a character truly noble, simple, ingenuous, and sincere; he besides possessed a handsome person and a striking dignity of manners. "Prithee tell me," said he, one day in my presence, to the baron de Stuthereim, the Saxon envoy, "how it is that you never throw off the diplomatick character? It is really a pity, for you are a kind hearted and excellent fellow; but then you are always so close buttoned, it is impossible to lay hold of you. Come, come, do as we do; I solemnly assure you that when I leave my house to pay a social visit, I never fail to lock the ambassadour from Vienna into my cabinet. I am persuaded these gentlemen (pointing to other ambassadours at the table) do the very same thing. Prithee, dear Stuthereim, imitate our example; like us, enjoy your liberty and ease. No doubt, we must fulfil the duties reposed in us; but these accomplished, let us be jovial companions together. Chase away that wrink-

led brow, my friend, and take a share in our enjoyments."

General Nugent, speaking of the rheumatick pains with which he was tormented, told me they were one of the consequences of the seven years' war, and principally of an expedition he performed during the severest cold weather. He with some of his men had gone, I know not by what route, to visit the highest mountain of Bohemia. Having reached its summit, they had no other means of descending but to sit down on the ice, one behind another, and each to embrace with his legs and arms the man who sat immediately before him; in this manner they slided down the mountain in bands of twenty or thirty together. The general had perspired profusely with the exercise he had taken on the mountain, and on reaching his tent, his shirt was so completely frozen as, when taken off, to remain, without forming a single fold, in the place where it was laid.

Towards the end of 1768 general Nugent was suddenly informed that Frederick had just issued orders for his army to hold themselves ready for commencing hostilities. The general of the artillery had received in the night several millions of crowns as a supply for the immediate expenditure. Orders were also given for calling home all the draft horses, and all the soldiery who might be on furlough, and the army was to be ready for marching in three or four days. General Nugent hastened to the residence of count Finckenstein, and requested him to solicit the

king to grant him an audience without delay. The answer from Potzdam arrived the same evening, importing that his majesty would receive the ambassadour from Vienna on the following morning. He accordingly proceeded thither in company with M. de Finckenstein, and was conducted to the king. "What, Sir, is the nature of the object for which you required an audience of me?".....“ Sire, your majesty is making preparations for the renewal of hostilities! Is your majesty tired of seeing Europe in repose? What can possibly be the motive of your majesty's determination?".....“ My motive, Sir, is extremely simple: I had rather declare war than have war declared against me.".....“ Who, Sire, meditates war? Not a power of Europe has such a thought; at least I can answer that the house of Austria wishes for nothing more than for peace.".....“ How then, Sir, am I to interpret the extraordinary supply of horses you have lately procured? Four thousand at a single purchase!".....“ Permit me, Sire, to recall to your majesty's attention some circumstances you seem to have forgotten. After the peace of Hubertsburg the empress-queen proposed to your majesty to reduce the armies to the half of their existing numbers, and this with a view to the relief of the people: she at the same time declared she would obtain that the same measures should be adopted by France. Your majesty, influenced by particular and weighty reasons, did not think fit to adopt this plan; a resolution which occasioned the empress considerable disquie-

tude. At the same time, Sire, the empress-queen, confiding in the faith of treaties, affected by the necessities of the people, and anxious to regulate the state of her finances, accomplished on her part the proposal she had made your majesty; in which respect she was imitated in a certain degree by France. Five successive years of peace and economy have fulfilled her views, at least in part. The death of the emperour, the grand duke of Tuscany, was the means of so far augmenting her resources as to enable her to discharge such of her debts as still remained unpaid. Under these circumstances, it appeared to the queen that it was her indispensable duty to establish her army on a footing commensurate to the extent and dignity of her states, and this she has done. Your majesty will certainly allow that from the event of the peace to the present moment the house of Austria has maintained fewer troops than suited with the population of those states, or corresponded with the troops of all the other powers of Europe. Thus, the empress-queen has done precisely what you would have done in a similar situation, even with the most pacifick intentions: nor do I hesitate, Sire, to assure you as a fact, concerning which I am perfectly acquainted, and for which I am ready to pledge myself, that the sovereign on whose part I am now speaking, desires nothing so much as the maintenance of the peace she has concluded with your majesty, in regard to which she every day congratulates herself."..... "Her imperial majesty, general, could not have made

a more judicious choice than to bestow on you the diplomatick function : you are an excellent minister." ....." It is true, Sire, I derive from this employment the honour of appearing before your majesty, and of discussing at this moment affairs of such high importance. But, Sire, would you deign to bestow but for a moment the same permission to Nugent as you bestow on the ambassadour from Vienna ! Ah, Sire, deign to give me your attention as a private individual and a man of honour, to consider me as devested of my publick character ! Sire, it is Nugent, a Scotchman, who, in the fulness of that honour he will never renounce, pledges to you with his life that the empress-queen would feel the most poignant affliction to find herself compelled to renew hostilities with your majesty ; that she entertains not the smallest idea of such an event ; in a word, that she cherishes the peace she still supposes to exist, and is anxious to preserve it to the utmost of her power ! If I had not the most absolute certainty of what I now advance, I should confine myself to the fulfilling the painful duty devolved upon me by my office. I would not thus have made a man of honour become security for a minister. No, there is no power, no consideration, that should have prevailed upon me thus to commit myself ! But, Sire, receive the oath by which I now engage myself to lay my head at your feet if you find I have advanced any thing contrary to the exact truth."....." May I really believe you, general ?"....." Alas ! Sire, in whom would you

believe if not in him who values truth and honour more than life? Ah! Sire, suffer the man whose admiration and respect towards you cannot be exceeded, suffer him to tell you all the truth! Yes, Sire, none so much as yourself has adorned humanity by the rarest and most noble qualities of the soul! No one has exemplified in so high a degree the characteristicks of genius, heroism, and virtue. But by what fatality is it that, notwithstanding this, you, as well as other men, must pay the debt of nature? I hope I shall not by the plainness of my speech have incurred your majesty's displeasure. You will pardon me, I trust, in favour of the natural frankness of my temper, and the circumstance in which I find myself. Yes, Sire, you have a defect that proves a dire misfortune to mankind! You are of a mistrustful temper!".....“ I will give you a proof, general, of your mistake,” replied the king with a smile; “ for I repose perfect confidence in you. What greater proof can be given than that of confiding in a minister of Austria?".....“ It is in Nugent, Sire, you place your confidence; and it shall not be betrayed.”....“ Come, come, let us say no more on the subject. We will remain at peace.”

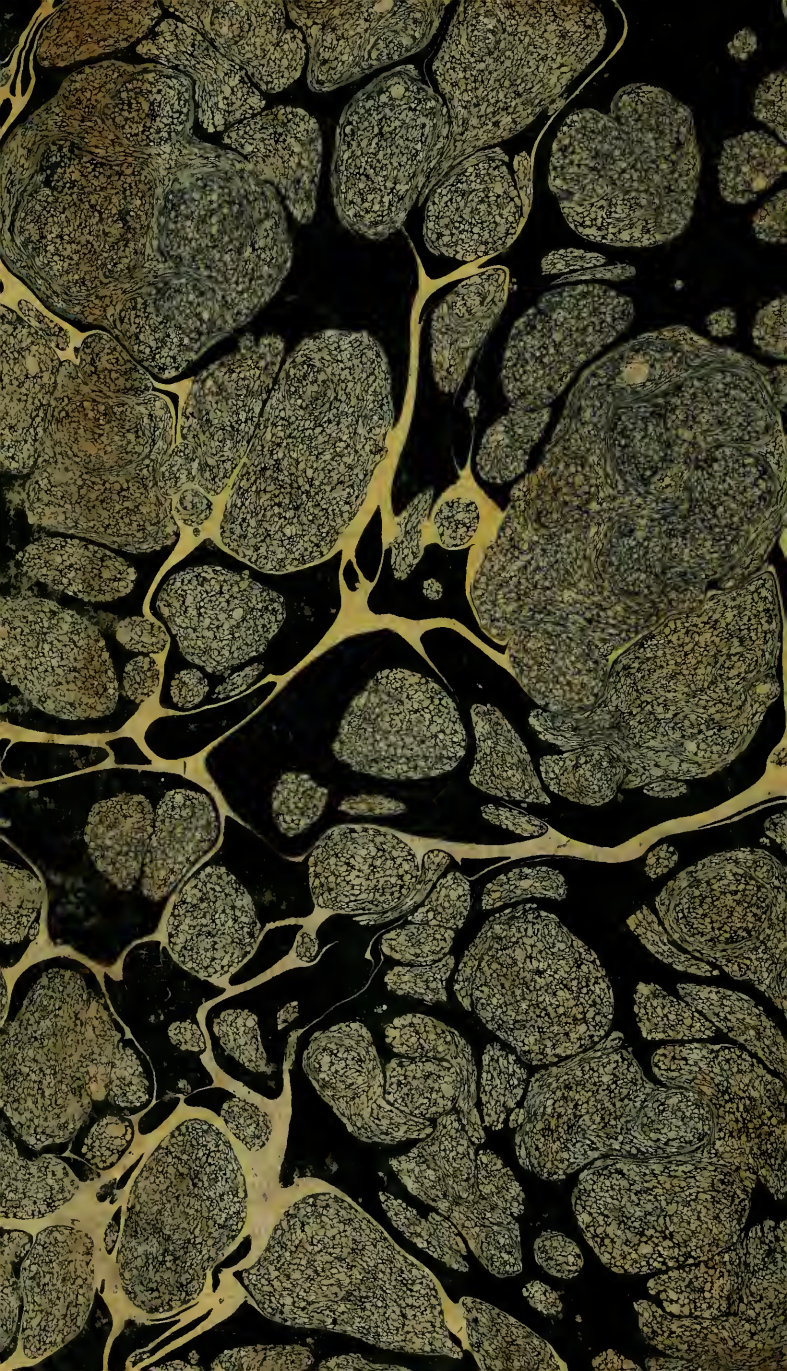
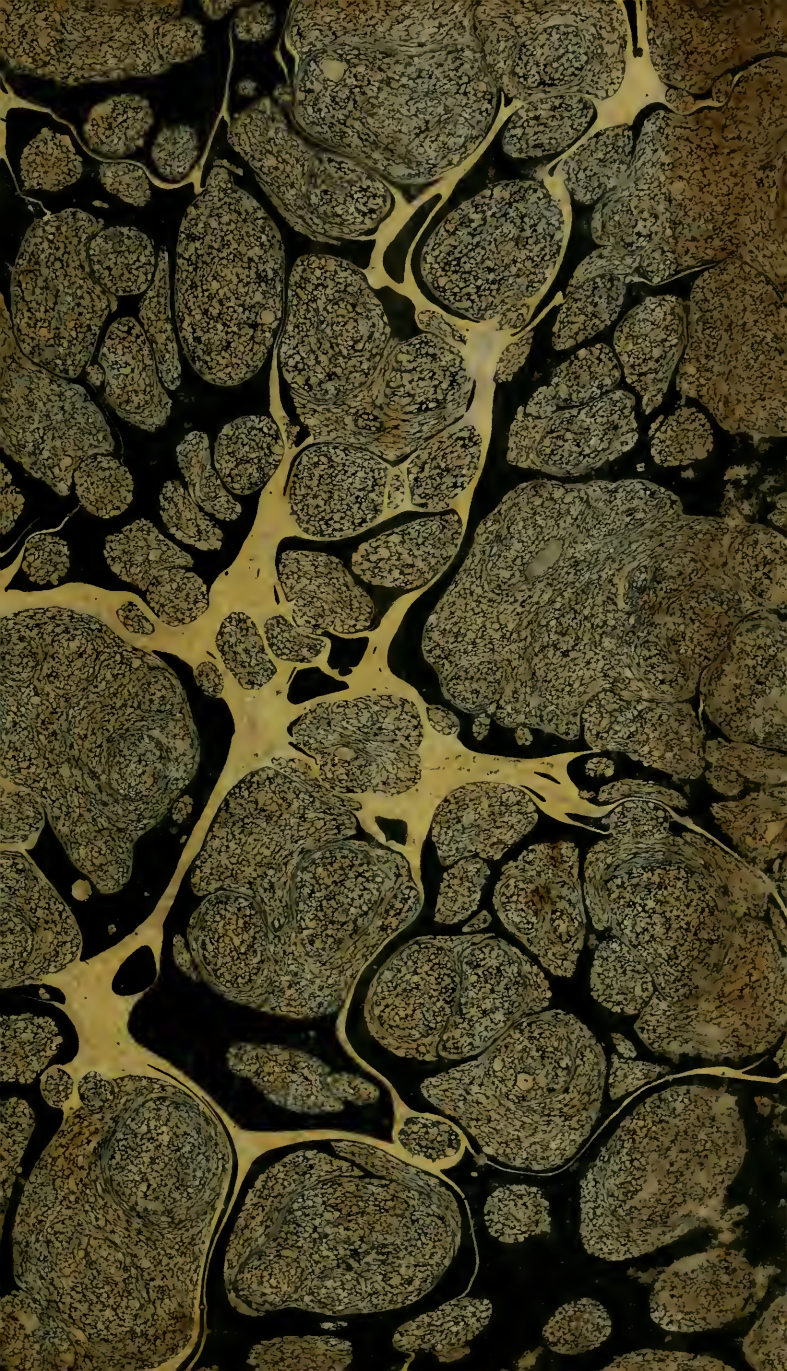
General Nugent had no sooner reached Berlin than all the money that had been allotted for the preparations was again returned to the treasury. Thus the probity of an individual on this occasion saved Europe! It will not appear surprising that the esteem and consideration in which he had previously

been held was now augmented to their utmost bounds. Unfortunately, his health, which had long been declining, rendering his attendance at court absolutely impossible, he soon after determined to demand his recall; and his departure was universally felt as a calamity. He was appointed governour of Prague, where his disorder grew so considerably worse, as soon to deprive him of the use of his legs; and it was a source of the deepest affliction to the court of Berlin to see him in this condition, when some years after he went thither for the purpose of once more embracing his old friends. Frederick, who heard of his arrival, desired to be included in the number. "But, Sire," said the persons around him, "he cannot move a step, nor even stand upright; he is carried to his chair, and never leaves it but to be lifted into his bed."....."And cannot he be brought to Potzdam as well as elsewhere? Inform him, I request to be placed in the list of his friends, and to be permitted to assure him in person of the sentiments I entertain towards him." The general was accordingly conveyed to Potzdam; and the king received him with every possible mark of interest, esteem, and friendship. On returning to Berlin, he could not speak of the kindness of the king without bursting into tears.

The embassy from Vienna was next filled by Van Swithen, son of the first physician, and librarian to the empress-queen. He was a man of low stature, and more remarkable for his understanding and easy

carriage than for dignity of manner. He was extremely desirous to become acquainted with the academicians, and began with inviting nine or ten of them to dine with him. During the dinner, the conversation turned on the slight-of-hand tricks performed by Comus. The ambassadour informed us, that when he was at Paris he had paid Comus a sum of money for showing him the secret of his most remarkable tricks, which he proposed to exhibit to us as soon as the cloth should be removed. He accordingly kept his word, and played his tricks with a dexterity that proved the attention he had bestowed on learning them. M. Formey could not at this moment resist his unlucky star. As Merian, myself, and some others, were thanking the ambassadour for the trouble he had taken, "Yes," said Formey, "the tricks are so extremely curious, that your excellency is really to blame to show them for nothing; they are worth being paid for; and at even threepence per head you would gain enough to give us a second dinner, besides repaying yourself the sum it cost you to learn them." This inconsiderate raillery produced in the ambassadour every mark of displeasure and mortification, and was even the cause of his coming to the determination to have no further acquaintance with academicians from that very day. To attribute the fault of a single man to a whole body of men was certainly unjust. Many other ambassadours to the court of Berlin fulfilled their vocation without forming with us the smallest ac-

quaintance, but these had at least nothing to reproach themselves with, on the score of injustice or inconsistency of conduct.

Upon the whole, M. Van Swithen excited at Berlin but a small degree of curiosity or notice. He was not in the least calculated to make us forget the virtues of his predecessor. He was accordingly but little esteemed either at court or in the town. It was, however, this ambassadour who negotiated for Austria the first partition of Poland, on which occasion he had several conferences with the king.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.